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LAURA HOFRICHTER

From Poe to Kafka

George Santayana once said that the nineteenth century was a divided century; that while it dreamt with Rousseau and speculated with Kant, it moved forward with Marx, Darwin, and Nietzsche. The split which Santayana regards as a characteristic of the century is reflected in virtually all fields of knowledge, above all in philosophy and literature. In philosophy—at least idealistic philosophy—the age-old question whether and to what extent reality and the concept of reality are in accord was posed with renewed intensity and with ever greater urgency, as the century proceeded. In literature the same question arose at the beginning of the century as a split between reality and imagination or between life and the writer's vision of life. The tension between the external object and the inner vision of the artist, which for centuries had been the very substance of art, seemed suddenly eliminated, the invisible cord broken. The word "split," *Zerrissenheit*, became in Germany a literary slogan, while in France one or the other poet drew the conclusion from this situation and chose the ivory tower as his favourite retreat. All writers and poets felt the split. Many of them did regain the balance by not identifying themselves with their age, thus retrieving the fruitful tension and retaining their individuality, and they explored the rapidly changing world in a variety of ways, seriously or ironically, in praise or in condemnation. But for others, and with them we are concerned here, the split widened and deepened into an abyss. No longer able to rely fully on the old world, and yet disliking the new and coming changes to the point of ignoring them, they created a world of their own. It was a world which consisted in an estrangement from humanity and the love of humanity. At the same time it affords an interesting even fascinating insight into border-cases of experience in art and in life. In a good many cases the writers themselves became the

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victims of the world which they created and in which, as Kafka said, none of the spectators comes to the help of the artist, who by their applause is forced to live on with the sheer artistry of the circus performer. Kafka believed himself to be at the end of this development, while Poe appeared on the scene at the beginning, when the split first had come to be recognized by the generation before him.

One of the clearest illustrations of the split is offered in the *Phantasiestücke* and *Nachtstücke* of E. T. A. Hoffmann, who is perhaps best known as the author of the *Tales of Hoffmann*. In these tales imagination ruled absolute and autonomous; and it was this element which made him a bestselling author in the early nineteenth century. He had an extraordinary influence which extended from Balzac to Dostoyevsky and he can be regarded to some extent as an immediate predecessor of Edgar Allan Poe. For Hoffmann the realm of fantasy was a means of overcoming the adversities of revolutions and wars, of "the French and the future,"[1] or, as he put it later, "a realm of wonders which frees me from the pressure of the outside world."[2]

One of the most fantastic of his tales and at the same time the most revealing for our purpose, *Der Goldene Topf* (The Golden Pot), with the subtitle "A Fairy Tale for Modern Times," occupies a key position in his work—and it also constituted a turning point in his career as a writer. Two powers are contending here for the soul of man: fantasy in the person of an old archivist and reality in the person of an old market woman; there is a magnificent battle between them which goes on for a whole chapter, in which animals, inanimate objects, the king of the spirits, and the elements themselves fight one another tooth and nail. Reality is put to flight, and the hero moves with fantasy to the island of Atlantis, the realm of fantasy and poetry. In a kind of postscript Hoffmann tells of the envy he feels whenever he thinks of that paradise of escapism. Hardly any other European writer went as far as Hoffmann in his day; for the most part they stopped at the recognition of an enmity, open and irreconcilable, between the world of reality and the world of imagination, or between the outer and the inner world. At this point, which seemed more or less a dead end, Poe began.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in 1809, the same year as Abraham Lincoln. He saw the forces at work which were to bring an end to the Southern States as he knew them, and it was to the South he always felt he belonged. He did not live to witness the upheavals of the Civil War, but he did

witness the rising wave of abolitionism which seemed to him no less a danger than the growth of science and industry, democracy and mass education. Like Hoffmann, Poe believed that the world was going the wrong way and the thought of what the nineteenth century would bring sickened him. Whether he was in his writing directly influenced by Hoffmann, as innumerable German dissertations seek to prove, seems irrelevant. Even if he had not studied Modern Languages and Literatures at the University of Virginia for one year—just long enough to become utterly confused and not long enough to learn anything—he would inevitably have come into contact with Hoffmann's tales, just as the young man of today who is interested in literature knows about Thomas Mann, Rilke, or Kafka and their writings. Such things were in the air and sooner or later the winds would blow them over to North America. After all, Hoffmann's name did not stand merely for a group of tales, it stood above all for the poet himself who turns with complete abandon to a world of fantasy, a world which knows no national boundaries.

For Hoffmann the split between fantasy and reality had been a drama, for Poe it was a matter of fact. He gave a more definite form to it and expressed it more clearly than a European writer could have done or would have dared to do at the time, though the sum total of parallel tendencies in England and on the continent would reveal a state of affairs similar to that which formed the basis of Poe's writings. He broadened and multiplied the concept of irreconcilable opposites, that between art and science, between art and life, between beauty and life, and he involved language itself by opposing sound and sense. Being more independent of the long humanist tradition than most European writers, the tradition of the unity of truth and beauty, that is to say of the idea that the beautiful is shaped according to truth and not *vice versa*, Poe declared that "he must be grossly wedded to conventionalism who . . . shall still attempt to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth. . . ."[3] In his critical work his attitude did not change materially, but in his creative work he could not help striving for a unity of beauty and truth. The way he took was, however, not so much a philosophical or a metaphysical one as, say, Novalis or Coleridge took, rather Poe came to establish the unity directly by narrative means. The result was a triumph of the imagination, which used reason and logic and analysis as its servants in order to prove its superiority and its truth. This process demanded a still more complete elimination of the reality of the outer world than had been achieved before.

There began a literature which in essence is the autobiography of the poet's mind. The elimination was achieved by a trick, a hoax—though the word should not be used too lightly. The hoax in Poe's narrative technique has proved to be a source of continual embarrassment to American writers. They almost to a man disown Poe and call him a juvenile or a juggler. On the other hand, he has been admired by some European writers who dismissed the hoax as irrelevant in comparison with the principle behind it, this principle being *the insistence on the objective and general validity of the inner world of the poet and only the inner world.* In varying degrees all of Poe's tales of ratiocination are based on this principle. The best example is perhaps *The Gold Bug*, which he counted among his nine best tales.

The Gold Bug combines three themes, of which the first is contained in the second and both are contained in the third. First, it is a story about a treasure hunt; second, it is a story about the deciphering of a code; third, it is a story about the superiority of imagination and intuition. The narrator and with him the reader become convinced that the protagonist—he has the ominous name Legrand—is not mad, as they first thought. Their suspicions about Legrand's insanity, and there was a sufficient number of carefully planted clues to warrant them, are shattered and what was very good judgment in the first place is reversed. As the treasure is actually recovered—and this is the height of irony since one knows what Poe thought about the hunt for money—one has the palpable, the golden proof that Legrand was right; and that what seemed mad, was not mad. For those, however, who cannot be fooled by a success on so flimsy a basis, there is further proof. The story does not end as a decent treasure story should, with the discovery of the gold, but goes on and over into an exercise in cryptography. The painstaking detective business that follows in the breaking of the code is there to prove by a proof intended for those who will not be the dupes of gold but who gladly will be the dupes of logic, that the man who showed such analytical ability, such power of deduction, who succeeded in breaking the code, was not as mad as one had thought him to be. By the time the code is explained, one has been led to forget that Legrand had been banished to the island by his family because he was "unsettled in intellect."[4] One also has forgotten the motto, which sounded the hidden theme of the story as well as Poe's intention of presenting it the way he did. The gist of the motto is that whoever thinks the madman mad is wrong.

> What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
> He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.
>
> (*All in the Wrong*)

Not only this. At the end, when most readers will be as if hypnotized by his logic, Legrand lets the cat out of the bag—again not in an obvious way. It had been his intuition, or as Poe says, his "deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried," that had led him to it. The gold bug was just "a little bit of sober mystification,"[5] because he wanted to punish the friend who had doubted his sanity.

The technique of proof, as one might call it, in which reason, logic, and analysis are carried *ad absurdum*, and which Poe employed in all tales of ratiocination in a varying degree, was also the technique which he used in his prose poem *Eureka*, in order to present his greatest vision. It was a vision in which at last he did find unity, one in which the beautiful, or what to him was the beautiful, encompassed or rather constituted truth. Nowhere else has he been at such pains, nowhere else has he strung together such a series of quotations, so many references to scholars and scientists, to physical, astronomical, and mathematical laws in order to present the beauty and joy of a great vision. To follow Poe into mathematics: here are 148 pages of proof followed by 9 or 10 pages of vision.

Eureka is an essay on the Material and Spiritual Universe which, as he said in a preface in 1848, he wished to be judged as a poem only. The thought in *Eureka* becomes clearer if one remembers a letter from the year 1844, in which he explains his concept of matter and spirit and speaks of his belief that everything in the universe is matter, God being unparticled matter and man and the universe particled matter. "The unparticled matter, permeating and impelling all things, is God. Its activity is the thought of God—which creates. Man and other thinking beings are individualizations of the unparticled matter."[6] Therefore man's life is fragmentary, or as Poe said, "rudimental," incompatible with the concept of unity; unity cannot be reached in this life, since it is life itself which is opposed to this unity. Four years later, in *Eureka*, he depicted the way towards the ultimate joy, towards the unity which had been destroyed by life, and which can be recreated by the destruction of all life. Not only all life, but the planets, and the moons, and the suns, and the nuclei, in short, the universe itself must be destroyed and cease to exist. "In sinking into unity, it (the universe) will sink at once into that nothingness which, to all

finite perception, unity must be; into that material nihility from which alone we can conceive it to have been evoked, to have been created by the volition of God."[7] The result of this annihilation will be that man will "imperceptibly cease to feel himself man, will at length attain that awfully triumphant epoch when he shall recognize his existence as that of Jehovah." For, as Poe said a page or so before: "The utter impossibility of any one's soul feeling itself inferior to another; the intense, overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought . . . are proof . . . that the regathering of this diffused matter and spirit will be but the reconstitution of the purely spiritual and individual God." But this thought of Poe's puts an end to man's individuality; and with it he somersaults from his early insistence on individual values, and individual values only, into a denial of all individuality: "Think that the sense of individual identity will be gradually merged in the general consciousness."[8]

Poe dedicated *Eureka* to "the few who love me and whom I love, to those who feel rather than to those who think, to the dreamers and those who put faith in dreams as in the only realities, I offer this book of truths, not in its character of truth-teller, but for the beauty that abounds in its truth, constituting it true."[9]

Dreams like these do not appear only towards the end of Poe's life. Richard Wilbur even linked the philosophic and the aesthetic thought of the early poem "Al Aaraaf" to *Eureka*.[10] In any case, the great vision which culminates in the exclusion or destruction of all life appeared years before *Eureka* on a small scale in Poe's tales in the frequent and characteristic theme of being buried alive—whether a friend, a pet, a heart, the beloved one, or part or the whole of one's self. The horror becomes overwhelming at the moment when the buried one does not stay buried, but comes alive and reappears like Roderick Usher's identical twin sister (a scientific impossibility but a poetic necessity here) who reappears precisely at the moment when the narrator observes the first signs of insanity in Roderick—incidentally on the basis of the description of what surely must have been the first abstract painting in modern literature. Closely connected with the theme of being buried alive is the theme, or the vision, of the double, an extraordinarily frequent theme in the nineteenth century, and one which Alfred de Musset experienced in reality. The split which had begun as a split in the outside world now has reached the personality of Poe's protagonists. To murder the double means to kill oneself, as is confirmed by the last words of the dying double in *William Wilson*: "You

have conquered, and I yield. Yet henceforward art *thou* also dead—dead to the World, to Heaven, and to hope! In me didst thou exist, and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself."[11] As Kafka was later to remark in regard to another matter: "It is not easy for humans to play hide and seek with ghosts" ("Es ist auch sehr schwer für Menschen, mit Gespenstern 'Fangen' zu spielen").[12]

One would think that Poe represented an end and that it was impossible to go beyond him. But far from it. He had simply advanced part of the way along the road on which Dostoyevsky later sent the engineer Kirrilov in *The Possessed*. For Kirrilov the only consequence of his recognition of the non-existence of God is that he himself is God, and with the logic of the possessed he commits suicide and proves his freedom by destroying himself. What Poe did was just what the *poètes maudits* of Europe had been waiting for. It is well known that Baudelaire's translation of Poe's works became widely known on the continent and that the poets and writers received him with open arms. One might even say that Poe became a writer's writer, like Hemingway today. Aldous Huxley, who is not especially fond of Poe's poetry, assumed that in admiring him the French poets were misled by their ignorance of the English language. But Baudelaire's attention was not awakened by Poe's poetry, as Huxley thought, but because the imaginative world and its arrangement in the tale fascinated him. When Baudelaire first saw a "few fragments" of one or the other of the tales—it is said to have been a tale of ratiocination—he was fascinated, he struck up an acquaintance with Americans living in Paris and got hold of journals which Edgar Allan Poe edited. "And then," he wrote in a letter to Armand Fraisse, "I found, believe me or not, as you will, poems and tales of which I had already a vague, confused and ill-ordered idea and which Poe had known how to arrange and bring to perfection."[13] In his first essay on Poe, he again speaks of the mystery of Poe's tales, to which he could introduce the reader if he wished to do so. Here he used the word "canard" (hoax) which since has become a famous and often rather lightly used word in Poe criticism, and he commented on Poe's delight in a difficulty solved, a mystery explained, in a *tour de force*. In short, what interested Baudelaire, and other French poets too, was not so much Poe's theory of verse as the working of his mind apart from his theory; they were far more interested in the rationale of imagination, as it were, than in *The Rationale of Verse*. Baudelaire translated the prose

tales only; and when Mallarmé translated Poe's verse, he did not search for hypnotizing rhythms and haunting melodies but transformed them into prose poems, a sacrilege in the light of Poe's views on poetry. What for Poe was a deadly game, for Mallarmé and for Valéry, too, became an intellectual game, *le jeu*. It led Valéry into mathematics and silence and when after years he returned to poetry, it was no longer poetry as a game. There were, of course, many who went quite a different way, but that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

Baudelaire popularized Poe on the continent, and Poe remained a force in European literature. The development, which he had kept alive by an injection of logic and analysis, led via the symbolists, especially Jules Laforgue, and philosophy to Kafka. Philosophy, in its own language, had followed a parallel course, had gone over from the question of what is, to the question of what is not. Nothingness, which before the nineteenth century had never been in the centre of philosophical inquiry, began to be dealt with systematically and seriously, a symptom of how wide-spread the problem had become.

At about the same time, the young and very gifted poet Jules Laforgue, a poet of despair, saw himself as a pierrot. He dreamt of a poetry which would say nothing and would say it in a discontinuous way: "Je rêve de la poésie qui ne dise rien, mais soit des bouts de rêverie sans suite."[14] Poetry was becoming sheer artistry and it was portrayed as such in the symbol of the clown and the circus artist, the image of pure entertainment which is an exciting and intense and dangerous show but which possesses no other aim than to startle and to excite the public by the exhibition of pure craftmanship, a craftmanship under the danger of death, and one in which there is no sense, no meaning. Jules Laforgue's poetry was an important experience for Kafka. He first read it in the German translation by Paul Wiegler, later in the original, and he must have been well acquainted, too, with the German edition of 1909 by Max Brod and Franz Blei. In one of his stories called *Erstes Leid*, Kafka depicted the trapeze artist who is used to work with one trapeze only; ardently he wishes to have two trapezes to work with—we think inevitably of the two worlds—but it is clear that if he is given them, he won't know what to do with them, being used to the handling of one only. With tears he exclaims: "With only one trapeze in my hand—how can I live!" ("Nur diese eine Stange in den Händen—wie kann ich denn leben!");[15] but when he is promised two trapezes the first furrows appear on his childlike brow. The tale presents in a nutshell the dilemma of the writer Franz Kafka.

It had taken one generation, from Hoffmann to Poe, to get started from the split onto the road which had destruction as its goal. To progress from the road towards destruction to the portrayal of him who is destroyed took twice as long. Such a portrayal was written by Franz Kafka, who was born in Prague in 1883. He began, where Poe and the European literature after Poe had left off, just as Poe had done in his day, with the literature current then, of which Hoffmann was the representative. If for Poe it was no longer a matter of enmity between imagination and reality, as it had been for Hoffmann, but rather of making reality the servant of imagination, in Kafka's writings imagination has devoured reality and is all that is left. There is no longer a narrator who gives a measure of detachment as Poe's narrators had done. Don Quixote travels alone and no Sancho Panza is accompanying him and reminding him that what he sees is not armies but windmills. "The misfortune of Don Quixote," Kafka once said, "is not his fantasy but Sancho Panza"[16]—that is to say life, reality. An imaginative world is presented directly in terms of an apparently powerfully lucid and inexorable logic. The split has become more than a split, the two worlds are completely separated. Kafka's is a frankly solipsistic world, but, and in this he differs from Poe and others before him, he no longer finds it a joy. To him it is a burden, and a torment. Few writers have suffered so much under a literary development as he did, and in the tale *A Dream* he has summed up the graveyard literature. While hating it, he could not escape it, a fate which he experienced in literature as well as in life, and in regard to his family as well as in regard to the Austrian Empire, which collapsed in 1918, five years before Kafka died. If Poe was a master in the portrayal of fear and the sensations evoked by fear or those accompanying it, Kafka's writings convey helplessness and the feeling of helplessness, the desperate search for a way out, the feeling of no exit, the lack of motive in everything that happens, the one false step, which unpredictably leads into misfortune or worse.

He found himself as a writer in 1910 with the short story *The Verdict* in which the dream-world with all its shifts and jolts and its mixture of reality and unreality is presented, and in which the verdict of death is pronounced —a verdict that applies again and again to the protagonists. An attempt at an escape from the purely imaginative world was the novel which Max Brod called *Amerika* and which Kafka began in 1912; but two years later he abruptly stopped working at it. In the same year, 1914, he noted in his literary diary: "Seen from the literary point of view my case is very simple. The desire to present the dream life of my inner world has made every-

thing else unimportant: it has shrunk dreadfully and goes on shrinking and will never stop."[17] The time came when he had to say: "It is astonishing how I have systematically destroyed myself in the course of the years, it was like a slow widening breach in a dam, a purposeful action!"[18] In 1923 in his last entry in his personal diary when he was very ill and the thought of death was no longer just a thought, no matter how rigid a thought, but very much a reality, he noted: "More and more fearful as I write. It is understandable. Every word, twisted in the hands of the ghosts—this twist of the hand is their characteristic gesture—becomes a spear turned against the speaker."[19]

Kafka's restriction of himself to the inner world and the surrender of the outer world determined not only the choice of themes but also the style and the structure of his writings. He wrote three novels, none of them finished; only *Der Prozess*, which in the English translation was called *The Trial*, has a genuine concluding chapter; and there is a number of short pieces, many of them also fragments. It is not merely, as Max Brod said, that Kafka's works were incapable of being finished because of his way of working; their fragmentary nature is basic to them. This was true of some of Poe's tales too—it was bound to be so—because the fragment belongs in a world which has gone to pieces, and to the writers who negate the fullness of life. With the exception of *In the Penal Colony*, the action and plot of Kafka's works consist in two elements, namely a situation and the protagonist. More often than not all other persons are of a symbolical nature, while the protagonist has lost his individuality together with his last name and has become a letter—"K"—only, an interchangeable cipher for a human or, perhaps, an inhuman situation. With the loss of individuality are connected his characteristics, passivity and isolation. If he once is given a chance, as he unmistakably is in *The Castle* and again unmistakably a number of times in *Der Prozess*, he is incapable of even stretching out his hand. The protagonist never acts. The basic situation never changes. It had to be so because they condition one another. If the hero, again with a few exceptions, in accordance with his isolation is characterized predominantly by his passivity, this leads to the repetition of the basic situation with which the tale began. The situation in *Der Prozess* is that of the condemned man, in *The Castle* that of the one who is excluded. Kafka repeats what is essentially the same situation, or dilemma, in the most varied modulations, in a succession that could as well be endless as it could be short or even almost non-existent, as indeed it is in the many fragments

which consist of only a few lines. Whether there is one illustration or a hundred of the situation of him who has forfeited his life, as in *Der Prozess*, whether he waits for one day, one year, one life, or several generations in front of a place he wants to enter and should enter but does not enter is of no real importance as far as Kafka's theme is concerned. The accumulation is of importance, however, for the reader, since the repeating of the given situation serves to intensify it. The principle of quantity which already attracted Poe so much and which he used in his technique of proof, is used in a more direct way by Kafka as the main structural principle of his work.

Kafka dreamt like Poe of the destruction of the world, but, less naïve than his predecessor, he will not easily condemn the world himself. The only being who is justified in doing so is God and so he reminded himself: "The world can only be regarded as good at its point of inception. Only there was it said: behold, it was good, and only from that point can it be condemned and destroyed" ("Die Welt kann nur von der Stelle aus für gut angesehen werden, von der aus sie geschaffen wurde, denn nur dort wurde gesagt: Und siehe, sie war gut—und nur von dort aus kann sie verurteilt und zerstört werden.")[20] The thought would not have been quite so devastating if Kafka could have really believed in God, or even if he had been atheistic, but neither of these positions holds for him, in spite of what Max Brod (himself a deeply religious man) asserted about Kafka's piety. In 1918 Kafka noted in his literary diary in a sort of rapid retrospect: "I was not ushered into life by the slowly failing hand of Christianity like Kierkegaard, nor have I clung to the disappearing skirts of the Jewish prayer shawls like the Zionists. I am an end or a beginning."[21] The statement of Kafka's that Max Brod so strongly emphasizes, that writing to him is a form of prayer, must be interpreted in the sense of a prayer to an individual God and a basically ambivalent God. It was a prayer in so far as, for Kafka, God was a way into the world; it was a negation of God and the way into the world in so far as it was impossible for him to find this way as long as he did not renounce his writing. For the world which he portrays in his writing and more than that from which his writing springs knows of no world outside himself. Thus isolation was to Kafka a source of aesthetic attraction and of ethic repulsion. This dichotomy which he described with the words: "The world and my Self are splitting my body in an unsolvable contradiction"[22] is reflected in his work in the very end of many of his tales: the end is death in the midst of

humanity, a passive and, just because of this, a horribly shameful death. (As some of Kafka's friends have pointed out, it is the height of irony or worse to compare the fate of the Jewish victims of the thirties and forties with such a fate as Kafka portrays. They wanted to live.) In Kafka's work from *The Verdict* to the novel *Der Prozess*, the death of the protagonist happens with no thought of rebellion and though other people are near him he makes no move in their direction. Thus "K," the protagonist in *Der Prozess*, dies, neither helping nor hindering the officials, and dies in complete passivity: " 'Like a dog' he said, and it was as if his shame would survive him." This is the last sentence in the book.

Much of Kafka's work is a warning to the reader, a warning to mankind. In *A Country Doctor*, Kafka spoke of the one false step which changes life and of the false yet fatal illness, the subterranean wound, a wound that is a flower with worms in it which fascinate the patient. A wound like this cannot be easily seen. The doctor's first impulse is to turn the patient out of bed, but then, why should he be the one to improve the world and so he lets him lie there—"Ich bin kein Weltverbesserer und lasse ihn liegen."[23] Not until the doctor lies down in the same bed with the patient does he diagnose the wound and then he knows: though no longer with the irony that had made him speak of too much coffee and laziness and a bad blood circulation as the patient's whole trouble; but with a new awareness now he knows exactly what is the matter: to be without perspective—"Junger Freund, sage ich, dein Fehler ist: du hast keinen Überblick."[24] It does not seem contagious, and yet it is. When the doctor has lain in one bed with such a patient, no escape can avail. If he does escape, the way home will be endless, leading through eternal winter, in the cold of the unhappiest age. Nobody offers help. He knows: when once he responded to the false impulse, the false ringing of his nightbell, the loss is his forever. Even more outspoken is another tale whose protagonist is by profession an artist in the art of starvation. After being reduced to working in a circus he reminds his guards: "You ought not to admire my starving. You ought not to admire it, because I must starve. . . . I cannot help it . . . because I could not find the food I like."[25] The strictness with which Kafka not only judges but again and again condemns his hero is the most remarkable aspect in his work.

In the Penal Colony, one of the most cruel and yet the most hopeful of his stories, Kafka condemned the literary tradition to which he belonged. If Poe in *The Pit and the Pendulum* by a *tour de force* had the reader directly

participate in the sensations of a man condemned to die and awaiting a horrible death, Kafka did his best to achieve an atmosphere of detachment by introducing a plot and an observer and by having the observer condemn all he sees. The sword, which in Poe's story was slowly descending on the condemned man, has now become an elaborate machine, the mysterious verdict a slogan, the condemned himself has lost all ingenuity and attractiveness and has become a boorish simpleton. By an ironical twist of fate it is, however, not he but the last believer in the machine who is being executed in the ritual which has outlived itself. He is a man too rigid to change, too inflexible to abandon an *idée fixe*; as he dies the machine is falling apart. Yet when the observer leaves and sails towards the outside world from which he came and to which he is now returning, he does not allow any member of the colony to come aboard, as they would like to do. The place which he leaves behind is, one can be sure, once again an island, but no longer does it possess the charms of Hoffmann's Atlantis, nor the exotic mood of Poe's island in *The Gold Bug*.

There have been many different philosophical and sociological, not to mention psychological, interpretations of Kafka's work; and there always will be some details on which the critics cannot agree. But the basic significance of Kafka's work is unmistakable if one pays attention to the poetic language, the language of symbols.

There are many symbols to choose from, the garden for example, which has been used as the symbol of the poet's domain in ancient times, especially in Asiatic countries, which later appeared in *The Arcadia* of the Renaissance, in *Don Quixote* and in *Candide*, and which became so frequent that Poe wondered why nobody thought of the poet as a landscape gardener. For Kafka it has become a snow-covered school garden which does not belong to him and in which he shovels snow. Another symbol, that of the house, is perhaps even more revealing of the process that went on in the last hundred and fifty years or so. In a study of American literature[26] Harry Levin traced the history of the castle, or ruin, or cottage, or house, or whatever is housing the poetic spirit, and he dealt with those American writers who paid no heed to Goethe's words that America was lucky not to possess any ruins. The symbol of the castle or the house is even more revealing in European literature where the hold of tradition was stronger. Thus, in Goethe's *Faust*, in a passage he wrote as a very old man, probably around 1830, an old cottage is destroyed before new land is regained from the sea, land on which new houses are to be built. Eichendorff in the

famous tale *Die Marmorstatue* tells of the isolated castle whose destruction only he will escape who persists in his Christian beliefs and returns to the bosom of the community. For Heinrich Heine in an early poem the castle became on entering it an eery labyrinth; in a late poem, when he had broken with tradition, he turned away from it to watch the ships on the ocean in their passage to new lands. But when Poe's narrator escapes the fall of Roderick Usher's house, he fascinatedly looks back as it splits down the middle. Kafka's hero K. is condemned to wait in front of the castle for what apparently becomes an eternity. Meanwhile in France the ivory tower had changed its appearance and become—in the *poésie de salle d'attente*—a waiting room; till finally, in Samuel Beckett's play "Endgame," all that is left of the house is the garbage cans in which those are sitting who still are waiting.

Goethe had the dying Faust gain new ground for new houses of the future; Eichendorff, the Christian, found fulfilment in the community of the city; Heine, the observer, watched the ships go by on their voyage to new lands. For those who had kept the humanity of their work intact, the symbols were an enhancement, a widening and deepening of what they said in clear terms, and they did not rely on an *élite* for a reading public. They can be understood in terms of reality as well as in terms of imagination; there are many levels on which their work can be read, and yet there is clarity and no wilful ambiguity. They have no need to hide behind a mask; and no serious problem of communication arises.

Poe's work ended in a vision of universal annihilation, Kafka's in a very real self-destruction. Nor did literature profit from the split into an inner and an outer world and the exclusion, as far as humanly possible, of the one in favour of the other. The loss of balance, the withdrawal from the world, the renunciation of individual identity, the portrayal of the inner world as one of darkness, despair, horror, and emptiness gradually led to a severe impoverishment of literature. The destructive element found its way into the very texture of the literary work. To build a tale or a novel on the mechanics of additions may work for a while, but inevitably will lead, and did lead, into a sterility, such as is evident in Kafka's dehumanized novels, in Beckett's depopulated stage with the mechanical play-back of *Krapp's Last Tape*. Each new work seems to be one step nearer to nothingness. True, as long as words are used, as long as a form and a structure are attained, no matter how ambiguous the words, how synthetic the structure, how tenuous the form, nothingness to that extent is excluded. If this is a paradoxical state of affairs, it is not automatically a valuable one, unless

one is willing to embrace all that is because it is. If language itself is suspect, if, while being used, it becomes an enemy, lucidity a threat, ambiguity desirable, then literature indeed becomes an art of starvation. And it is well to remember that Kafka's artist in starvation is not weak because he does not eat, but that he does not eat because he is weak.

The development from Poe to Kafka presents the spirit of destruction, it presents a world of functions and reactions only, a world without substance and human beings without individuality, an absurd world and essentially a non-humanist one. But a good many writers of the last century, and of this one, too, took another path, resisted the split and found a vantage point from which to view a world in transition, the inhuman and the humane, the shadows and the lights. The development from Poe to Kafka was not the rule but an exception, an exception that became the fashion. If such fashions were all literature has to offer, it would not be worthwhile studying it. But like life itself, literature is so wide and so rich that it can afford to include everything.

notes

1 *Aus Hoffmanns Leben und Nachlass*, ed. J. E. Hitzig (Berlin, 1823), I, 306.
2 *Hoffmanns Briefwechsel*, ed. H. von Müller (Berlin, 1912), I, 153–4.
3 *Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. M. Alterton and H. Craig (New York, 1953), 344. Cf. also *Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York: Fred de Fau & Co.), I, 172. Subsequent references to Poe's works are to this edition, hereafter cited as *Works*.
4 *Works*, V, 117.
5 *Ibid.*, 171.
6 J. W. Ostram, ed., *The Letters of Edgar Allan Poe* (Cambridge, 1948), I, 257.
7 *Works*, X, 322.
8 *Ibid.*, 325, 327.
9 *Ibid.*, 170.
10 *Poe*, ed. R. Wilbur (New York: Dell, 1959), 7.
11 *Works*, III, 349.
12 Franz Kafka, *Briefe an Milena*, ed. W. Haas (Berlin, 1952), 158.
13 *Œuvres complètes de Charles Baudelaire. Correspondance générale*, ed. J. Crépet (Paris, 1948), III, 41.
14 Quoted from Marie-Jeanne Durry, *Jules Laforgue* (Editions Pierre Seghers, n.d.), 98.
15 Franz Kafka, *Erzählungen und kleine Prosa*, ed. M. Brod and H. Politzer (Berlin, 1935), 219.
16 Franz Kafka, *Hochzeitsvorbereitungen auf dem Lande*, ed. M. Brod (Berlin, 1953), 72.
17 Franz Kafka, *Tagebücher 1910–1923*, ed. M. Brod (New York, 1951), 420.
18 Franz Kafka, *The Diaries 1914–1923*, ed. M. Brod (New York, 1949), II, 195.
19 *Ibid.*, 232.
20 *Hochzeitsvorbereitungen auf dem Lande*, 114.
21 *Ibid.*, 121.
22 *Ibid.*, 132.
23 *Erzählungen und kleine Prosa*, 137.
24 *Ibid.*, 139.
25 *Ibid.*, 239n.
26 Harry Levin, "Castles and Cultures" in *The Power of Blackness: Hawthorne, Melville, Poe* (New York, 1958).

JOHN M. ROBSON

J. S. Mill's Theory of Poetry

John Stuart Mill is often held up to scorn as a cold, mechanical thinker for whom ethics is no more than logic, and politics no more than political economy. Swathed in mournful black, hard-visaged and ice-veined, Mill stands for the Victorian virtues to which we (thank heaven) cannot pretend. The picture is patently a caricature, failing to do justice to the man or to his thought, but correcting it seems difficult. Mill is himself mainly responsible for the difficulty, his *Autobiography* being little more than the history of his education and opinions. His first biographer, Bain, was *plus royalist que le roi*, and recent biographers (most notably Packe), while reopening important evidence, appear strangely unable to relate his personal experience to his thought. Actually, though most of Mill's work seems to hide rather than to reveal the man, and most of his correspondence is public rather than private, even in his *System of Logic* there is material to show more than a superficial relation between his life and his thought. What the evidence shows, in fact, is that Mill not only had emotions and was motivated by them, but recognized their place in a complete moral and social theory.

Some of the evidence, of course, has not been ignored. Mill's early letters to Carlyle and Sterling, his criticisms of Benthamism in the 1830's, and his *Autobiography* have been seen as indicating emotional tensions, and his praise of Wordsworth and Coleridge has been often recognized as awareness of these tensions. But almost always this material has been seen as yet more evidence of Mill's inconsistency, best explained as a relatively harmless Utilitarian sowing of wild oats. While it is usual now to see that Mill's life falls into three parts (up to about 1828, from 1828 to 1840, and after 1840), not enough credence has been given to Mill's own account of these periods in the *Autobiography*. Clearly it is his opinion that if any part of his life is distinct from the rest, it is the early years when he was a logic-

machine, not the years following his mental distress. In these latter years he judges that by growing in appreciation of all facets of life he laid a firm base for his mature opinions. As a result of his experience, he was able about 1840 to accept a general framework of opinion for the rest of his life. Just a framework, however, was accepted; his thought was fixed in direction, not in place, for his was an open, fact-hungry philosophy.

Although studies of Mill's ethics, politics, or economics could be used to substantiate his account, the best support for it is to be found in his theory of poetry, which is commonly seen as an aberration, at best curious, but certainly jejune. To defend it as a complete literary theory is no part of my purpose; its place in the total purview of Mill's thought, however, is important, and the burden of my song. Mill at sixty years of age is indebted to Mill at twenty-six; "What is Poetry?" is echoed in the footnotes to James Mill's *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*; the early critic of Tennyson's poems is clearly seen in the author of *Utilitarianism*.

Mill's early reading and writing of poetry[1] was directed by his father's tastes and purposes. The reading was mostly in the eighteenth-century poets, the only later poets being Scott and Campbell. The writing was purely academic, as the "Ode to Diana"[2] shows; probably its main effect was to convince Mill that he was not a poet. So although, as he says in the *Autobiography*, he was passively susceptible from the first to all poetry or oratory "which appealed to the feelings on any basis of reason" (p. 50), he was really open to a new experience, his own and not his father's, when he read the great Romantics in his early twenties. Although the memory is recorded and analysed by the mature Mill, there seems to be no reason to question its truth to his early experience. The key to his response is in the clause just quoted: an appeal to feeling on the basis of reason remained for him the essential task of poetry, essential in two ways, as defining the "essence" of the poet (or of poetry), and as answering to individual and social necessities. The poet, for Mill, is peculiarly useful in bringing closer the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Like so much else in Mill, his poetic theory resulted from the fusion of old and new ideas, with the initial heat being supplied by personal experience. The old in this case are the theories of the association of ideas; the new, the poetry and poetic theories of the Romantics; the personal experience, the collapse of motivation in the years 1826–7.

First the old ideas: Mill read Hartley's *Observations on Man* in 1822, and studied it carefully and intensively with a group of friends again in 1829. His father began writing his *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*

in 1822, and between then and its publication in 1829, John Stuart read and re-read it in manuscript. When it was published, he studied it with the same group of friends. The study was thorough and searching:

> Our rule was to discuss thoroughly every point raised, whether great or small, prolonging the discussion until all who took part were satisfied with the conclusion they had individually arrived at: and to follow up every topic of collateral speculation which the chapter or the conversation suggested, never leaving it until we had untied every knot which we found. (*Autobiography*, p. 84.)

This systematic controversy led not only to assimilation of association theory, but also to comprehension of it. There is little doubt that many of Mill's footnotes to the edition of 1869 of the *Analysis* found their origin and perhaps even wording in the discussions of forty years earlier.

The new ideas about poetry came mainly to Mill initially through the London Debating Society. Becoming acquainted there with disciples of the Lake Poets, he first read, and then met Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. Of these, only Wordsworth is here significant. Mill first read his poetry in 1828; soon afterwards he defended it against Byron's; and, probably most significantly, he called upon Wordsworth several times during his tour of the Lake District in 1831. Although Mill contributed three short notices on artistic matters to the *Examiner* previous to this tour, only in the next two years can one see the formation of a theory of art in his writings. It is likely that he first learned from Wordsworth the possibility and value of such a theory. Writing to John Sterling (September 20–2, 1831), Mill remarks, after praising the largeness and comprehensiveness of Wordsworth's thought, feeling, and spirit, that he is the "first person who ever combined, with such eminent success in the practice of the art, such high powers of generalisation and habits of meditation on its principles."[3] Again, in a footnote to his article, "The Use and Abuse of Political Terms" (1832), Mill expresses his regret that a poet like Wordsworth, who has

> meditated so profoundly on the theory of his art, as he has laboured assiduously in its practice, should have put forth nothing which can convey any adequate notion to posterity of his merits in this department; and that philosophical speculations on the subject of poetry, with which it would be folly to compare any others existing in our language, have profited only to a few private friends.[4]

Mill's nervous attack came just before his first reading of Wordsworth, and not long before his renewed study of association theory. In simplified (and non-psychological) terms, his depression revealed to him a major

inadequacy in utilitarian theory: the happiness therein described seemed to have nothing to do with his own happiness. The analysis of man's "moral" (as opposed to "physical") nature drained away motivation, leaving only the dregs of selfish desire. But Mill accepted the accuracy of the analysis; had he not, there would have been no despair. How did he escape? Of the many explanations that have been offered, Levi's psychoanalytic account, which cannot be overlooked but need not be here repeated, and Mill's own theoretical account in terms of an "anti-self-conscious" habit, are the most interesting. Unfortunately Mill's account is so incomplete that it can be interpreted as a contradictory element in his ethics because, *inter alia*, it does not explain why certain courses of action would be chosen by individuals, and why decisions to follow these courses would be moral. A third explanation, one related to both those already mentioned, and stronger because more complete, can be derived from his remarks on poetry.

One of Mill's releases from depression came from a reading of Wordsworth in 1828. On later examination he found two reasons: (*a*) the poetry appealed to "one of the strongest of [his] pleasurable susceptibilities, the love of rural objects and natural scenery," especially of mountains, his "ideal of natural beauty," and (*b*) it was also, and more importantly, "a medicine for [his] state of mind . . . [expressing] not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty."[5] It was medicinal for Mill because it aroused in him feelings which he thought he had lost. Wordsworth's poetry, then, coming after his depression, showed Mill that his education had ignored the affective for the intellectual. In it he found the "very culture of the feelings" for which he was searching, as well as "a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure. . . . " Without feeling there was no desire, without desire no motivation, without motivation no action, without action no morality. For Bentham and James Mill morality depended on selfish feelings, because only these, in their view, were strong and constant enough to make a science of morality possible. But John Stuart had found that the science thus arrived at had no power to motivate his actions; he turned his attention to the unselfish feelings, and to the "art" or practice of morality rather than to the "science" or theory. Eventually he found that although the selfish feelings may be used by the legislator, only the unselfish feelings are moral. So, as will become clear, when he talks of the poet, he talks of the moralist-poet, the poet who portrays other-regarding affections, and

he avoids, ignores, or condemns in passing the pseudo-poet who treats immoral or amoral affections.

The discovery in poetry of a perpetual source of ethical joy was particularly valuable to Mill, who had worried about the diminution of motivation in a progressive world. He had wondered whether, "if the reformers of society and government could succeed in their objects, and every person in the community were free and in a state of physical comfort, the pleasures of life, being no longer kept up by struggle and privation, would cease to be pleasures."[6] This peculiarly nineteenth-century attitude (open to religious, philosophical, and psychological interpretations) held no more terrors for him once the perennial and universally available source of affective culture was revealed to him.

So personal experience brought together and made meaningful the old and new doctrines. The further experience of the early 1830's, the opening ceremonies of the life-long devotional service to Harriet Taylor, is so obviously important as to need no comment. Worthy of note, however, is Mill's continued conviction, in spite of his love, and in spite of his enthusiasm for the insipid verses of Harriet and of Sarah Flower, that he himself is no poet. In the previously mentioned letter to Sterling he makes a point to which he returns time and again in his letters to Carlyle during the next few years:

> The only thing which I can usefully do at present, and which I am doing more and more every day, is to work out *principles*; which are of use for all times, though to be applied cautiously and circumspectly to any: principles of morals, government, law, education, above all self-education. I am here much more in my element; the only thing that I believe I am really fit for is the investigation of abstract truth, and the more abstract the better. If there is any science which I am capable of promoting, I think it is the science of science itself, the science of investigation—of method. (*Letters*, I, 8.)

This germ bore most obvious fruit in the publication twelve years later of the *System of Logic*, but the leaves and buds, in the form of poetic theory, began to appear within a year.[7]

The task of the poet will be clear from the preceding discussion: he is to make available to the public a source of moral feeling. What sort of a man is the poet, and how does he perform his task? Various suggestions are made by Mill: (I) The poet has a fine and quick susceptibility to pleasure and pain, especially to pleasure; (II) He has a unique method of mental association—between ideas, and between idea and sensation, the link is emotional; (III) Unlike other benefactors of mankind, therefore, his appeal

is not primarily to the intellect; (IV) But to be truly great, the poet must have a cultivated intellect; (V) Imagination is also necessary. Although Mill uses the word in many senses, one is here especially significant: the poet, by using "imagination," feels in himself the emotions appropriate to the situation he is treating, whether or not he has actually experienced those emotions in that situation. These qualities of the poet (discussed at greater length in the following paragraphs) are not treated in one place by Mill, but their interconnections indicate that they are all part of one definition.

(I) When discussing Shelley, his type of the "natural" poet, possessed of an "original fineness of organization," Mill remarks that the "poetic temperament is usually, perhaps always, accompanied by exquisite senses."[8] The power of producing poetical compositions is not brought into the world at birth with the poet; however,

> there *is* poetry which could not emanate but from a mental and physical constitution peculiar, not in the *kind*, but in the *degree* of its susceptibility: a constitution which makes its possessor capable of greater happiness than mankind in general, and also of greater unhappiness; and because greater, so also more various. And such poetry, to all who know enough of nature to own it as being *in* nature, is much *more* poetry, is poetry in a far higher sense, than any other; since the common element of all poetry, that which constitutes poetry, human feeling, enters far more largely into this than into the poetry of culture. Not only because the natures which we have called poetical, really feel more, and consequently have more feeling to express; but because, the capacity of feeling being so great, feeling, when excited and not voluntarily resisted, seizes the helm of their thoughts, and the succession of ideas and images becomes the mere utterance of an emotion; not, as in other natures, the emotion a mere ornamental colouring of the thought. ("The Two Kinds of Poetry," pp. 230–1.)

Here "human feeling" is revealed to be the basic element in poetry; the poet is more open to human feeling than any other type of man, and this susceptibility forces him to display examples of powerful emotion in his works. He thus not only feels exquisitely but also makes exquisite feeling available to the reader.

(II) The extreme sensibility of the poet points to a peculiarity in his habitual associations. Mill, although a confirmed associationist, diverges from both his father and Hartley in describing the associations of the poet. James Mill scorns the notion that poetic "trains" are organized differently from those of any other men:

> The trains of poets . . . do not differ from the trains of other men, but perfectly agree with them, in this, that they are composed of ideas, and that those ideas succeed one another,

according to the same laws, in their, and in other minds. They are ideas, however, of very different things. The ideas of the poet are ideas of all that is most lovely and striking in the visible appearances of nature, and of all that is most interesting in the actions and affections of human beings.[9]

Hartley is more analytic, but argues for no peculiar organization in the poet apart from that explicable by "the differences of [men's] situations in life, and of the consequent associations formed in them."[10] His further remarks [11] defining the poet in terms of mechanical attainments could not have satisfied the younger Mill, who argues that a man may pass a life "in writing unquestionable poetry," and earn a place in "the table of contents of a collection of 'British Poets,' " yet not be a poet. Only those are true poets who "are so constituted, that emotions are the links of association by which their ideas, both sensuous and spiritual [i.e., mental], are connected together."[12] The prevailing associations of the poet "will be those which connect objects and ideas with emotions, and with each other through the intervention of emotions."[13] Although the link is changed, Mill sticks to the usual associationist descriptions of the operation, without clearing up the confusion often attached to some terms. At times he talks of "synchronous" and "successive" associations as opposite types; at other times he opposes "contiguous" and "similar" associations. The facile assumption that "contiguous" includes "synchronous" and "successive" is not always satisfactory, nor is the sometimes helpful assumption that the first pair refers to initial sensation while the second pair refers to mental perception and recall. In spite of this confusion, Mill's meaning can be made out. The untrained mind in a dull body, Mill contends, thinks, as it experiences, chronologically. Sensations are reflected in ideas in the order in which they occur, that is, successively. The trained mind, on the other hand, learns to associate through learned patterns and recognized similarities. It can, unfortunately, have habitual "trains" forced upon it by bad educational practices, and so lose its originality and vitality. The natural poet, untrained in mind but strong in feeling, is a third case: in him sensations call up emotions immediately, so that the ideas connected with the sensations are welded to the ideas connected with the emotions. The chronological "trains" have no chance to form, and so the succession of ideas bears no resemblance to the succession of external events. In his *Logic*, referring to his earlier remarks in "The Two Kinds of Poetry," and to the speculations of James Martineau, Mill argues that since the effect of

pleasurable and painful impressions is more marked in cases of synchronous association, therefore,

> in minds of strong organic sensibility synchronous associations will be likely to predominate, producing a tendency to conceive things in pictures and in the concrete, richly clothed in attributes and circumstances, a mental habit which is commonly called Imagination, and is one of the peculiarities of the painter and the poet; while persons of more moderate susceptibility to pleasure and pain will have a tendency to associate facts chiefly in the order of their succession, and such persons, if they possess mental superiority, will addict themselves to history or science rather than to creative art.[14]

An even later passage should be seen with this; in reviewing Bain's psychological works in 1859, Mill says:

> The two kinds of association [by resemblance or similarity, and by contiguity] are indeed so different, that the predominance of each gives rise to a different type of intellectual character; an eminent degree of the former constituting the inductive philosopher, the poet and artist, and the inventor and originator generally; while adhesive association gives memory, mechanical skill, facility of acquisition in science or business, and practical talent so far as unconnected with invention.[15]

The second passage (in which Mill is expressing agreement with Bain) could be taken to cancel the first, or at least to correct it, but in fact the two can be reconciled. Mill believed with Bain, against his father, that resemblance is more basic than contiguity, and so associations even when synchronous need not be casual. In "The Two Kinds of Poetry" he implies the primacy of resemblance in poetic associations: "Thoughts and images will be linked together [in the poet's mind], according to the similarity of the feelings which cling to them. A thought will introduce a thought by first introducing a feeling which is allied with it." (P. 225.)

When he turns to composition, then, the "natural" poet, starting with a sensation, throws off a series of images connected emotionally with the sensation. In a short poem, the only sort proper to the uncultivated poet, these images will cluster around the emotion, which will give a centre to the experience portrayed and thus a unity to the poem. In longer poems and with complex emotions or situations, the poet without intellectual training will prove weak. The uncultivated mind, Mill says, forms "casual" associations. Knowing no governor, it plunges ahead, repeating, when called upon, accidental experiences, of interest only to the naïve, of immediate use to no one.

(III) While the purposes are shared with other men, the poetic powers are special. And just because special, they are not universally effective. In describing his own skills, Mill does much to clarify the poet's function, although here again the possibility of confusion exists because he offers several distinctions. Writing to Carlyle (July 17, 1832), he says he is called to logic rather than art ("a higher vocation") like Carlyle, and adds that only in the artist's hands does "Truth" become "impressive, & a living principle of action."[16] In this age, however, when only the understanding is cultivated and trusted, people are influenced by lessons in logical garb, and so, he says in a later letter:

> *my* word again is partly intelligible to many more persons than yours is, because mine is presented in the logical & mechanical form which partakes most of this age & country, yours in the artistical & poetical (at least in one sense of those words though not the sense I have been recently giving them [presumably in "What is Poetry?"]) which finds *least* entrance into any minds now, except when it comes before them as mere dilettantism & pretends not to make any serious call upon them to change their lives.[17]

Like the "logical and mechanical" word, then, the "artistic and poetical" word makes a serious call upon men. After mentioning to Fox (May 19, 1833) a "growing want of interest in all the subjects which [he] understand[s], a growing sense of incapacity *ever* to have a real knowledge of, or insight into the subjects in which alone [he] will ever again feel a strong interest,"[18] Mill tries to explain to Carlyle what he meant by calling him Poet and Artist:

> I conceive that most of the highest truths are, to persons endowed by nature in certain ways which I think I could state, intuitive; that is, they need neither explanation nor proof, but if not known before, are assented to as soon as stated. Now it appears to me that the poet or Artist is conversant chiefly with *such* truths & that his office in respect to truth is to declare *them*, & to make them *impressive*. This however supposes that the reader, hearer, or spectator, is a person of the kind to whom those truths *are* intuitive. Such will of course receive them at once, & will lay them to heart in proportion to the impressiveness with which the artist delivers & embodies them. But the other & more numerous kind of people will consider them as nothing but dreaming or madness: and the more, certainly, the more powerful the artist, *as* an artist: because the means which are good for rendering the truth impressive to those who know it, are not the same & are often absolutely incompatible with those which render it intelligible to those who know it not. Now this last I think is the proper office of the logician or I might say the metaphysician, in truth he must be both. The same person may be poet & logician, but he cannot be both in the same composition: & as heroes have been frustrated of glory '*carent quia vate sacro*', so I think the *vates* himself has often been misunderstood & successfully cried down for want of a Logician in Ordinary, to supply a logical commentary on his intuitive truths.

The artist's is the highest part, for by him alone is real *knowledge* of such truths conveyed: but it is possible to convince him who never could know the intuitive truths that they are not inconsistent with anything he does know; that they are even very *probable*, & that he may have faith in them when higher natures than his own affirm that they are truths.

His own task, he says again, is the humbler one of the man of speculation:

I am not in the least a poet, in any sense; but I can do homage to poetry. I can to a very considerable extent feel it & understand it, & can make others who are my inferiors understand it in proportion to the measure of their capacity. I believe that such a person is more wanted than even the poet himself; that there are more persons living who approximate to the latter character than to the former. . . . Now one thing not useless to do would be to exemplify this difference itself; to make those who are not poets understand that poetry is higher than logic, & that the union of the two is philosophy.[19]

Carlyle being still not satisfied with the explanation (or perhaps the praise), Mill writes again (August 2, 1833):

By logic . . . I meant the antithesis of Poetry or Art: in which distinction I am learning to perceive a twofold contrast: the *literal* as opposed to the *symbolical*, & *reasoning* as opposed to *intuition*. Not the *theory* of reasoning but the practice. In reasoning I include all processes of thought which are *processes* at all, that is, which proceed by a series of steps or links.[20]

This distinction is clear—the speaker of the Word as against the weaver of arguments—and clearly leaves the Artist in the position of preaching to the converted. It would appear that the weight of conversion rests on the thin shoulders of the Logician. Insight is translated into syllogism, for comprehension must precede belief. With belief (in Newman's terms) certainty can give way to certitude, and then action can follow. The argument in these letters foreshadows the pregnant passage in Book VI of Mill's *Logic*, where he sets forth the proper relation between the work of the Artist and the Scientist in all social endeavour:

the imperative mood is the characteristic of art, as distinguished from science. Whatever speaks in rules or precepts, not in assertions respecting matters of fact, is art; and ethics or morality is properly a portion of the art corresponding to the sciences of human nature and society. (VI, xii, 1, p. 616.)

The distinction is roughly that between theoretical and practical, but art has a twofold role, coming both before and after the operations of science. Art, in Mill's meaning, is prior to science, for it decides upon and defines the end to be pursued in a particular area. It then hands this end over to science, as an effect to be studied; science inquires into the causes of the effect, and then turns the problem back to art with a description of the circumstances by which the end can be reached. Art now examines these

circumstances and, if they are practicable and moral, proclaims the end as the object of action, and makes the theorem of its attainment, formulated by science, into a rule or precept for practical guidance. In the end, the artist tries to induce a current of morality into the community.

Such apparently dry speculations as these (forecast in the letter to Carlyle of July 5, 1833) seem to drive the poor poet into the market place, with zeal in his heart and text in his hand. Actually the artist is for Mill protean, and the poet is only one shape. One must look at the earlier of his two articles on poetry to see how he distinguishes the poet from the other isotopes of the artist. In "What is Poetry?" he argues that poetry, "the better part of all art whatever, and of life too," is distinguished from its logical opposite, matter of fact or science, by its attempt to move its audience rather than convince it. It offers interesting objects of contemplation to the "sensibilities" not propositions to the understanding. The coincidence with the later argument is obvious, but just at this point Mill indicates that further distinctions are necessary. The novelist, for instance, is also concerned with emotion; is he, then, a poet? No, says Mill, for mere narratives depend for their interest on outward circumstances as opposed to inner sensibility. The truth of narrative is not the truth of poetry:

> The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly: the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of *life*. The two kinds of knowledge are different, and come by different ways, come mostly to different persons. Great poets are often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves; they have found *there* one highly delicate, and sensitive, and refine [*sic*] specimen of human nature, on which the laws of emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study: and other knowledge of mankind, such as comes to men of the world by outward experience, is not indispensable to them as poets: but to the novelist such knowledge is all in all; he has to describe outward things, not the inward man. . . .[21]

A further distinction remains, that between the poet and the orator—and here are found the most often quoted, and most perceptive, of Mill's remarks on poetry.

> Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or uttering forth of feeling. But if we may be excused the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *over*heard. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appear [*sic*] to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling, confessing itself to itself in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols, which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling pouring itself out to other minds, courting their sympathy, or endeavouring to influence their belief, or move them to passion or to action.[22]

But even in this description the poet is not morally useless; he pursues a genuine end for its own sake, but the personal end becomes a social means. "All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy . . . , [but what] we have said to ourselves, we may tell to others afterwards; what we have said or done in solitude, we may voluntarily reproduce when we know that other eyes are upon us."[23] And the cultivated poet will here be most effective.

(IV) Without resigning his special strengths the poet should cultivate his intellect by retiring at times from the world of strong feeling to meditate upon experience in the manner of the philosopher. (The Wordsworthian theories are seldom far below the surface.) Emotional links cast aside, the poet then reasons like other men, connecting ideas logically, forming associations on the basis of his own and others' experience, testing—the point is not made by Mill in this connection, but is clear from his *Logic*—mental against physical experience, checking apparent against actual resemblances, associations between ideas against associations between their parent sensations. In short, bringing objectivity as far as possible into his subjective world. (The question of the appropriateness of a belief in right reason in Mill is admittedly begged.) A beneficial result is sure:

> Where . . . a poetic nature has been united with logical and scientific culture, the peculiarity of association arising from the finer nature so perpetually alternates with the associations attainable by commoner natures trained to high perfection, that its own particular law is not so conspicuously characteristic of the result produced. . . . Whether the superiority will naturally be on the side of the logician-poet or of the mere poet—whether the writings of the one ought, as a whole, to be truer, and their influence more beneficent, than those of the other—is too obvious in principle to need statement: it would be absurd to doubt whether two endowments are better than one; whether truth is more certainly arrived at by two processes, verifying and correcting each other, than by one alone. ("The Two Kinds of Poetry," p. 235.)

When experience and reason combine, the poet is unlikely to repeat Browning's failure in *Pauline*:

> With considerable poetic powers, the writer seems to me possessed with a more intense and morbid self-consciousness than I ever knew in any sane human being. . . . [Browning] should not attempt to show how a person may be *recovered* from this morbid state,—for *he* [on the evidence of the poem] is hardly convalescent, and 'what should we speak of but that which we know?'[24]

Images supplied spontaneously through the fineness of the poet's perceptions are not enough; he must also be supplied through "the vigour and

richness of his intellect" with an "abundance of moving thoughts."[25] Only when the poet becomes, as he may, a poet-philosopher, can his works conduce fully to the betterment of mankind. Mill makes the point at length in his review of Tennyson's poems:

> Every great poet, every poet who has extensively or permanently influenced mankind, has been a great thinker;—has had a philosophy though perhaps he did not call it by that name;—has had his mind full of thoughts derived not merely from passive sensibility, but from trains of reflection, from observation, analysis, and generalization; however remote the sphere of his observation and meditation may have lain from the studies of the schools. Where the poetic temperament exists in its greatest degree, while the systematic culture of the intellect has been neglected, we may expect to find, what we do find in the best poems of Shelley—vivid representations of states of passive and dreamy emotion, fitted to give extreme pleasure to persons of similar organization to the poet, but not likely to be sympathized in, because not understood, by any other persons; and scarcely conducing at all to the noblest end of poetry as an intellectual pursuit, that of acting upon the desires and characters of mankind through their emotions, to raise them towards the perfection of their nature. This, like every other adaptation of means to ends, is the work of cultivated reason; and the poet's success in it will be in proportion to the intrinsic value of his thoughts, and to the command which he has acquired over the materials of his imagination, for placing those thoughts in a strong light before the intellect, and impressing them on the feelings.[26]

(V) Mill's uses of the word "imagination" are as loose as most people's. Sometimes he accepts the meaning given to it by his father, "train of ideas." Sometimes, again, he uses it in a very common way, as signifying a train of ideas in which the person having the train does not believe. When Mill applies the term to the poet, however, it obviously describes a *power*. He refers, for example, to "that kind of self-observation which is called imagination," and which, like "simple observation and a more complicated process of analysis and induction" is a method of extracting "the knowledge of general truth . . . from our own consciousness."[27] A similar meaning is indicated in a passage already quoted from "What is Poetry?" (p. 205): "What [poets] know has come by observation of themselves; they have found *there* one highly delicate, and sensitive, and refine [*sic*] specimen of human nature, on which the laws of emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study. . . ." But beneath this power of observation must lie another power if the poet is to avoid narrowness; this more basic power needs the information gathered by a cultivated intellect, but, being active, is not limited by such information. Mill, in his earliest remarks on artistic matters, calls this latter power

also imagination. He is discussing acting, but the passages have an obvious relevance to his theory of poetry.

> A great actor must possess imagination, in the higher and more extensive meaning of the word: that is, he must be able to conceive correctly, and paint vividly within himself, states of external circumstances, and of the human mind, into which it has not happened to himself to be thrown.[28]

He agrees with Pemberton, an actor,

> that in acting, as in everything else, genius does not consist in being a copyist; even from nature: That the actor of genius is not he who observes and imitates what men of particular characters, and in particular situations, *do*, but he who can, by an act of imagination, actually *be* what they *are*: who can so completely understand, and so vividly conceive, the state of their minds, that the conception shall call up in his own the very emotions, and thereby draw from him the very sounds and gestures, which would have been exhibited by the imaginary being whom he is personifying. Such a man's representation of nature will have a consistency and keeping in it, and will reach depths in the human heart, which no man's opportunities and powers of mere outward observation could ever have enabled him to attain to.[29]

Here again Mill sets off imagination from "outward observation," but obviously without some outward observation the portrayal of other men by the actor or the poet would be impossible. He is suggesting, actually, that passive copying or reporting is not art; art lies in the active sharing in the feelings of the imitated or described persons; and this sharing is imagination. Pemberton has the "faculty" or "power," says Mill,

> to call up by a voluntary effort of imagination, what he not unhappily terms *secondary* feelings, that is, feelings suggested by a vivid conception of similar feelings in others: and by thus *realizing* for the time being, an imaginary character, to give a profoundly true dramatic presentation of it.[30]

Elsewhere Mill even introduces the crucial term "creative imagination," but adds little to his previous definition:

> The faculty of thus bringing home to us a coherent conception of beings unknown to our experience, not by logically *characterizing* them, but by a living *representation* of them, such as they would, in fact, *be*, if the hypothesis of their possibility could be realized—is what is meant, when anything is meant, by the words creative imagination.[31]

The reader, Mill indicates in his discussion of Tennyson, must cooperate with the poet by suspending his "critical understanding" and giving his "spontaneous feelings" full play, surrendering his "imagination [i.e., trains] to the guidance of the poet."[32] He will then feel with the

characters in the portrayed situation to the extent that the poet is able to recreate the feelings in his readers by first creating them in himself.

Although, as has been seen, unity of conception and execution is necessary for the greatest art, Mill does not see imagination as the controlling, unifying power; the intellect, governing the essential, but essentially random, emotional associations, selects, discards, and adds. As always in Mill's discussions of man, feeling is the horse, but intellect the rider. So Tennyson is warned by Mill not to accept "poetical" conclusions when unsupported by evidence, especially when philosophical systems are in question. No philosophy should deny the validity of poetry, for philosophic systems are properly "comprehensive" and "commanding":

> Let our philosophical system be what it may, human feelings exist: human nature, with all its enjoyments and sufferings, its strugglings, its victories and defeats, still remain [*sic*] to us; and these are the materials of all poetry. Whoever, in the greatest concerns of human life, pursues truth with unbiased feelings, and an intellect adequate to discern it, will not find that the resources of poetry are lost to him because he has learnt to use and not to abuse them. They are as open to him as they are to the sentimental weakling, who has no test of the true but the ornamental. And when he once has them under his command, he can wield them for purposes, and with a power, of which neither the dilettante nor the visionary have the slightest conception.[33]

The purposes come from the philosophy (intellect); the power from the poetry (feeling).

This attempt to define the nature and function of the poet leads outwards into other areas of Mill's thought. The poet is one who speaks *truth*, who deals in *realities* (in his later years Mill was more chary of these Carlylianisms). He presents a scene and characters so representative of valid human feelings as to be a moral lesson to all who hear him. He teaches men to share the feelings of others. True sympathy, the ground of morality, can result only from empathy with others. The importance of this sharing is touched on in a passage in which Mill praises Bain for separating "Tender Affections" from "Sympathy," and for treating the latter not "as an emotion, but as the capacity of taking on the emotions, or mental states generally, of others. A character may possess tenderness without being at all sympathetic, as is the case with many selfish sentimentalists; and the converse, though not equally common, is equally in human nature."[34] Ideally, the audience does not stop with mere identification, but goes further into a contemplation of perfection beyond that portrayed. In an interesting comment upon Beauty in a footnote to his father's *Analysis*, Mill commends Ruskin's discussion in *Modern Painters*,

saying that all the elements which Ruskin finds in the idea of Beauty, except those like Moderation,

> represent to us some valuable or delightful attribute, in a completeness and perfection of which our experience presents us with no example, and which therefore stimulates the active power of the imagination to rise above known reality, into a more attractive or a more majestic world. This does not happen with what we call our lower pleasures. To them there is a fixed limit at which they stop: or if, in any particular case, they do acquire, by association, a power of stirring up ideas greater than themselves, and stimulate the imagination to enlarge its conceptions to the dimensions of those ideas, we then feel that the lower pleasure has, exceptionally, risen into the region of the aesthetic, and has superadded to itself an element of pleasure of a character and quality not belonging to its own nature. (*Analysis*, II, 255n.)

The highest pleasures for Mill, of course, are those mental pleasures of sympathy which guide the actions of the good man. So the poet, speaking "the word . . . with truthful intent," lets his audience "know one human soul"; the greatest poets, living in accord with their word, reveal nobility through beauty, and lead the audience to emulation. So Milton[35] and Plato have given us works which are evidence of their lives; more important, the Gospel is the record of the life of Christ as much as of his doctrines.[36] The usual attitude to Jesus is typically mistaken: he has been

> likened to a logician, framing a rule to meet all cases, and provide against all possible evasions, instead of a poet, orator, and *vates*, whose object was to purify and spiritualize the mind, so that, under the guidance of its purity, its own lights might suffice to find the law of which he only supplied the spirit, and suggested the general scope. ("On Genius," p. 657.)

At this point Mill's theory seems to be complete, and no one has bothered to consider whether he retained it throughout life. He would appear, from most accounts, to have forgotten, misplaced, or discarded it. But in fact it remained with him, and was altered only by being made more complete as it was brought into closer conjunction with the rest of his thought. Documentation is difficult, but a few references in Bain's *Autobiography* and Caroline Fox's *Memories of Old Friends* indicate a constant interest in poetic and artistic matters throughout the 1840's and into the 1850's. For the bulk of the 1850's, Mill's decade of marriage and mourning, there is very little record of any sort, but even here the remarks in "Bain's Psychology" already quoted show that his concern is still present. (*On Liberty*, while its argument is consonant with that outlined here, is not an obvious source.) In 1867 and 1869, however, appeared two documents which establish not only his continued interest but also his continued belief in the importance of poetry. The latter document, *The Analysis of the*

Phenomena of the Human Mind, with John Mill's footnotes, has already been discussed in the account of association. The former, Mill's *Rectorial Address at St. Andrews*, a much neglected work, contains as good a summary of Mill's thought as that in the *Autobiography*, including a lengthy passage on the importance of poetry.

In this *Address* Mill argues, in terms reminiscent of both his "Bentham" and his *Logic*,[37] that while the two most important parts of education are the intellectual and the moral, the third part, the aesthetic, is also essential. Aesthetic education involves the education of the feelings and the cultivation of the beautiful. The moderns, inferior in poetic control to the ancients, are superior in their choice of subject because they pay more heed to the depths of human experience, having the habit of "meditative self-consciousness" and "brooding and self-conscious minds." Because the proper study of mankind is man, the modern concentration upon inner feelings rather than outer circumstances produces more interesting, more useful, and more moral literature.

In this context the important modification (really no more than an intensification) of one aspect of his theory becomes significant. The cultivation of the beautiful which Mill desiderates is in truth for him a cultivation of beautiful character; the most beautiful nature is worthy human nature. His passion for Wordsworth, continued throughout his life, is most easily explained by the poet's belief in the power of nature to moralize man as it moralizes the poet's song. Now the ethical aim of the poet becomes apparent: he presents scenes and characters which play upon the feelings of his readers in such a way as to pattern out for them a standard of beautiful conduct. If fully communicated, the standard becomes a model permitting of imitation. And imitation is at the root of Mill's ethic. Lacking the supernatural sanctions, he accepts a Religion of Humanity which bolsters moral conduct with natural sanctions. The test of action, ultimately utilitarian, practically and immediately is the imagined approbation of some revered figure. The "passion for ideal excellence," as he remarks in "The Utility of Religion,"[38] can be made into a powerful motive; the individual must ask himself whether Socrates, Howard, Washington, Antonius, or Christ (p. 109), or even "ideal perfection embodied in a Divine Being"[39] would approve his conduct, and then model his conduct according to the answer of his conscience.

The literary presentation of great men dedicated to altruism and duty supports and aids conscience, which is cultivated in other ways. As conscience is a restraining force, preventing evil actions, so cultivated senti-

ment is active, leading a man to dedicate himself to love of his country, human improvement, freedom, and virtue. The self must be felt to be insignificant; devotion to others must be all. And the great source of this "elevated tone of mind . . . is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic." All other arts, as their content too is "feeling," tend to the same end, as does natural beauty, especially of the sublime order, for there is a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the beautiful. The virtuous man who has learned to appreciate beauty will try to realize it in his own life, "will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self-culture."[40] Mill even goes so far as to say that there is truth in Goethe's remark that the Beautiful is greater than the Good, for it includes the Good, and adds perfection to it. As always with him, then, art centres upon humanity and is dedicated to morality.

The species poet is neither last nor least of the genus moralist; often, indeed, in Mill's writings the genus seems only to have one species. The poet's "word" becomes "message" when assimilated by individuals in the audience. As poetry speaks to individuals and transmits human motive power, that is, feeling, it is moral—if the poet has so cultivated his whole being as to escape idiosyncratic (if powerful) emotional displays. Even the immature poet (Shelley) can create great poems on occasion, as can the poet of unpoetic natures (Wordsworth). Parnassus has visitors as well as dwellers, and visitors too can bring guests.

Mill's theory of poetry is no aberration. After 1840 he seldom wrote on poetry, but the almost casual remarks herein mentioned (by no means an exhaustive list) indicate his continued interest and continued convictions. The *Autobiography*, written and revised late in his life, is evidence enough, but one brief glance at the sober Mill of 1870 gives life to the contention:

> After dinner Mr. Mill read us Shelley's Ode to Liberty & he got quite excited & moved over it rocking backwards & forwards & nearly choking with emotion; he said himself: 'it is almost too much for one.' Miss Taylor read the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty but in rather a theatrical voice not as pleasant as Mill's, he also read some of his favourite bits of Wordsworth whh he admires very much.[41]

notes

1 J. S. Mill, *Autobiography* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1924), pp. 10–2.
2 British Museum Add. MSS. 33, 230.
3 J. S. Mill, *Letters*, ed. H. Elliot (London, 1910), I, 12.

4 *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, I, 165n.
5 *Autobiography*, pp. 103–4.
6 *Ibid.*, p. 102.
7 I do not here trace the development of Mill's poetic theory in detail, choosing rather to make clear the importance of the theory to Mill's ethical thought. Therefore (and also in the interests of brevity) I treat together the principal articles of the early 1830's: "On Genius," *Monthly Repository*, VI (Oct., 1832); "What is Poetry?" *Monthly Repository*, VII (Jan., 1833); "Writings of Junius Redivivus," *Monthly Repository*, VII (Apr., 1833); "Writings of Junius Redivivus," *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, III (June, 1833); "The Two Kinds of Poetry," *Monthly Repository*, VII (Nov., 1833); and "Tennyson's Poems," *London and Westminster Review*, XXX (July, 1835). (Those articles reprinted in *Early Essays*, ed. J. W. Gibbs [London, 1897], are quoted from that source.) Corroborating and explanatory material is found mostly in the contemporary letters to Carlyle, and in articles in the *Examiner*.
8 "The Two Kinds of Poetry," *Early Essays*, p. 229.
9 James Mill, *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, ed. J. S. Mill (London, 1869), I, 241–2.
10 David Hartley, *Observations on Man, His Frame, His Duty, and His Expectations* (London, 1810), I, 434.
11 *Ibid.*, 441, 447–8.
12 "The Two Kinds of Poetry," p. 223.
13 *Ibid.*, p. 225.
14 J. S. Mill, *System of Logic* (London: Longmans, Green, 1906), 317 (III, xiii, 6).
15 "Bain's Psychology," *Dissertations and Discussions* (London, 1859–75), III, 131.
16 National Library of Scotland, MS 618, #6, f.11r. (July 17, 1832).
17 *Ibid.*, #21, f.46r. (May 18, 1833).
18 Richard Garnett, *Life of W. J. Fox* (London, 1909), p. 103.
19 National Library of Scotland, MS 618, #23, f.50r. & v. (July 5, 1833). Cf. *ibid.*, #38, f.81v. (March 2, 1834).
20 *Ibid.*, #25, f.54v.
21 "What is Poetry?" *Early Essays*, p. 205.
22 *Ibid.*, pp. 208–9.
23 *Ibid.*, p. 209.
24 Note in copy of *Pauline* sent by Fox to Mill. Quoted in Griffin and Minchin, *Life of Robert Browning*, pp. 59–60.
25 "The Two Kinds of Poetry," p. 231.
26 "Tennyson's Poems," *Early Essays*, pp. 260–1.
27 "On Genius," p. 652.
28 *Examiner*, pp. 325–6 (May 22, 1831).
29 *Ibid.*, p. 226 (June 3, 1832).
30 *Ibid.* Cf. "Bentham," *Dissertations and Discussions*, I, 353.
31 "Tennyson's Poems," p. 263n.
32 *Ibid.*, p. 248.
33 *Ibid.*, pp. 266–7.
34 "Bain's Psychology," p. 134.
35 Later, in a letter to Lalor (*c.* June 20, 1852), Mill, probably having heard Harriet on the subject, says: ". . . it is not agreeable to me to be praised in the words of a man whom I so wholly disrespect as Milton, who with all his republicanism had the soul of a fanatic, a despot and a tyrant." British Library of Political and Economic Science, Mill-Taylor Collection, I, #22, 64r.
36 "Writings of Junius Redivivus," *Monthly Repository*, VII, 269.
37 "Bentham," p. 387; *Logic*, 620 (VI, xii, 6).
38 *Three Essays on Religion* (London, 1885), p. 108.
39 *Rectorial Address*, in *James and John Stuart Mill on Education*, ed. F. A. Cavenagh (Cambridge University Press, 1931), p. 193.
40 The preceding account is drawn from the *Rectorial Address*, *passim*, especially pp. 191–6.
41 *The Amberley Papers*, ed. Bertrand and Patricia Russell (London, 1937), II, 375 ("Kate's Journal," Sept. 28, 1870).

Letters in Canada 1959

I must thank, for the last time, all who have co-operated to produce LETTERS IN CANADA. When I first assumed the editorship of the QUARTERLY I was told that this annual supplement could be a heart-breaking labour; and the task of assembling and distributing so many books and of collecting and preparing copy from so many contributors was, indeed, formidable in prospect. But the Assistant Editors of the University Press—this year Miss Ruth Charlesworth, Miss Marion Pope, and Miss Susan Houston helped me—are so well versed in their craft and the contributors themselves so prompt and understanding that I have found the duties no heavier than ordinary and always pleasant. A far greater strain falls on the regular contributors as they settle down annually to review the growing body of Canadian letters, and after several years—a decade seems to be the average—they feel that they must withdraw from their posts. Last year President Claude T. Bissell retired as critic of the year's fiction, and this year Principal Northrop Frye has made his last survey of a year's poetry. I am only voicing the general opinion when I say that both have made an invaluable contribution to Canadian criticism and helped to raise it far above where it once stood. And Professor J. M. S. Careless, too, has retired, from a field that must have severely taxed him, though it never seemed to strain his ingenuity or dull his perceptiveness. As I have hinted, this is also my last appearance as Editor, and in departing I should like to thank the Officers of the Press for the remarkable and sympathetic help they have ungrudgingly accorded to me during the past five years. I relinquish my close connection with them with the greatest regret.

POETRY / *Northrop Frye*

There is nothing particularly "modern" about the gap between poetry and its reading public, or about the charge that poets are wilfully obscure, a charge levelled with great enthusiasm against (for example) Keats's *Endymion*. In every age the envious readers—a large group of every writer's contemporaries—have resented the humility that close attention requires, and poetry has never been popular except when it provided some kind of middle distance, by telling stories or crystallizing into proverbs and slogans. But there are, perhaps, some additional hazards about our own age. Most people nowadays are accustomed to the double talk of journalism, and it is not the difficulty of poetry that they find baffling, but its simplicity. Vivid imagery and concrete language are too sharp for readers accustomed to the murkiness of dead words, and make them wince and look away. A recent Canadian book of verse was reviewed in an American journal devoted entirely to poetry, by a reviewer who kept protesting that he couldn't understand a word of it. The writing could not have been clearer or simpler; but that was the trouble. Again, lyrical poetry cannot be read quickly: it has no donkey's carrot like a whodunit, and the developing of "reading skills," which enable the reader to come to terms with his own sense of panic, has no relation to the reading of poetry. The reading of poetry is a leisurely occupation, and is possible only for that small minority which believes in leisure.

George Johnston's *The Cruising Auk* (Oxford, pp. 72, $2.50) should appeal to a wider audience than most books of poems surveyed in these reviews. Even the envious reader should be disarmed by the simplicity, which may make him feel that he could do as well if he set his mind to it, or that here at last is a "light" verse which "doesn't take itself too seriously," the favourite *cliché* of the culturally submerged. The critic, however, has to explain that the substance of Mr. Johnston's poetry is not at all the image of the ordinary reader that is reflected from its polished surface. He must explain that seriousness is not the opposite of lightness, but of portentousness, and that genuine simplicity is always a technical *tour de force*. In short, he must insist that Mr. Johnston's most pellucid lyrics have to be read as carefully as the most baffling paper chase of E. E. Cummings.

The difference between the simple and the insipid, in poetry, is that while simplicity uses much the same words, it puts them together in a way

that keeps them echoing and reverberating with infinite associations, rippling away into the furthest reaches of imaginative thought. It is difficult for a critic to demonstrate the contrast between the simplicity that keeps him awake at night and the mediocrity that puts him to sleep in the day. In *The Cruising Auk*, however, there is one major clue to the simplicity. Like Mr. Reaney and Miss Macpherson before him, Mr. Johnston has produced a beautifully unified book, the apparently casual poems carrying the reader along from the first poem to the last in a voyage of self-discovery. We begin with a Narcissus image, a boy gazing into a pool and feeling an identity with "the abyss he gazes on," and we end with "O Earth, Turn!" (the echo of Miss Macpherson can hardly be an accident) where the abyss opens up again inside the adult:

> I love the slightly flattened sphere,
> Its restless, wrinkled crust's my here,
> Its slightly wobbling spin's my now
> But not my why and not my how:
> My why and how are me.

Between these two points, a state of innocence and a state in which all paradise is lost except a residual intuition, Mr. Johnston surveys the ages of man. He first explores the "pool" or pond, life or the objective side of existence, which remains the controlling image of the book. In "In the Pond" the poet lies beneath it; in "In It" he sails over it in a boat; in "The Queen of Lop" it enters a girl's dreams as a death symbol; in "Poor Edward" it forms the basis for a beautifully cadenced death-by-water poem of suicide; in "Wet" the death symbol modulates into rain. Human life is thus looked at as symbolically under water, hence the watching fish in "Rapture" and "Life from a Goldfish Bowl," and the fine "Eating Fish," where the fish disappears into the man, a quizzical analogue to Miss Macpherson's fisherman. The poet first discovers that the innocence of childhood is not self-contained but rebellious, a battle with invisible gods revealed in the noise of a small boy:

> Grievous energies of growth,
> Storms of pride and tides of sloth
> Sweep across his giant soul
> Against the gods, the small and whole.

As one gets older one comes to terms with experience, and the age of anxiety settles more or less contentedly into

> . . . this excellent street-scattered city,
> This home, this network, this great roof of pity.

The cosiness of domestic life among family and friends occupies much of Mr. Johnston's foreground: he depicts it without rancour and without insisting, like so many more obsessed intellectuals, that only a damned soul can remain absorbed in it:

> My pleasures, how discreet they are!
> A little booze, a little car,
> Two little children and a wife
> Living a small suburban life.

For if one can be deeply moved (in "Cathleen Sweeping") by a three-year-old daughter struggling with a broom, one can appreciate that a small suburban life, even as lived by adults, may have something equally pathetic and dauntless about it. Thus Mr. Murple's mother, who gets a bottle of gin from her son on Mother's Day but defiantly buys her own flower:

> "A nice red rose to show I'm still alive:
> Fifty cents they asked me for it, thieves!
> Yellow to show you're dead is fifty-five
> All done up in ferny things and leaves."

In fact Mr. Johnston has a Dickensian sense of the violence of the life force in drab or even squalid surroundings, a sense not many modern poets show, apart from Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*. He admires his gigantic aunts and the vast pregnancy of Bridget, and wonders why Eternity should be too stuffy for the "bugs and bottles and hairpins" of Mrs. McWhirter's highly unsanitary existence and should reduce her instead to a more impersonal dust.

Yet it is still the age of anxiety: the clock, a recurring image, keeps placidly ticking away the moments of life; the "spider's small eye" is watching and waiting, and all around is a sinister and conspiratorial darkness, of a kind that scares Edward reading "Light Literature" and eventually pulls him into it, and that forms the background of the very lovely "A Little Light." Actual ghosts appear in "A Happy Ghost" and the demure parody of Yeats's "All Souls' Night." Part of this world is a cheerfully murderous nature: a cat stalking a squirrel reminds us that

> Life is exquisite when it's just
> Out of reach by a bound
> Of filigree jaws and delicate paws

and Miss Beleek is visited by "Moments almost too bright to bear" when she thinks of shooting the children who trample over her garden. A darker ferocity appears on the horizon in "War on the Periphery," in the marching of

> The violent, obedient ones
> Guarding my family with guns.

Part of it again is the sense of a submerged communion in nature, like the dogs reconnoitering at posts in "Noctambule," or the "ecstatic edge of pain" in "After Thunder." Part of it is the hidden private world that everyone retires into in sleep, the world so prominent in sexual love, with its hard narcist core of self-absorption represented by "Elaine in a Bikini," by the Lorelei figure in "Music on the Water," and by the woman in "Home Again" who returns from a night on the tiles with this inner core almost, but not quite, violated:

> Now I am a bent doll, I shed my silky stuff
> And soon I'll be a sleeping heart. The gods got enough.

Even altruism may be expressed by the same kind of ego, like the contracting heart of Boom the "saint," or the pity that the poet feels for his other friend Goom.

And as we go on we feel less reassured by "the savoir faire of doom" and by the poet's insistence, sailing his crowded boat on the sea of life, that "Important people are in it as well." Life is not going anywhere except into death, and its minor pleasures of beer and love and sleep are all rehearsals for death. In "Smilers" something of the bewilderment of Willy Loman appears in the successful extrovert surrounded by what he is beginning to realize are fixed and glassy grins:

> After all, I made some dough,
> By and by I made some more;
> Anywhere I like to go
> Friends, my goodness, friends galore!

And eventually one begins to see that the "pond" has a bottom, familiarly known as death and hell, and that perhaps the "airborne" career of the cruising auk, an absurd and extinct bird that nevertheless manages somehow to get above himself, may have something to be said for it. At any rate it, or something like it, inspires Mrs. McGonigle into the stratosphere, frightens Mr. Smith, her protégé, into a coffin-like telephone booth, and

sends Mr. Murple into a tree, where, in the curious Orpheus poem at the end of the second part, he sits charming the local frogs and bugs (in contrast to the crow at the end of the first part, who can only choose "Empty tree for empty tree"). Even a much rarer event, the "apocalyptic squawk" of the great dufuflu bird, does not pass wholly unheeded.

If I have not demonstrated how simplicity reverberates, at any rate I have shown that Mr. Johnston is an irresistibly readable and quotable poet. His finest technical achievement, I think, apart from his faultless sense of timing, is his ability to incorporate the language of the suburbs into his own diction. He does not write in the actual vulgate, but he manages to suggest with great subtlety the emotional confusions behind the pretentious diction and vague syntax of ordinary speech:

> Mrs. Belaney has a son
> —Had, I should say, perhaps—
> Who deeds of gallantry has done,
> Him and some other chaps.

Or the elusiveness of large ideas as their shadows pass over an inarticulate mind:

> And as it happened we agreed
> On many things, but on the need
> Especially of mental strife
> And of a whole new source of life.

It is this controlled portrayal of the ineffectual that gives Mr. Johnston his unique bittersweet flavour, and a "disconsolate" tone, to use one of his favourite words, that would be merely coy if it were less detached, or merely brittle if it were more so.

Ronald Bates's *The Wandering World* (Macmillan, pp. vi, 60, $2.75) is another voyage of discovery, this time of Canada. We begin with a section called "Histories," dealing with early voyages of exploration, with the sense of vast spaces in front and the illusion of some ineffably glamorous Cathay in the distance that has given its name to Lachine. In "Parallels in a Circle of Sand" the poet describes how the oppressiveness of the lack of tradition, the feeling of time cut off at the roots, pulls the Canadian back into Europe, only to make him realize how his real traditions are those of the explorers, and that the mutilation of time in his experience is hereditary. The next section, "Myths," deals with the huge mythological

figures in which an imagination first tries to conquer a new land, some of them assimilated to modern life, like "Overheard in the Garden," very Audenesque in its linking of the immemorial lost garden symbol to a detective story. Next are the "Interiors," where the themes are drawn from ordinary civilized life, and the "Landscapes," the corresponding images of nature outside. Finally we come to "Constructions," where the poet reaches the end of his journey in his own mind, the one fixed point of the wandering world, not only the world of space but of time also:

> Each man must come at last upon that point,
> Where all roads meet, all currents cross,
> Where past and future are valid,
> And now.

Thus we go from the open world of endless space to the contained world of the mind, and from exploration to self-knowledge.

As this brief summary indicates, an extraordinary variety of themes, moods, and techniques are attempted in the book. The histories employ what might be called a documentary style, much of it in unrhymed verse, which imitates historical narrative:

> What one cannot remember
> Concerning the customary rites,
> Prayers, plans and polymorphous
> Duties, can be improvised.
> Some died of scurvy, the first winter,
> Some were tried for theft and shot.

In the "Landscapes" there are more lyrical measures, stanzas in fairly strict metrical patterns; the "Interiors" are longish descriptive poems in an irregular meditative rhythm approximating blank verse. I find the poems in the tighter stanzaic patterns more consistently successful. Mr. Bates seems to me a romantic poet, in the sense that he often uses abstract and unvisualized language but is keenly sensitive to evocative sound. Thus the forsaken god Pan whispers in his sleep:

> Chill as the night air is
> In the garden
> Still I will not be their guardian
> Still.

Mr. Bates's Canadian landscapes are mainly of winter, and he is eloquent about the delicate cruelty of winter, the feelings of menace it can arouse

in a child which are "not of cold or fear," and the way that it seems to make visible the hidden death-world of primary qualities, where colour and warmth are gone and only the measurable remains. Winter also seems to symbolize for him both the source of imaginative energy in Canada and that curious offbeat rhythm of modern life where sterility has priority, so that one somehow never seems to have time for the important experiences, like love. In the fine "Ornithomachy" both of these are symbolized by the swan-song:

> But far away where the swans belong,
> In fields of iridescent snow,
> The songs of flesh and blood are blown
> Like leaves about the cold, the shrill
> Throat where all the singing starts.

In "The Fall of Seasons" the same association of winter and a failure of experience recurs in the life of a married couple, studied under the imagery of the seasons. Courtship comes in the springtime, where "Nobody came to bother them"; summer brings an oscillation of love and routine worries, the former growing increasingly furtive as the latter take over the mind, and an ironic refrain recurs in the autumn of old age:

> They stand together in dusty photo albums,
> The last repository of dreams.
> But nobody bothers to look at them.
> Nobody bothers at all.

There is nowhere in *The Wandering World* that we do not feel a contact with a richly suggestive intelligence. It sometimes happens that a poem succeeds by the interest of its controlling idea even when the texture of writing is unsatisfactory: I am thinking in particular of "I Skjaergaarden III." I find, especially in the histories and myths, a good deal of talk, and too ready a satisfaction with such phrases as "all and sundry," "meticulous care," "fall from grace," or "absolutely certain." There are inorganic adjectives, like the "chthonic" and "powerful" which make "After Pan Died" more pedantic than it should be; bleak allegory in "Industrious Revolutions," where the fly-wheel of pride meshes with the cog-wheel of man; vague words like the "pawn" which weakens the otherwise lovely "Bestiary," and rhymes like those in "The Unimaginable Zoo" which seem to be dictating the thought. But there is much to return to,

from the meditation on memory as a cable laid along "The ancient mountain ranges of the sea" near the beginning to the poet building himself a tower, like Yeats, and feeling that he can "put my hand on my hand's hidden power" near the end. In a first volume we can have all this and promise too.

Irving Layton's *A Red Carpet for the Sun* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xxii, 212, $1.95 paper, $3.50 cloth) is a collection, according to the author, of "all the poems I wrote between 1942 and 1958 that I wish to preserve." As such, it is, of course, a volume of great importance, and if it is not examined in detail here, that is because the poems in it have been commented on before. It needs a full-length separate review and another reviewer. The introduction, in the first place, is Mr. Layton's first articulate statement in prose, and shows that, although he still admires the energy of his own reaction to modern life, he has become more detached from it. Hence his refusal to be content with the merely poetic, to make aesthetic pearls out of his irritations, has not landed him outside poetry but into the realization that "all poetry . . . is about poetry itself."

All Layton is here: there is the satire based, like Swift's, on the conception of man as characterized less by reason than by an ability to rationalize ferocity which makes him the only really cruel animal ("Paraclete," "Abel Cain"). There are the recurring symbols of this cruelty: the tormenting and massacring of animals ("Cain," "The Bull Calf," "The Mosquito"), the desire for castration of those with more life ("Mr. Ther-Apis," "Letter to a Librarian," "The Puma's Tooth"), the refined efforts to ignore the democracy of the body ("Seven o'Clock Lecture," "Imperial," "Anti-Romantic"), the passion for envy and backbiting and every form of murder that cannot be punished ("The Toy Gun," "Now That I'm Older," "The Improved Binoculars"). There are the "atheistic" reflections on those who hope for eternal life but have never come alive ("Rose Lemay," "Two Ladies at Traymore's"), the refusals to make the compromises of pity and gregarious love ("New Tables," "Family Portrait," "For Mao Tse-Tung"), and the sense of the interpenetration of love and death ("Orpheus," "Thanatos and Eros"). There are the images of the Heraclitean fire that will burn up all the human rubbish of the world ("Love is an Irrefutable Fire," "The Poet Entertains Several Ladies"), and of the sensuous and relaxing water that will drown it ("The Swimmer," "The Cold Green Element," "Thoughts in the Water," "Sacrament by the Water"). There is the figure of the poet, outcast

("The Black Huntsmen"), madman ("The Birth of Tragedy," "I Would for Your Sake Be Gentle"), "Jewboy" ("Gothic Landscape," "The Statuettes of Ezekiel and Jeremiah"), Chaplinesque clown ("Whatever Else Poetry is Freedom"), yet with the prophet's lion voice ("Woman," "Rain at La Minerve"), who occasionally disappears into a strange world where all the expected associations come loose and get reassembled ("It's All in the Manner," "The Poetic Process," "Winter Fantasy"). It is all here, and a great deal more, and as rich an experience as ever.

Yet Mr. Layton seems tired of his present achievement, and one wonders if there is anything in his work so far that a reader might tire of too. In all genuine poetry we can hear the voice of a distinctive personality; but this is the poetic personality, not the ordinary one—nobody's ordinary personality can write a poem. Neither is it the deliberately assumed stage personality with which one meets the public. Mr. Layton's stage personality has recently been embalmed in the *clichés* of the *Star Weekly*, which carefully refrains from quoting anything from him except *obiter dicta* of the "sex is here to stay" variety. This stage personality has much the same relation to the poet that the begorra-and-bejabers stage Irishman has to Synge or O'Casey, and Mr. Layton clearly takes this view of it himself, as anyone may see who compares the poems in this collection with what has been rejected from the twelve volumes out of which it was made. Some writers have to kill themselves with drink and apoplexy before those who cannot read poetry will believe that anyone is writing it: Mr. Layton has been more ingenious. He has satisfied the public with an image of its own notion of what a genius should be like, and has thereby set himself free for his serious work.

But if one's stage personality is separable, the poetic personality may be too. Minor poets have only one voice; major ones speak with the gift of tongues, the multitudinous voices of sea and forest and swarming city. If one tires of anything in Mr. Layton's book, it is, perhaps, the sense of too insistent a speaking voice, and of being never out of listening range of it. One is grateful for such poems as "Song for Naomi," where the poet is talking to someone else and the reader has only to eavesdrop. There is great variety of theme and imagery and mood, always touched with distinction, but little variety of tone. I imagine that Mr. Layton's future work will show a greater impersonality, which means a larger stock of poetic *personae*, as he becomes less afraid of not being sincere and less distrustful of the merely poetic.

Fred Cogswell's *Descent from Eden* (Ryerson, pp. x, 38, $2.50) contains, in the first place, a good many vignettes of New Brunswick life of the type that he has done hitherto. He has an excellent eye for this *genre*, and one wishes that his ear always matched it. I don't see why they all have to be clumping sonnets with rhymes like typewriter bells, and the two in a freer form, "In These Fall Woods" and "Lefty," I like better, as the form gives him more scope to tell his story. But he catches very well the prurient wistfulness of a small community for whom the beautiful, the sinful, and the ridiculous are so closely linked that every pretty girl ill-advised enough to grow up in it has to run away and go into burlesque, like "Rose" and the mother of Lefty, or else remain and take it, like "Beth" with her miscarriage, whom the poet compares to an angleworm squirming "As some one shoves a fish-hook up her gut."

Of the epigrams and satires, there is a pungent "Ode to Fredericton," and a quatrain which ends:

> A poem is a watch designed
> To tick forever in the mind.

There are also two ballads, plaintive and melodious, "The Ballad of John Armstrong" being the odyssey of a sailor who has a response of indifference in every port. In mood the theme has some resemblance to Patrick Anderson's "Summer's Joe." There is a lively fantasy called "The Jacks of History," too well integrated to quote from, and as well realized a poem as any in the book. There are several fine lyrics turning on well worked out conceits, including "The Water and the Rock" and "Displaced."

The title poem and a few others that go with it add a new mythopoeic dimension to Mr. Cogswell's poetry. Eden is presented as the life in the trees enjoyed by our simian ancestors before famine forced them on the ground to become "the scourge and terror of the earth," and which still survives as a kind of social memory of a paradisal tree "With fruit and innocence among its boughs." "The Dragon Tree" continues this theme of the lost garden which children can still enter but which a dragon guards against adults, and in "The Idiot Angel" and "The Fool" we are brought closer to the perversity of mind that makes us lose it. A most eloquent poem, "The Winter of the Tree," sets up the opposing symbol of a tree dying in winter "Caught in the body of its death." This last is a Biblical phrase, and links the poem with a number of religious poems ("The

Web: for Easter," "A Christmas Carol," and "For Good Friday") which associate the dead tree with the cross as a central image of the post-paradisal world. So far the versatility of Mr. Cogswell's talents has been more in evidence than their concentration, but the present volume is a remarkable achievement, and the general impression is one of slow and rich growth.

The title poem of Peter Miller's *Sonata for Frog and Man* (Contact, pp. 82, $2.00) contrasts the bullfrog's spontaneity of song with the curse laid upon "man, greedy for meaning," which makes him "seek the symbolism of nightbirds." I find it hard to understand why one should look for sermons in stones when the inability to preach is so attractive a feature of stones. But there are bullfrogs who loaf and invite their souls with Whitman, and men like Emerson who explain that they are not really wasting time picking flowers because every one "Goes home loaded with a thought." Mr. Miller is on the side of Emerson in this matter. For a poet, he seems curiously insensitive to the sound and movement of words: poem after poem bogs down in shapeless free verse and gabbling polysyllables. His poetic interest is mainly in allegory, and most of the poems are fables, based on conceits of comparison like "The Thaw" or "Railroad Perspective," or on moralized emblems like "Past President" or "The Bracelet." When the conceit is good and consistently worked out, the poem makes its point. "People are 8 Parts Deep" compares the visible part of an iceberg to the eyes which focus the consciousness in the body; "Private Eye" reflects on the smugness inspired by the thrillers that identify one with the hunter instead of the victim, and "Lemmings," of course, comments on the human analogies to the death-march of those lugubrious rodents.

Mr. Miller appears to have travelled widely, and many of the poems with Mexican, Continental, and Levantine settings are full of sharp observation, as are some of the Ontario countryside. I find, however, the more reflective poems like "Passage to Thule" more arresting, and "The Prevention of Stacy Miller," based on a theme like Lamb's "Dream Children," is, to me, much the most moving poem in the book. But "The Capture of Edwin Alonzo Boyd" is a skilful adaptation of the idiom of the naïve ballad, and in some of the later poems, such as "Your Gifts," the rhythm picks up and the lines start to swing. "Hour in the Warren" is based on a sharp contrast of semantic and metrical rhythms, a little like

Marianne Moore, and the third "Murder Jury" poem reaches a carefully muted conclusion:

> From this turret, vision is vast,
> all heaviness lifts at the last
> and certainty, as an aerial thing,
> takes wing.

George Walton's *The Wayward Queen* (Contact, pp. 64, $1.50) is light but highly cultivated verse, much of it in an idiom of familiar address rare in Canadian poetry. It is a retrospective collection, some of the poems being dated as far back as 1919. The poems are least successful when adhering to certain literary stereotypes, as in the Falstaff poems, and occasionally, as in "Prairie Village," a poem talks all around a theme without finding the central words. They are most successful when the poet realizes that the lightness of light verse is a matter of rhythm and diction and not of content. Thus in the title poem:

> The Queen of Cilicia slept with Cyrus—
> Xenophon says they said,
> now, dust is Xenophon, scattered Cyrus,
> the Wayward Queen is dead.

The content is deliberately commonplace, which, when the rhythmical lilt is so attractive, is a positive virtue: one gets the feeling of popular song, as one often does in Housman, whom Mr. Walton seems to be echoing in "Isolt the Queen." Similarly the poems with refrains or repetitive sound patterns, like "Madrigal" or the opening "Security," which begins with the jingle "No noise annoys an oyster," often give an effect of rising from talk into singing. Such increased intensity gives a well rounded conclusion to an otherwise less interesting "Borrowed Themes."

Mr. Walton is a well read poet, who delicately calls a politician a jackass by means of a reference to Apuleius, and gets Panurge into a poem about the female sexual appetite. Once in a while he exploits the opportunities of light verse for a casual treatment of solemn themes, as in "Dies Irae," which tells how "Through the clear aether Gabriel flew horning," and, more frequently, its ability to express anger or contempt, as in "November 11." But on the whole his range is more domestic and familiar: whether satire or love song, the tone is quiet and controlled. Thus "For My

Daughters" ends with the mixture of truth and detachment from truth that such a poem requires:

> Disregard advance, accept
> not the proffered rose—
> there's a door he'd open
> Time will never close.

("He" is Love.) Similarly "Miranda's Mirror" ends with an irony which has enough sympathy in it to keep clear of glibness, and "Where I Go," again close to popular song, has the emotional resonance that an unresolved situation often produces when abandoned at the right point.

Anerca (Dent, unpaged, illus., $2.00 paper, $2.75 cloth) is a collection of Eskimo poems edited by Edmund Carpenter, and illustrated with delightful little drawings by Enooesweetok, an otherwise unknown Eskimo artist whose work was preserved by the late Robert Flaherty. Mr. Carpenter has collected the poems from a variety of sources, and has added a few bits of prose comment which have the same kind of expectancy about them that the printed introductions to Flaherty's silent documentaries had. For one poem Mr. Carpenter supplies the Eskimo text, which indicates that the originals are intensely repetitive in sound, and have a kind of murmuring magical charm about them that no translator could reasonably be asked to recapture.

It is difficult for us to imagine a life in which the fight to keep alive is so intense, in which the will to live is as constant and palpable as the heartbeat. One ghoulish story in prose tells how a party comes upon a starving hag who has eaten her husband and children, most of her clothes, and finally, as she confesses, "I have eaten your fellow-singer from the feasting." The response is only "You had the will to live, therefore you live." The same will is strong enough to make an old man hurl defiance at the Eskimo Cerberus who comes for him on his deathbed:

> Who comes?
> Is it the hound of death approaching?
> Away!
> Or I will harness you to my team.

What is still more difficult to imagine is that when life is reduced to the barest essentials of survival, poetry should turn out to be one of those essentials. "Anerca," Mr. Carpenter tells us, means both "to make poetry" and "to breathe." Its primitive rhythm, which we interpret as "magic,"

is part of the physical energy with which the living man maintains his life as he seeks for his food:

> Beast of the Sea,
> Come and offer yourself in the dear early morning!
> Beast of the Plain!
> Come and offer yourself in the dear early morning!

Nature cannot exterminate such a people: only civilization, with its high-powered death-wish, can do that. It is very comfortable in the settled parts of Canada, and hard to hear such things as the screams of trapped animals, much less the thin delicate cry, faint as a wisp of snow and yet as piercing as the revelation by word itself, that comes to us in this—a song to ensure fine weather, Mr. Carpenter says:

> Poor it is: this land,
> Poor it is: this ice,
> Poor it is: this air,
> Poor it is: this sea,
> Poor it is.

With the exception of *Songs from Kawartha*, by Florrie Baxter Young (New York: Vantage [Toronto: Foulsham], pp. 221, $4.25), a collection mainly of children's verse, and outside the scope of a survey of this kind, the remaining volumes are chapbooks, ten of them Ryerson's. No particular comment is necessary on Arthur S. Bourinot's *A Gathering: Poems, 1959* (Ottawa: the author, 158 Carleton Road, Rockcliffe, pp. ii, 14, $1.00), or on *River and Realm*, by Teresa E. and Don W. Thomson (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 185, pp. 14, $1.00), a collection of poems about rivers in an amiable downstream rhythm. In *Faces of Love*, by Mary Elizabeth Bayer (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 181, pp. 12, $1.00), there is some genuine poetry in bits and pieces of sharp imagery to be picked out of a talkier context, like the jury image in "Jealousy" or this in "Mother and Child":

> This is the My love, the grim maternal
> Careless of sire and ready for the fight.

In "Ad Astra" and "The Message" there is some distinctiveness of theme and a compact and varied rhythmical organization. *In Her Mind Carrying*, by Verna Loveday Harden (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 183, pp. 12, $1.00), begins with an appropriately laboured comparison of poetry-writing to pregnancy, but picks up in "Saint John Harbour" and "Resurgence,"

where the repeated patterns of sound unify the poem. *Poems* by Florence Wyle (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 188, pp. 16, $1.00), better known as a sculptor, with an introduction by Ira Dilworth, has the merit of concentrating on emotion and sensation, so that while we have poems as nakedly subjective as "The Dark Valley," or as objective as "April Snow," we do not get the kind of sententious filler that is such a nuisance in most of these chapbooks. "Lost" has an interesting theme well worked out, and in "Spring Comes Up the Land" and "Normandy Orchards" there is some tense accurate timing and organization of sound:

> Stark gnarled trees with branches cut
> Stand guard over springing grain,
> While grey old houses soundly sleep
> Through sun and rain.

The natural compensation for sculpture is the colour and flatness of painting, and the poetry in this book shows a strong pictorial interest.

Douglas Lochhead's *The Heart is Fire* (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 184, pp. 12, $1.00), apart from a longish poem about the jealousy of Joseph that doesn't seem to me to get anywhere, is closely observed poetry with a Maritime setting. "Birth of a Legend" is admirable in the irony of its balance between what really happened and the point of legendary birth; "What Stirs a Bird" is a spring poem in which the poet, unlike groundhogs and most spring poets, manages to see a bit more than his own shadow. "The Recruit" is the most concise of several interesting war poems, with a fine closing stanza:

> You will pray when no one is looking.
> You will curl in fear, in the womb
> of your pounding blood,
> in your private bed of whittled thorns.

"Nova Scotia Fishermen" ends by reducing the perilous struggle of fishermen's lives to an eloquent abstraction:

> Wild crying from their drunken nights
> Dull oblivion in Sunday suits
> Along the blue-road of white rocks,
> Along their eastern sea.

R. E. Rashley's *Moon Lake and Other Poems* (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 187, pp. 10, $1.00) shows considerable fluency and charm in organizing some longish poems with variable rhythms and rhymes. A mind of

unusual interest is revealed in the linking of eoliths and satellites in "Satellite," and in the reconciling, in the same poem, of the moon of lovers and poets with the stony sun-mirror of science. The poet is most successful in rendering the tranquillity of moonlight and snowfall, with the snow

> Building with infinite care
> On telephone wires and posts.

But there is a more ironic tranquillity in his observation of "Marianne," whose preoccupation with a caged bird develops into identity with it, and in "At Forty," which juxtaposes a retarded spring and a full-blown suburban matron insensible to rebirth.

Alfred Purdy's *The Crafte So Longe to Lerne* (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 186, pp. 23, $1.00) contains some woodenly self-conscious satire and a villanelle on the theme "Embrace, my verse, the language of the age," which he approaches in the general spirit of Flaubert's St. Julian. Of other poems, such as "Driftwood Logs," one feels that there is something "in" them, that they are not poems so much as prosodic frameworks that contain a good deal of poetry. The first stanza of "If Birds Look In" is admirable, but the second shows a restless pursuit of conceits that almost breaks down into free association. A much more interesting poem, "After the Rats," is one of those chilling poems that talk quietly and reasonably on an insane subject, as the poet wonders what the rats do with all the parts of his body that they gnaw off and carry away. "Where the Moment Is" is quieter, but there is still much point in such lines as

> I can pre-determine you or
> Taste your becoming in my mouth.

There is a lively poem about a cat called, I regret to say, "For Oedi-Puss," and "From the Chin P'ing Mei" catches very well the mood of meditative plaintiveness that seems to get into all poetic chinoiserie. "Passport," a tribute to the late Alec Crawley, is much the most deeply felt poem in the book.

Poems by Michael Collie (Ryerson, Chapbook no. 182, pp. 20, $1.00) are written mainly in that equal balance of metrical and semantic rhythms which gives the effect of deep thought, where a slowly unfolding meditative sentence is regularly punctuated by slightly enjambed rhymes. Mr. Collie's handling of this rhythm is still mainly on the level of poetic

exercise, though the exercises show a good deal of originality, such as "At Clearwater," quite interesting in its accentuation, with the caesura hitting in the middle like a putt-putt, and "In Time of Aerial Warfare," which is something genuinely new in sonnets. There are many indications too that the practice is developing into a more realized skill. "An Assertion" has a theme like that of Henry James's *Jolly Corner*; a sonnet speaks of girls in a foreign city

> Whose voices are anonymous delight
> sung to the pattern of a silent care

and "The Candle" has a fine contrasting image:

> It distracts and teases the mind
> already on guard for facile sentiment,
> as a bandaged soldier who fears he will be blind.

The poet's eye is caught by patterns of light and movement in fireworks, falling water, and the flight of birds, and "The Pembina Highway by Night," the most successful of several poems on the relations of art, nature, and mechanisms, works out an intricate conceit concluding:

> the highway is man's brash courageous flare
> to catch chromatic fancies in cold light,
> create his own perspective, and to fear
> no specious artifice behind delight.

Two other chapbooks, *The Varsity Chapbook*, edited by John Robert Colombo (Ryerson, unpaged, $1.00), and *The McGill Chapbook*, edited by Leslie L. Kaye (Ryerson, unpaged, $1.00), are collections of poetry by younger writers who are or have recently been connected with those universities. Not everybody can fill up a whole chapbook without thin spaces, but there are a good many cultivated people who can make one or two admirable contributions to an anthology, and both these chapbooks are recommended unreservedly. In the McGill book I noticed particularly the mellow conversational tone of Morty Schiff's "Winter in Paris," D. G. Jones's "Like One of Botticelli's Daughters," with its final "O angels, what has heaven lost!," Daryl Hine's "Trompe l'Oeil," with its intoxicating couplet rhythm, Mike Gnarowski's lively and good-humoured "Transition as a Sharp Musical Note," and Phyllis Webb's "The Galaxy," one of a group of four poems by her of greater seriousness

than anything in *Even Your Right Eye*. The Toronto one is less exciting, but there are James Reaney's macabre "The Man Hunter," Frances Wheeler's "Proserpina Unfallen," with its anapestic lilt, Francis Sparshott's vigorous sonnet "Tankerton," E. A. Lacey's "The Butterfly," with its repetitions building up an impressive sound-pattern, Jay Macpherson's "The Wound," three beautifully precise quatrains, and Christopher Priestley's "The Gorgon," on an Ozymandias theme, and technically a skilful handling of a difficult metre. However, these are somewhat random likings in two most rewarding little books.

Lamplight Poems (Hawkshead, $.10) is a broadside containing three poems: "Anthropos in Transit," by Gerry Vise, on a Cynic philosopher; a poem by E. A. Lacey on a fugitive lover; and "Don Panza, Sancho Quixote," by Peter Miller, which would have been one of the best poems in *Sonata for Frog and Man* if it had been included there. Pretty good value for a dime, which is its marked price.

Perhaps the most distinguished of all of this year's chapbooks is Dorothy Roberts' *In Star and Stalk* (Emblem Books, unpaged, $.50). This is poetry in a sombre and heavily churning rhythm, showing a unified imagination of unusual power. It is an imagination for which the spoiled word "mystical" still has some relevance. In the background of her imagery are the free-wheeling rhythms of nature, the spinning earth and the setting sun, the stream of time that carries away the childhood memories of grandparents, the violence of storm and the fragility of birth. In the foreground is the image of the "shell," the home occupied by the lonely and uncertain self in the "almighty sea" of nature. Its products are the body itself, the house, and the stone buildings of civilization, the bus clinging to the white line of the highway, the memories of the past, and finally the gravestones of a cemetery. What matters, of course, is the intensity with which these images are realized. In "Our Shells" the birth of a child is set against the two backgrounds at once, making what is perhaps the most impressive and memorable poem of the group:

> In this pattern of silent homes and heavenly bodies
> The walls have been pushed out to a vast wandering—
> How many stars to lead me to this child?
>
> Only the constellations house with fables
> Like brilliant parables upon church windows,
> Making of night a high roof for the spirit.

With this review I complete a decade of observing Canadian poetry, and retire from the scene. The fifties have been a rich and fruitful time: no other decade in our history has seen such variety of originality. *Towards the Last Spike*, *Trial of a City*, *In the Midst of My Fever*, *The Boatman*, *A Suit of Nettles*, *The Cruising Auk:* this is an extraordinary range of new discoveries in technique and sensibility, created at every age level from the veteran to the newcomer. *Victorian House*, *The Color as Naked*, *The Net and the Sword*, *Friday's Child*, *The Selected Poems* (Souster), *The Transparent Sea*, and many others represent what may be called the resonance of tradition. This does not mean that they follow after the other group, necessarily: in literature it is the traditional book that pioneers, the new settler who has his roots elsewhere. There are also a number of poets—I think particularly of Eli Mandel and Margaret Avison—who have not received their due of attention only because no published volume has been available to the present writer.

The reviewer knows that he will be read by the poets, but he is not addressing them, except indirectly. It is no part of the reviewer's task to tell the poet how to write or how he should have written. The one kind of criticism that the poet himself, *qua* poet, engages in—the technical self-criticism which leads to revision and improvement—is a criticism with which the reviewer has nothing to do. Nor is it his task to encourage or discourage poets. To encourage a genuine poet is impertinence, and to encourage a mediocre one is condescension. Discouragement is an even more dubious practice. To say that no one should write poetry except good poets is nearly as silly as saying that no one should read it except teachers of English. There are some who write poetry not because they care about poetry but for more devious reasons, but such people can be discouraged only by implication, by showing from the real poets that an ignorant or anti-intellectual mind can never be good enough.

The reviewer's audience is the community of actual and potential readers of poetry. His task is to show what is available in poetic experience, to suggest that reading current poetry is an essential cultural activity, at least as important as keeping up with current plays or concerts or fiction. He has the special problem, too, of bridging the gap between poetry and its public, already mentioned. I have spent a great deal of my space in trying to explain as clearly as I can what the poet is saying, and what is characteristic about his handwriting, so to speak, in imagery and rhythm. I have felt that it is well worth insulting the intelligence of some readers

if one can do anything to breach the barriers of panic and prejudice in others.

The ordinary reader of poetry may exercise a preference. He may have a special feeling for religious poetry or landscape poetry or satire and light verse or narrative; he may like poetry that expresses involvement in society, or poetry written in certain technical forms, or poetry that is dense in texture, or poetry that is loose in texture. The reviewer must take poetry as he finds it, must constantly struggle for the standards of good and bad in all types of poetry, must always remember that a preference for any one kind of poetry over another kind is, for him, laziness and incompetence. The poets themselves are sometimes eager to tell him that if he thinks less of their poetry than they do, it is because he underestimates the importance of their kind of poetry, being too Philistine or modern or *bourgeois* or academic or intellectual or prudish—I list only a few of the things I have been called myself. Assuming a certain amount of technical competence, the reviewer can be satisfied with his efforts only if he feels that he has tried to be honest: no batting average of hits and errors is either attainable or relevant.

Finally, the community that I have been addressing is the Canadian community. As Canada is a small country, that fact raises the problem: do you estimate Canadian poets in Canadian proportions or in world proportions? I have considered this question carefully, and my decision, while it may have been wrong, was deliberate. I have for the most part discussed Canadian poets as though no other contemporary poetry were available for Canadian readers. The reviewer is not concerned with the vague relativities of "greatness," but with the positive merits of what is before him. And every genuine poet is entitled to be read with the maximum sympathy and concentration. When he is, an astonishing amount of imaginative richness may be obtained from him, and without reading into him what is not there. Shakespeare is doubtless an infinitely "greater" poet, but there is a limit to what a limited mind can get out of Shakespeare, and if one continually tries to break through one's limitations in reading one's contemporaries, one may also achieve a clearer vision of greatness. In the context of their importance for English-reading posterity as a whole, many poets may have been considerably over-praised in these reviews. But I am not writing for an invisible posterity anxious to reduce the bulk of its required reading. The better poets of every age seem all the same size to contemporaries: it takes many years before the comparative

standards become clear, and contemporary critics may as well accept the myopia which their near-sighted perspective forces on them. Then again, poetry is of major importance in the culture, and therefore in the history, of a country, especially of a country that is still struggling for articulateness. The appearance of a fine new book of poems in Canada is a historical event, and its readers should be aware that they are participating in history. To develop such awareness it is an advantage to have a relatively limited cultural horizon. *Ubi bene, ibi patria*: the centre of reality is wherever one happens to be, and its circumference is whatever one's imagination can make sense of.

The last ten reviews have recorded what T. S. Eliot calls the horror, the boredom, and the glory of their subject: writing them has been of immense profit to me, and some, I hope, to my readers. But if I could go on doing such a job indefinitely it would not have been worth doing in the first place. At a certain point diminishing returns set in for both reviewer and reader. No poet has written more good poetry in Canada in the last decade than Irving Layton, yet Mr. Layton has just announced that he is dead, and that a new Mr. Layton is to rise from his ashes. If so, new critics should welcome him, as well as other newcomers, should find different reasons for helping established poets to defend their establishments, should respond to new currents in imaginative life and to new needs in society. The critic to whom falls the enviable task of studying Canadian poetry in the sixties will, I trust, be dealing with a fully matured culture, no longer preoccupied with the empty unpoetics of Canadianism, but with the genuine tasks of creative power. For the poets of the next decade will have the immense advantage of the tradition set up by the poets of the last one, whose imaginative feats, as far as this critic is concerned, have been, like the less destructive efforts of Milton's Samson, "not without wonder or delight beheld."

FICTION / *F. W. Watt*

Canadian novelists have never been noted for their technical ingenuity or their love of bold experimentation. In the history of Canadian fiction, simple realists have perished by the dozen in that sterile desert of art about which Mr. T. S. Eliot long ago saw fit to issue one of his sterner admoni-

tions: "the desert of exact likeness to the reality which is perceived by the most commonplace mind." A larger number, equally innocent of technique, thinking to escape this desert have merely embraced the empty mirages of historical romance. One third of the novels of 1959 choose to risk this alternative. Among the others—those which take as their point of departure a recognizable and immediate here-and-now—a few never rise out of the most banal realism, but a half-dozen or more are notable for their energetic, even feverish, efforts to escape the trap of the ordinary, the commonplace, the hum-drum. The Canadian novelist is getting more agile and wily every year, and when he fails his failures are more instructive. Two of the three most successful novels of the year have some real claim to technical originality.

Hugh MacLennan's *The Watch That Ends the Night* (Macmillan, pp. x, 373, $3.95) is the most traditional of the three, paradoxically so, since MacLennan has recently asserted its formal originality: "I spent more than six years learning how to shape a new bottle for a new kind of wine. . . . I . . . discovered new techniques I had previously known nothing about." He contemplated something new in characterization, "a book which would not depend on character-in-action, but on spirit-in-action," and something new in the author's relation to his material: "I would *not* write a clinical book." (*Canadian Literature*, 3, Winter, 1960, p. 39.) Apparently MacLennan is referring here, first, to the point of view from which *The Watch* unfolds—not clinical detachment, but intimate involvement, the hero George Stewart (perhaps a semi-autobiographical figure) speaking directly to the reader about his deepest insights and experiences, about those whom he loves and hates—and second, to the attempt to expose directly by narration and commentary the states of mind, feelings, and essential spiritual condition of his three central characters: George, his wife Catherine, and Jerome Martell, Catherine's first husband, whose return from the dead sets the past reverberating. By a series of interwoven regressions the complicated history of these three and their friends, from the Great Depression to the contemporary era of the Bomb, is funnelled into the present through George Stewart's mind. But this approach is actually the opposite of revolutionary, and we must look elsewhere for the virtues of the novel which won this year's Governor-General's Award.

Hugh MacLennan's four previous novels, with their emphasis on national themes, their didacticism, and their weight of commentary and

generalization, have made him virtually Canada's novelist laureate. *The Watch* attempts to make a virtue of what some have felt the defect of the earlier work: the ratio of action to commentary is vastly more weighted in favour of the latter. At one level the story rehearses international social experiences from the 1930's to the present, the body politic and its ideological case-history for two decades; at another, it explores in terms of the individual spirit the ethics of social commitment and the religious implications of perpetually living in face of imminent death. He attempts to fuse the two levels by a bold piece of allegorizing, in which the two marriages of Catherine become representative of phases in history. In the 1930's, her life crippled and threatened by a rheumatic heart, Catherine is revivified though nearly destroyed by marriage to the immensely energetic, forceful, passionate surgeon-idealist Martell, who leaves her in due course to commit himself to action in the Spanish Civil War. A friend says, "She's a—a symbol of our sick civilization"; and another remarks, "when but in a time like this would a girl like her have married a primitive like Martell." The course of Jerome and his kind of energy and violent idealism leads through Spain, to Occupied France, then from "liberation" by the Russians to Siberia and China. Meanwhile Catherine has married a second, very different husband, George Stewart, moderate, thoughtful, indecisive; and together they face the 1950's, her delicate heart waiting for the last blow. For George and her, life is "like living under the bomb." But Jerome unexpectedly returns, almost as crippled by his experiences as Catherine: "there he was like the memory of the human race beside her for the end." Like her, he has the strength to persist and to affirm life even in extremity, and the wisdom which they possess and which George tries to understand and share is the book's religious core:

> So the final justification of the human plight—the final vindication of God himself, for that matter—is revealed in a mystery of feelings which understand, in an instant of revelation, that it is of no importance that God appears indifferent to justice as men understand it. He gave life. He gave it. Life for a year, a month, a day or an hour is still a gift. . . . To have it [this understanding], to feel the movement of light flood the darkness of the self—even for an instant—is the most beautiful experience anyone can ever know.

Whatever the author's intentions, this work—this message—is undoubtedly being read widely as a tract for the times.

MacLennan's aim is ambitious, and there is much that is admirable in the attempt: a direct, frontal assault on a major theme. But human feelings and states of mind are often so delicate that, like the smallest parts of the

atom, they are distorted by the act of direct measurement. George's constant probing and commentary threatens to shift what should be Catherine's inner strength and maturity into complacency ("Her smile made me feel like a child"), and Jerome's scarred saintliness ("his eyes all-seeing like Rembrandt's") into smugness. George's attempt at analysis of his own feelings risks making them mawkish or genteel: "We [George and Catherine] became shy now that the moment of truth was near"; "I had no ordinary vulgar fears of Jerome taking her away from me"; "I had no vulgar anxieties about the situation." By beginning near the story's end, MacLennan achieves a complex and effective counterpointing of past and present, though the crucial meeting of her two husbands over Catherine's unconscious body is somewhat anti-climactic. But by choosing to use the first-person narrator MacLennan finds himself projecting a character who is both mediocre and exceptional, feeble and yet worthy of Catherine, dull but shrewd, "comfortable old George" as his step-daughter calls him to his face, but the transmitter of profound insights and wisdom. The devaluation of George rings false and reflects a failure in the relation between author and narrator. In a more "clinical" novel this relationship would have been more adequately worked out.

In one phase of the action, the narrator, the elaborate time-scheme, and all generalizations and commentary are forgotten—burned away in the intensity of the events: this is the sustained burst of vivid narration describing Jerome's childhood in the primitive New Brunswick lumber camp. Fleeing his brutalized origins the child Jerome carries into his future the ugly shadows of the past, an intense will to live, and a yearning to create beauty and order and to be worthy of them: "I used to dream of a city on top of a hill. . . . It was white and it was beautiful, and it was a great privilege to enter it." Martell, whose name means "hammer," bears the relation of *id* to Catherine's sick *ego* and to George's timid other-directed *super-ego*; his story gives the novel its strongest moments and is its erratically pulsing heart. *The Watch That Ends the Night* aspires sincerely and at times movingly to affirm the value of the human spirit, but its subtlety and its permanence are impaired by its technical flaws as a work of fictional art.

Mordecai Richler's fourth novel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* (Deutsch, pp. 319, $3.75), is in most respects antithetical to Hugh MacLennan's work; only the most Olympian academic mind could be entirely fair to both of them. Consider Uncle Benjy's death-bed advice to Duddy

Kravitz: "I've lived fifty-four years and lots of terrible things have happened to me. . . . I wish there was some advice, even one lousy little pearl of wisdom, that I could hand down to you, but. . . . Experience doesn't teach; it deforms. . . ." The substance of Richler's book matches this disturbing philosophy; it is flippant, irreverent, vulgar and obscene, farcical, passionate.

The central character, Duddy Kravitz, is big enough to straddle the two spheres in which the novel moves—on the one hand literary parody, comic fantasy, farce, and caricature; and on the other hand the sphere of psychological drama with Dostoyevskian overtones, where love and hate, guilt and greed, remorse and overweening pride and ambition conflict. The lesser figures do not so easily bridge these worlds and are sometimes stranded awkwardly on either side, or are even caught climbing over (for example Dingleman, the Boy Wonder, and the epileptic Virgil). The larger-than-life hero is a product of Montreal's "ghetto," a familiar Richler setting: "Where Duddy Kravitz sprung from the boys grew up dirty and sad, spiky also, like grass beside the railroad tracks." After the Jonsonian introduction of Duddy as a vicious, greedy, cunning gang-leader school-boy, it is almost a disappointment to see him later from the inside, a sensitive, vulnerable, misunderstood adolescent—akin to Richler's earlier heroes. The external self serves his highly successful apprenticeship by moving from lesser to greater shady business ventures, from selling pornographic comic books (*Dick Tracy's Night Out, L'il Abner Gets Daisy Mae*) to commercial film-making of a spectacular kind. While rarely breaking the laws, Kravitz shows no concern whatsoever for the traditional scruples and the accepted pieties. In this, the book's satirical edge cuts most sharply, for Duddy is always discovering that his world is really no less lustful and greedy than he, but that it hides its corruption under the veils of convention and unconscious or deliberate hypocrisy. Kravitz himself is prepared to acquire these veils if he can. He is an eager sponge, sucking up every clue to success the world offers, every *cliché* and "correct" attitude, and there is something both ludicrous and pathetic about his fumbling though increasingly clever attempts to apply his acquired phrases and poses aptly. He is the epitome of the other-directed man in this respect, and his crassness and vulgarity are a distillation of society's.

His Uncle Benjy tells Kravitz: "You're two people. . . . The scheming little bastard I saw so easily and the fine, intelligent boy underneath that

your grandfather, bless him, saw." It is the second Duddy, sensitive and loving where his family is concerned, who takes from his venerable and revered *zeyda* the ruling passion or guiding *cliché* of his life: "A man without land is nobody." Land, the mountain lake and farm property he discovers near Ste Agathe, becomes a mad obsession because it is the only outlet for Duddy's longing for peace, purity, and beauty. But like everything else he touches, the ideal is immediately corrupted and debased, translated into a commercial venture which will make the idyllic mountain paradise into a lavish holiday resort, a parody of the vulgarized, bathetic cities of men down below, which are all Kravitz has known. He stands proudly looking over the virginal site he at last owns: "It's lovely, he thought, and lots of those pine trees I can peddle at Christmas-time. . . . He urinated into a snow bank, writing his name." We leave the conscience-ridden Kravitz not finally formed but still molten in the crucible of his own desires. This book has a kind of savage energy that is related to, but not derived from, the energy of the English "angry" school. Flowing out of the irrepressible Kravitz, it fills the corners of the book with wild humour, bawdry both open and cryptic, and flights of slap-stick and parody. The vulgarity and obscenity are present as an integral part of the theme, the weed trying to flourish and flower in its rank jungle. Both Duddy Kravitz and Mordecai Richler, his creator, have served their apprenticeship and become masters while still very young; we will no doubt be hearing a good deal more from them both.

The abstruseness and otherworldliness of Sheila Watson's first novel, *The Double Hook* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 128, $1.75 paper, $3.95 cloth), will seem all the more obvious after the two works just discussed, but it can be overstressed. A recognizable setting—a small, isolated ranching community in the Rockies, perhaps in the 1930's—are suggested concretely enough despite the elemental quality of the life ("birth, copulation, death") and its aura of supernaturalism. The novel may be read as an allegory of sorts, a ballad, or a prose-poem, but perhaps Canadian novelists should, for their instruction, see it first of all as a regional novel of the West—brought to a new maturity, where setting is no longer mere background colour, but is assimilated and made to function organically in an artistic whole. Nourished by its intense locality, the book aims at universality while avoiding barren abstraction.

Arid, hot cattle country, the land itself lies under the sun like the hunched bodies of huge, bony cattle ("the flat ribs of the hills," "the cleft

belly of the rock"); and when fierce rain-storms strike, "the sky [is] filled with adder tongues. With lariats. With bull-whips," and there is lightening "burning free on the hills and flashing like the glory against the hides of things." It seems a waste land abandoned by God: "The earth fell away in hills and clefts as if it had been dropped carelessly wrinkled on the bare floor of the world. Even God's eye could not spy out the men lost here already . . . there were not enough people here to attract his attention. The cattle were scrub cattle. The men lay like sift in the cracks of the earth." The dozen or so people living here seem to be left to the mercy of Coyote, the cunning, sinister, death-dealing glory-seeking devil of local Indian myth, who seems very real in this lonely place whenever the howls of coyotes are heard or paw marks seen. The characters fade off in the same way from realism to symbolism, from quite comprehensible, recognizable ranch-dwellers, into mysterious larger-than-human figures. The old lady, mother of William, of James, and of Greta, whose murder in the opening of the novel sets the story on its way, dominates the whole action like Caesar's ghost—or rather, like the mother's corpse in Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*. A fearsome, tyrannical woman in life, the old lady continues to appear mysteriously along the banks of the dwindling creek, where she "fished on with a concentrated ferocity as if she were fishing for something she'd never found." She is fishing for that elusive, mysterious, fecund life-force that lives in water, but she gets and provides no nourishment from the fish she catches: "I can tell you we've not eaten fish of hers in this house," Greta says. She is perverted, sterile, anti-life, like the wicked fairy of children's stories, or the Terrible Mother of myth and anthropology who devours her young. With her, water is not the source of life, but an agent of death: "as she watched the old lady, Ara felt death leaking through from the centre of the earth. Death rising to the knee. Death rising to the loin."

James her son, reaching out of his narrow, inhibited round, fishes for life, too, and catches more than he can face at first: "when you fish for the glory you catch the darkness too . . . if you hook twice the glory you hook twice the fear." He kills his mother compulsively to assert his own freedom and right to live: "This is my day," he shouts. He gets the Widow Wagner's girl Lenchen with child equally compulsively. It is only when he runs off to the dreary little market-town a day's ride away to escape the consequences of both acts that he realizes fully what he has done. This escape ends in the sordid, parrotted, mechanical life of sensual compulsion;

real freedom lies in turning back and accepting the lot he has carved for himself: "out of his corruption life had leafed and he'd stepped on it carelessly as a man steps on spring roots." The same theme is varied or inverted for the lesser characters: glory and fear, good and evil, freedom and enslavement, twinned catches of the double hook everyone lowers into the waters of life. The fat, indolent, indifferent Felix Prosper, man of the flesh, is stirred to new life when confronted by Lenchen's pregnancy, the painful miracle of birth: "It was not until the girl had come battering at his peace that he'd wondered at all about the pain of a growing root. . . . His flesh melted. He rose from the bed on soft owl wings. And below he saw his old body crouched down like an ox by the manger." On the other hand Greta, frustrated, enslaved by jealousy of her brother's love for Lenchen, chooses darkness and death, using her freedom for self-destruction, her mother's daughter.

There is, however, no end to the reverberations and modulations of theme and symbol in this remarkable little book. The language is constantly active as in a poem, at best spare, cryptic, oracular, usually at least racy and suggestive, though at times it flags and falls into a more contrived portentousness: "when a man moves away, he sets up for himself and begins what you might call a new herd." It becomes evident, too, how carefully circumscribed Mrs. Watson's world is, how delicate its balance, when James breaks away from the isolated community and enters a more familiar setting. The market-town sequence has some fine moments, but at times it comes so close to the *clichés* of the Western as to seem tawdry against the original fabric of the rest of the book. This is a teasing novel, partly because of the subtlety and richness of its symbolical resources, but partly because of the indirections of its unfolding plot. The old lady's death is so underplayed and her spectral persistence is so emphasized that the reader may be lost between nature, illusion, and the supernatural. Similarly, the facts of Lenchen's seduction and pregnancy emerge so gradually that the reasons for James' flight and self-discovery are in danger of being obscured. But if Mrs. Watson plays a little more than absolutely necessary with one's patience, that is part of the angler's pleasure and need for freedom, and in this case the reader is drawn into a world of power and beauty if he follows the lure. *The Double Hook's* originality is more the eclectic than the trail-blazing kind, but the book remains formally perhaps the most sophisticated novel to come out of Canada, an astonishing success when we recall that it is a first novel.

II

Three other first novels of real interest this year never approach the assurance and authority of *The Double Hook*, but they are marked by the same eagerness to escape the commonplace realism I mentioned earlier. Phyllis Brett Young's *Psyche* (Longmans, Green, pp. 319, $4.50) undertakes a kind of planned experiment to demonstrate a thesis, that Heredity, not Environment, is the chief factor in human development; John Buell's *The Pyx* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy [Toronto: Ambassador], pp. viii, 174, $3.50) is a religio-sexual thriller; Ronald Hambleton's *Every Man is an Island* (Hutchinson, pp. 246, $3.25) sets a flood of comic eloquence flowing against society's dykes of dulness and respectability. *Psyche*, despite its intellectual framework, yields nothing to the other two in suspense and action. The story opens with the kidnapping and abandonment of Psyche, only daughter of wealthy, cultivated young parents; and as the infant girl grows up in the decrepit miner's shack of foster parents, every contortion of melodrama is introduced: attempted rape, killing in self-defence, seduction, brothel life, suicide. Psyche's hereditary nature magnificently survives all threats and corrupting pressures of her environment; like the ugly duckling or Cinderella, she grows up unscathed to become a beautiful, mature young woman, to discover her "self," and to take her proper place in life—in this case back in the hearts of her parents, who have never given up hope for her return. But the book's thesis is undermined by the naïvety and snobbery of its faith that "blood" counts. Psyche is always being "discovered" under her rags: "You were meant to be a lady, baby. . . ." ("One is not a duchess," Wallace Stevens observed, "A hundred yards from a carriage.") The same naïvety makes unconvincing caricatures of the eminent psychiatrist who tries to reconstruct Psyche's infantile past from its traces in her adult mind, and the artist, Nick, who Pygmalion-like adds culture to Psyche's basic "blood" while seducing her and painting an "immortal" portrait of her as The American Venus. Despite such flaws, the book's visual intensity is impressive (for example, the description of Psyche's foster home, the miner's shack set symbolically on its mountain of slag), its narrative structure is well conceived, and Psyche's aspirations and struggles are often genuinely moving.

The Pyx is slighter and more modest in conception, and its sensational elements seem to exist principally for their own sakes. Chapters alter-

nately regress in time into the history of the beautiful Montreal call-girl whose mysterious death begins the action, while progressing through police investigations to a solution of the mystery. At first transitions between the two separate lines of narration ("The Present," "The Past") are crude, but later the reader moves more easily in both time-phases, and they begin to reinforce each other effectively. Henderson, the investigating detective, is simply a type of the tough, taciturn policeman with a heart of gold. But Elizabeth, the respectable small-town girl turned drug-addict and prostitute, who provides the fascination of beauty and innocence caught by vice and frightened by a vaguely diabolical danger, is more compelling; as are also, in a more minor way, Meg, the "madam" whose business interests war with her sympathies, and Keerson, the sinister criminal who brings on the novel's catastrophe, with its startling fusion of sexual perversion and sacrilege. The chief failure is in the absence of a sustained Catholic religious aura throughout the chain of events bringing murderer and victim together. The intense relevance of Catholicism to Elizabeth is too latent or too belated to be entirely convincing, and the clear explanation of Keerson's psychology after the ominous elusiveness of his earlier appearances is anti-climactic. *The Pyx* has the power to project an exciting action, however, and to draw one into its atmosphere of sexuality, terror, and pathos. This is an auspicious first novel.

In *Every Man is an Island* Ronald Hambleton has produced not one novel but two, fragmentary though occasionally striking, and incongruously superimposed on each other. One is an earthy, warm, and colourful comic-sad tale of ordinary Vancouver people, the Cooper family, caught in the Great Depression (an era Hambleton evokes vividly), later entering the life of what Shaw would call *bourgeois* respectability, and being chained, diminished, and petrified by it. Overlying this, like a double exposure, is a brittle, sophisticated, witty, satirical impression of modern commercial society, involving glossy caricatures like Bishop, Cooper's employer and tyrannical benefactor. Sam Shaggit, a kind of elderly Beatnik, revisits the Coopers in later years, and his Falstaffian energy, gaiety, and "poetic irregularities" are supposed to disturb the ignoble ease the Coopers have won by capitulating to society for security's sake. But Shaggit always seems more impressive off-stage when the author is building him up than when he actually appears. The book is fertile and ambitious, but radically incoherent; its efforts at eloquence, satire, and hilarity crush out its human warmth and in their turn become

strident and tedious. John Cornish's British Columbia skit, *Olga* (Macmillan, pp. 175, $2.50), suffers something of the same fate, as Cornish endeavours even more feverishly to escape hum-drum realism. His energy, whimsicality, and sprightliness end in mere eccentricity, and the chief reason for this is that the plot, though ostensibly centring on the love affair of the moody Olga ("half of you is Slav self-punishment, half charm and frou-frou"), actually brings little of its flurry of events to bear directly upon her. She is a Dostoyevskian girl vainly wooing a Trollope man, the Anglicized Donald, who eventually capitulates, but of his own accord, and off-stage. Sub-plots go off in all directions like frightened rabbits—the farcical Doukhobor uproars, the frankly sensual Lucy-Howard affair, contrasting well with Olga's literary and spiritualized love—but neither the plot nor any character is strong enough to unify the book, and its fireworks fizzle out disappointingly, leaving the impression that Cornish is capable of more substantial things.

Two other novelists this year woo the comic muse, but with more modest aims: Jan Hilliard (*Dove Cottage* [Abelard-Schuman, pp. 192. $3.50]) and Katherine Roy (*The Gentle Fraud* [McClelland & Stewart, pp. 184, $3.50]). *Dove Cottage* is a tale of a man who inherits a fortune, retires in luxury to a country house (along with wife and intriguingly grotesque mother-in-law), only to be confronted with a renegade relative who has prior rights to the fortune. The spoof-the-detective-story potentialities are opened up but not much exploited, and there is no attempt to explore the darker aspects of the situation. In Katherine Roy's charming tale, for three days "the first lady of the American Theatre," Julia Gilmore, and her younger friend and admirer, Harriet Baxter, wife of a Montreal millionaire, exchange rôles under mysterious circumstances, and beneath their masks each has climactic and illuminating experiences. It would be interesting to see if this author's tact and fluency could stand up under a more strenuous challenge. At the opposite pole to these light, competent stories, are *He Will Return* (Ryerson, pp. 256, $3.75), by Helen Dickson Reynolds (a tedious soap-opera: the handsome no-good husband eventually returns home, but we never believe that his wife would really want him); and Alma Perry's depressing chronicle of childhood in a Salvation Army family, *Gently Smiling Jaws* (Vantage, pp. ii, 118, $2.75), whose sophisticated Epilogue is evidence that the drab diary notes of the book need not have remained in such a raw unformed state.

The last four of the novels of contemporary reality I shall mention all

depend upon the inherent interest of a special occupation or way of life; three of the four are research novels, exploiting the worlds of medicine, aviation, and television, and the fourth, Grace Irwin's *In Little Place* (Ryerson, pp. 216, $4.00), employs the author's personal knowledge of the world of teaching. Miss Irwin's book is one of several that has made me wonder if there should not be an extra category in Professor Frye's theory of modes, between "low mimetic" and "ironic." Her depressing picture of the school-teacher's world, small-minded, stultifying, bigoted, is apparently not intended to be entirely depressing, because the heroine, Aran Waring, has the courage, independence, and intelligence to fight the professional and personal pressures brought to bear on her. Unfortunately Aran is also trapped by the mediocrity of a *milieu* in which her stilted academic witticisms are too "subtle" for her listeners, her contented spinsterhood is so non-conformist as to be controversial, her commonplace educational and social ideas are revolutionary and iconoclastic. If this *milieu* really does exist, it is not "sense-of-humour-ish," as Aran would say, to treat it in the form of simple realism. Jeann Beattie's *Behold the Hour* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 309, $4.50) fails for much the same reason. After a preface claiming some authenticity for the book's treatment of this "vibrant profession," Miss Beattie introduces the "glittering and hectic milieu of television artists, writers, producers and technicians in Toronto's TV studios," and the affair of the sophisticated advertising agent, Julia Ross, with Mark Craig, writer, actor, singing star, and television man of genius and notoriety. This is a world of "significantly significant" happenings and "very potential" talents. Terms have rather special meanings here: "truth" is when you think Mark Craig's musical show is good while the sponsor, Aristocrat Cigarettes Co., thinks it won't sell cigarettes; "false" is when Aristocrat gets the programme changed to make it more "folksy" for the Canadian cigarette buyer. The "truth-seekers" fight a losing battle here as elsewhere apparently. The "idealistic" Craig becomes "intense" when, in planning his show, he embarks on an "exciting exploration of ideas," considering the possibilities, for example, of a "full rock'n roll sequence." A good deal is at stake, after all, in The Mark Craig Show: "This could be the greatest idea in the history of Canadian television." Occasionally there are some edges of deliberate satire, for example the description of Craig when, having sung "Holy Night" to end his Christmas show, he stands "humbly grateful" as "in the control booth an operator dropped the needle on the applause record"; or Craig,

again, reminding himself while doing his bit for Aristocrats, "you don't cough on cigarette commercials." On the whole, however, the book ignores the wealth of such possibilities, and maintains a pretentious sobriety to the melodramatic end of its trite, romantic plot.

Finally, two novels by an actual TV celebrity, Arthur Hailey's *The Final Diagnosis* (Doubleday, pp. 319, $4.50) and *Flight into Danger* (with co-author John Castle: Ryerson, pp. 162, $3.25). In *The Final Diagnosis* we are told, "medicine and aviation [have] much in common," and certainly Hailey's method of exploiting them is the same in these two novels: a sphere of technology with its experts, which impinges on but usually bewilders the layman, is shown in action from the inside, lit up by a drama based on a pattern of shock and reassurance. Shock: large passenger aircraft are immensely complex and difficult to fly, a minor error or accident may doom them; doctors make mistakes, pathologists carve up corpses, bacteria are active and dangerous. Reassurance: pilots and airport staff are highly skilled and masterful; modern doctors and hospitals are conscientious and efficient, medicine is a great, progressive science. Hailey is effective when dealing with technology and stereotyped experts, but patently less so with humanity, where imagination and not the research notebook is the basic tool.

No Canadian novelist has applied his talents to the art of fiction longer and more seriously than Morley Callaghan. Now that his two volumes of short stories from the 1920's and 1930's are re-edited and made available in *Morley Callaghan's Stories* (Macmillan, pp. xiv, 364, $4.95), Callaghan's leading place among Canadian practitioners of this difficult *genre* will be confirmed. Some may be disappointed with the aura of archaism stemming from the Depression era settings, atmosphere, and attitudes, and with the consistent unpoetic simplicity and directness of the style, tending to a certain sameness of effect. It is certainly a little surprising to be reminded that the stories are less, rather than more, ambitious and adventuresome in form and in ideas than Callaghan's novels. But these stories have in abundance what more stylistically ingenious and sophisticated stories often lack, the genuine pulse of life: life beating unexpectedly in ordinary mundane places, ignored, misunderstood, or crushed, but struggling to express and fulfil itself. Callaghan conveys the intangible play of moods and feelings with surprising freshness and subtlety. Pathos is the dominant mood, but satire, wit, and even broad comedy have their place, and the best stories proceed coherently and clearly to their emotional focus or point of illumination, however delicate or intangible it may be.

The second collection, *Klanak Islands* (Vancouver: Klanak Press, pp. 79, $2.50), eight stories by writers from the West, is of such a different order that comparison is unfair to it. Despite its handsome appearance (design and typography by Takao Tanabe, illustrations by Ben Lim), this British Columbia venture is more ephemeral, in the nature of a periodical publication, and its stories are not above the average *Prism* or *Tamarack Review* quality. Henry Kreisel's "Home-coming" alone has real authority, though the range of themes and styles in the others is interesting—especially if we may look upon this issue as the first in a series from the Klanak Press.

III

Of the dozen or so books that draw strength from a regional or historical basis, only two offer any serious interest. E. A. McCourt's *Walk through the Valley* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 222, $3.50) takes on as a whole some of the charm of those Irish legends that the boy Michael Troy hears from the lips of his eloquent father, Dermot. Dermot colours the hard, drab farming life of the Western foothills with the folklore of the Old Country, translating the "great wild stag" he and Michael see in the valley into a symbol of freedom and nobility, an embodiment of the legendary hero, Finn McCuil. He sees adventure and excitement in the bootlegging life of the renegade Blaze, who appears one night in all the glory his name suggests, very like the only playboy of the western world, to woo the whole Troy family and to lure Dermot away from his mundane drudgery. The boy Michael walks through "the valley of the shadow of death" when his father dies saving the no-good Blaze from the law, and he becomes, not an Irish dreamer and drunkard like his father, but a man with his father's imagination and a more practical power as well, based on experience of life as it really is: "the power was in him henceforth to defy the worst that life could do to him." This power is what the stag symbol now means to him. Unfortunately the boy's transformation is not entirely convincing, partly because Dermot's death seems rather arbitrary, and partly because the stag symbol is not sufficiently integrated in the action. Moreover, the contrast between Irish dream and pioneering reality, while admirably conceived, is less striking than it might be if both did not have to be filtered through the boy's limited awareness.

Charles Bruce's *The Township of Time: A Chronicle* (Macmillan, pp. vi, 234, $3.75) draws not only on regional but on historical interest. The book is original and ambitious in plan: a series of linked short stories showing

the history of settlers in Nova Scotia and their descendants as an "endless present" from 1786 to 1950, from pioneer farming and fishing to modern physics and accidental death by radiation. As time passes, however, the chronicle element gets out of hand, the genealogies become more and more complex, and the threads connecting episode with episode, generation with generation, either tangle or break. Nevertheless, the essential vision remains, vivifying and giving power and poignancy to the life of the soil and the sea, courtship and marriage, child-bearing and death, seen in never-ending procession. Like Bruce's poetry, the book catches the freshness of life waxing and the sadness of its waning, offering no intellectual pattern or justification of the cycle. If philosophy there be, it is only that of naturalism as Santayana describes it. The chief problem is one of perspective, to be distant enough to get a sense of the sadness of things, of the constant flow of youth and life into age and death, but to be close enough to share at least for the moment in the individual's happiness or grief. It is the book's triumph and its limitation that the particular people and events of the Township soon fade away, while the bitter-sweet mood lingers on in the memory. By contrast, the theme of Arthur Storey's very different "chronicle" of Saskatchewan homesteading, *Prairie Harvest* (Ryerson, pp. vi, 210, $4.00)—"our children were the real harvest, . . . the wheat didn't really matter"—is merely tacked on, instead of informing the whole work, and the material is presented in its raw documentary state, innocent of art.

I can pass quickly over the remaining novels, most of which are in the form of historical romance. At its worst, historical romance tempts slack or inept writers into tricks of character and plot that would in a contemporary setting be unacceptable to the least discriminating of readers. Nan Shipley's *The Scarlet Lily* (Ryerson, pp. 234, $4.50) and Norma Sluman's *Blackfoot Crossing* (Ryerson, pp. vi, 255, $4.50) lead the way in this respect, with C. T. Ritchie's *Black Angels* (Abelard-Schuman, pp. 256, $3.50) not far behind; all three rely on the heaping up of melodramatic events (Indian wars, escapes, chases, beatings, rapes) and romantic moments like the following, which happens to come from *The Scarlet Lily*: "His warm lips curved sweetly about her own while his strong arms pressed her close to his firm hairless chest, blurring out all but the exquisite ecstacy of their togetherness." Wilfred Pocock's *The Three Gifts* (New York: Pageant, pp. 375, $4.75) is more decorous and didactic, and also duller, with its history-book details of early North American life obscuring its narrative

line, and its idealistic message kept to the fore in the symbols of plough, sword, and cross. John Prebble is a truly professional writer compared with these, and *The Buffalo Soldiers* (Secker & Warburg [Toronto: British Book Service], pp. vi, 233, $3.50) is a work of real skill in the "adult Western" tradition. Here, and in the title story of his collection *My Great Aunt Appearing Day* (Secker & Warburg, pp. viii, 214, $3.25), Prebble plays on a moving elegiac theme: the Indian choosing to die by his old code rather than live enslaved by advancing civilization. Another adult Western, but without Prebble's historical basis, Robert Christie's *The Trembling Land* (Doubleday, pp. 288, $4.50) is a tale of a tough old fugitive cow-hand who accidentally becomes foster father to an infant boy; it has a slick competence in presentation as well as its original plot to recommend it to anyone not afraid of catching saddle-sores and bow-legs. Finally, *The Darkness and the Dawn* (Doubleday, pp. 478, $4.50), a skilful confection served up by Thomas B. Costain: its setting the brutal world of Attila the Hun (a cardboard figure for all his sixty wives), this vacuous masquerade is calculated to titillate without offending the most decorous of Mr. Costain's faithful readers.

Only one French-Canadian translation has come to hand this year, Claire France's *Children in Love*, translated by Antonia White (Eyre & Spottiswoode [Toronto: McClelland & Stewart], pp. 167, $3.00). A naïve, intensely romantic outpouring of adolescent love-joy, written as though in defiance of Freud, Nabokov, Sagan, and Mallet-Joris, it seems thin and unconvincing in English. Perhaps French-Canadian readers can delight in the innocent provinciality of this love-affair of a French-Canadian *ingénue* with France ("André! My young, living symbol of France . . ."); and no doubt the original retains more poetic subtlety and vigour, as for example in the description of the angry school-master who "put at least three 'r's' into 'Imbecile dolts'."

HUMANITIES / LITERARY STUDIES

A dream that an international law had been passed restricting critical dissertations on Shelley (and Keats) to pamphlet size, was shattered when Milton Wilson's *Shelley's Later Poetry: A Study of His Prophetic Imagination* (New York: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Oxford], x pp,.

332, $6.50), a volume of over three hundred pages arrived. It seems to me too long, but no doubt that depends on the particular reader; to a Shelley specialist it may not be long enough. To a general reader, parts are obscure. In any case it is a genuine work, founded in vigilant and reflective reading, and in a refusal to treat Shelley in the manner of Matthew Arnold or of more recent detractors. There is no Keats-Shelley cockfight here.

What a wild fiction it ought to be, that trajectory from the rural rides of childhood in Sussex to the funeral pyre of 1822 on the far Italian shore, from incompetent juvenilia in metre on ghouls and charnels to the "prophetic imagination" of the uncompleted "Triumph of Life"! Dr. Wilson has not attempted one more biography, but his survey makes Shelley's progress appear both credible and magnificent. His final chapter, as a defence of Shelley in his literary aspect—where presumably there will always be an opposition—may stand as one of the memorable things of its kind. Even there, some esoteric passages overload the main appeal; but, Dr. Wilson says himself, "the things I intend to suggest will be a mixed lot."

It is not ungratefully that I comment on the limited range of critical references shown in the text and bibliography. Mary Shelley is just admitted, Leigh Hunt dimly, Horace Smith not at all. Tom Medwin is a little better treated, which would make Shelley laugh. This comment is due to many recent and highly interesting studies of great writers, in which only the latest gravest monographs, or even speculations in learned journals, are negotiable. Surely this custom is amiss. Contemporary criticism, sometimes deriving power from direct knowledge, was often ahead of our quiddities.

If there are still some of the old school who think of Shelley's poems as ladylike warblings, or who judge him as a whole by the occasional weaknesses of his most celebrated lyrics, Dr. Wilson's book is worth their perusal. It is true that the vocabulary of his criticism is hard; but the exposition of the poet's mind and art is fascinating, in the area of the logic of poetry which Coleridge was so well taught by old Dr. Boyer. Not only the non-Shelleyans but their opposite numbers should come to this symposium.

We may not everywhere agree on main judgments. To Dr. Wilson's verdict that Shelley never learned to write satire I should reply that he did not write satire in the vein of Pope or Churchill, but that "Peter Bell"

and "Swellfoot the Tyrant" seem to me in their own way wonderful. Such points apart, this study, especially in respect of *Prometheus Unbound* and in its interpretation of Shelley in Italy discovering new beauty within himself as the outward new scene and voice awakened it, is for all inquirers into the powers of poetry. (EDMUND BLUNDEN)

In *The Ethical Idealism of Matthew Arnold* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xii, 259, $3.75) Professor William Robbins presents an extended analysis of Arnold's religious thought, its context in the later Victorian stream of ideas, and, in a concluding chapter, its relevance to the religious and ethical thought of our own time. The book cannot have been an easy one to write, and is not always an easy one to read. The Preface and the introductory survey of the problems of Arnold's age focus attention on an intellectual approach: we are given Arnold's comment that Tennyson is "somewhat deficient in intellectual power," and perhaps justifiably look for a demonstration of intellectual superiority. Instead, we gradually become aware that we must not demand "precision and accuracy" of Arnold, although it is at times demanded of his opponents, and that Arnold's "faulty logic, shallow reasoning, and misuse of scientific and philosophical terms" may be "seen as a fruitful interplay among ideas, a philosophic polarity of attitudes that ensures continuing vitality and relevance." In the excellent "summary of Arnold's position" in chapter VIII, all this becomes clear; but in the earlier parts of the book there is more than once a suggestion of a double standard, one for Arnold and one for his critics. Another difficulty is created by terminology, particularly by the protean terms "humanist" and "humanism." "Humanism," we are told at one point, "is not used here . . . to define a secularized religious movement," but in the following pages the "humanist" is set over against the "Christian dogmatist." A final difficulty is created by the frequent suggestion that Arnold is concerned to reconcile "science" with religion; but little evidence is adduced (or presumably could be) of Arnold's knowledge of science, the whole field of science being represented almost exclusively by the Higher Criticism of the Bible. It is clear that Arnold has little grasp of the real implications of nineteenth-century science; he does not face the problems Tennyson does, apparently being unaware of them; nor, in the limited area of the Higher Criticism, does he face as many of the problems as Browning. It is somewhat surprising to find Browning's name never mentioned, and Tennyson's rarely—without them the intellectual context is surely incomplete.

Despite these limitations, some of which are to be laid at Arnold's door rather than at Professor Robbins', this is a book which every student of Arnold or of nineteenth-century thought should read. It sheds a great deal of light upon Arnold's often peculiar processes of thought, traces many of the sources of his eclecticism, and clarifies the persistent intentions that serve him as principles. Professor Robbins' thorough knowledge of Arnold, and his evident sympathy with him, lead him again and again to really penetrating insights, and his admiration stops sufficiently short of idolatry to allow him, time and again, to put a finger with great precision on a weakness in Arnold's own argument. Chapter VI, which brings the poetry into relation with the religious writings, seems to me particularly brilliant, as does chapter VIII, which I have already mentioned. The final chapter, which suggests, by "a glance at the contemporary scene," the relevance of Arnold to the thought of our own time, is also very skilfully done. In his Preface, Professor Robbins modestly disclaims any consideration of his work as a "definitive" study; it is at least certain that any future study will profit by this one. (F. E. L. PRIESTLEY)

The second volume of that gigantic scholarly enterprise, the Yale edition of Milton's prose, *Complete Prose Works of John Milton*, II: *1643–1648* (New Haven and London: Yale and Oxford University Presses, pp. xiv, 840, $12.50), has now appeared. This volume, which contains the divorce pamphlets, the tractate *Of Education*, *Areopagitica*, and the private correspondence of those years, is edited by Professor Ernest Sirluck, who in addition to the general introduction supplies the preface and notes to *Areopagitica*. The annotation in this edition must seem to the non-specialist (and perhaps to some specialists too) full past the point of pedantry, but it may be justified by the intricate allusiveness of Milton's style and his explicit and implicit involvement in the complicated intellectual and political controversies of the day. In this volume, the notes to *Of Education* supplied by Professor Donald Dorion are conspicuously exhaustive: a whole history of Western education to 1644 could easily be worked up from them. But putting aside all differences of opinion about the technical aspects of the edition, we may praise without qualification Professor Sirluck's 216-page introduction, in which he relates the development of Milton's ideas to the contemporary realignments of opinion in the great debate on liberty which resounded from the pulpits and choked the presses during the Civil War. In this brief notice it is impossible to do justice to his argument, except to observe that he demonstrates how

Milton's "break with Presbyterianism toward the left" is characteristic of the most influential and provocative Puritan opinion during the period in question, and how the argument of the divorce tracts as it developed in Milton's mind was conditioned by the revolutionary applications of the "law of nature" which were being employed in the Puritan intellectuals' search for the rational grounds of civil liberty. Professor Sirluck has brought much fresh documentation and a gift for lucid analysis to bear upon an old subject, and the result is an important contribution to Milton studies and to the history of ideas in general. The task of annotating the divorce tracts is shared by Lowell W. Coolidge and Arnold Williams, and the letters are edited by W. Arthur Turner and Alberta T. Turner. (MILLAR MACLURE)

In an author's note Mr. Paul West calls his "essay" *The Fossils of Piety: Literary Humanism in Decline* (New York: Vantage [Toronto: Foulsham], pp. ii, 85, $2.75) an "argument with instances, rather than an exhaustive treatise." This seems rather more than self-evident as a description of seventy-five pages covering Malraux, Sartre, Camus, Hemingway, Ernst Jünger, Santayana, Trilling, and others. He also remarks that he is arguing for no particular orthodoxy, religious or political, but is "aware that many of these writers almost arrive at the significant question: If the humanist can respect his faith only by narrowing it, might not that be worse than rejecting humanism for doctrines less secular?"—a statement which suggests much more objectivity than is characteristic of the book.

With the help of specially selected quotations, Mr. West makes neat little summaries of writers whose work taken as a whole, or analysed with precision, could not be characterized in such simple generalizations as are here set forth. Even his picture of Malraux (perhaps the most plausible) is much less than real, and when he comes to Camus the inadequacy is glaring; as for Santayana and Trilling, they are polished off in paragraphs rather than pages. For extra enlightenment we have quite a profusion of half, quarter, or decimal truths such as "The France of the 'twenties had on the one hand its Estaunié, its Valéry, its Benda, and its Mauriac, and on the other its playboy escapists . . . similarly England had *The Waste Land*, and the antics of the Sitwell group"; or the judgment that Yeats was "no better than the other aesthetes" (i.e., Wilde) because he said "The form of sincere poetry, unlike that of popular poetry, may indeed be sometimes obscure or ungrammatical," a remark which is denounced

and generalized in the words "So, it seems, popular poetry is not sincere. He does not say what he means by 'popular poetry.' The main thing is to sneer at what is popular."

Mr. West is a young critic with wide interests in life and literature. He approaches his material with confidence, and some of his writing is lively. But the subjects of this book are worth more than this easy run-over. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

Paul West's *The Growth of the Novel* (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Publications Branch, pp. viii, 87, $1.00 paper, $1.50 cloth) contains the texts of eight half-hour talks, broadcast on C.B.C. "University of the Air." A rapid survey of a *genre* as elusive as the novel needs some idea to hold it together, and Mr. West quite acceptably follows the novel's growth "from abstraction, through social realism, into introspective privacy," and hence back to "abstraction" again; he begins with Homer and Longus and ends with Camus and Hemingway. Like all historians of the novel who try to get behind Defoe, he runs into trouble with his classifications at the beginning, but moves easily enough through the last two centuries. I could object to almost every label he puts on the novels he deals with, but that wouldn't be fair, because the short radio talk leaves no room for reflection, for considered analysis: two-thirds of the time has to be spent in summarizing plots and apologetically closing off interesting by-paths. A genially instructive little book.

Professor Victor Leathers, in a mercifully brief and unpretentious study, *British Entertainers in France* (University of Toronto Press, pp. x, 179, $4.50), has assembled, chiefly from secondary sources, notices of the performances in France of British entertainers (tumblers, clowns, dancers, mimes, creators of equestrian spectaculars, vaudeville artists, and Shakespearean troupes) from the late sixteenth to the early twentieth century. From the graveyards of theatrical history, he has exhumed a few facts of more than antiquarian interest. It appears, for example, that from the harlequinades of Richard Baxter (*fl.* 1712–20) to the Shakespearean performances of Macready and Helena Faucit in the 1840's, English performers were distinguished for their pantomime, for a certain fluidity and extravagance inimical to the traditions of the French classical theatre, and that the English play most certain to outrage a cultivated French audience is *Othello*; an unfortunate performance of that play in 1822 was prophetic of the mixed reception of the 1827–8 season of English plays in Paris, which was hailed by the French Romantics and damned with faint praise

by conventional critics. The real hero of the chronicle is Philip Astley, who made such a good thing out of equestrian acts before the Revolution; the moral seems to be that cultural exchanges are most successful at the level of physical skill. One would hardly guess that Mr. Leathers is describing the activities of "the quality," of a splendid if sometimes disreputable company of gifted, vivacious, temperamental, adventurous popular idols and the "harlotry players" who supported them; in his book they all appear like Sunday afternoon guests in the parlour of some provincial clergyman of Methodist extraction, presenting their engraved cards with press clippings attached. (MILLAR MACLURE)

A devotee of the Canadian poets of the nineties, Arthur S. Bourinot justly notes in the Preface to his latest brief volume that he is "still a voice crying in the wilderness" for the publication "of letters of our Canadian writers." Since it is unlikely that his cry will be answered in the near future by unendowed Canadian publishers, we must be grateful for Mr. Bourinot's private efforts and hope that Canadian writers (or their families) will endow our university libraries with the personal records so valuable to literary historians. Mr. Bourinot's new collection, *Some Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman and Others* (Ottawa: the editor, 158 Carleton Road, Rockliffe, pp. viii, 64, $3.50), throws valuable light on the character and ideas of D. C. Scott. Of particular interest is a correspondence between Scott and E. K. Brown which reveals much about the editorial background of the posthumous Lampman volume *At the Long Sault*. Mr. Bourinot does not state the principles which have governed his selection of these letters from a larger correspondence, and he does not follow recognized procedures of documentation and proofreading; nevertheless, his collection is a positive if minor contribution to Canadian studies.

A second devotee of these poets, Miss Elsie Pomeroy, has remembered the master of the group by editing a pamphlet titled *Tributes through the Years: The Centenary of the Birth of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, January 10, 1960* (Toronto: The editor, 211 College Street, pp. iv, 19, $1.00). It is a slender but sincere memorial.

Though lacking the incentive of a centenary year, Will R. Bird and Alec Lucas have produced in *Atlantic Anthology* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 310, $6.00) a book in the stock-taking, anniversary mood. Beginning with "Letters Patents from King Henry VII to John Cabot" and ending with Eileen Cameron Henry's lyric "Harmony Harbour," the

book presents a variety of short stories, anecdotes, poems, historical documents, and articles on the cultural, social, and political history of the region—in the editor's words, "a panorama of a region that has endured more and gained less than the rest of the Dominion." Thematic relevance has taken precedence over style in the selection of material; nevertheless, the anthology is an honest introduction to the traditions, temperament, and achievements of Canada's oldest community. (HUGO MCPHERSON)

As editor of the twelve lectures of *Our Living Tradition*, Second and Third Series (University of Toronto Press, pp. xvi, 288, $6.50), Robert L. McDougall praises his wares because they increase our perception "not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence." The borrowed flourish from T. S. Eliot applies, however, less to each separate lecture than to the collection as a whole. These studies of notable Canadians range from nostalgic commemorations to prophetic revaluations. Only a few manage to create the balance and exchange between familiar landmark and changed landscape that the title of the book suggests. I am thinking of David M. L. Farr's lecture on John S. Ewart, A. J. M. Smith's attempt to redefine the sensibility of Duncan Campbell Scott, and, best of all, the editor's own lecture on Haliburton, which retains in print what he claims for the series as a whole: the "clarity, directness and liveliness" of a good public lecture. And there are others who at least aim at a similar balance, such as J. M. S. Careless on George Brown and Robin S. Harris on Egerton Ryerson.

The lectures that make the collection memorable, however, are not these model studies in a living tradition, much less those pleasant tributes to the past which are about all we get on the three French-Canadian figures, but the more forthright and unbalanced attempts to revaluate: Earle Birney on E. J. Pratt, Barker Fairley on F. H. Varley, and James Reaney on Isabella Valancy Crawford—despite the fact that not one of the three is half as convincing as either McDougall or Farr. Earle Birney tells us about the unread Pratt and then the misread Pratt. What he rarely gives us is the Pratt that Birney reads. At the end of the lecture he simply informs the critics that their real job is to place Pratt in his proper place in the tradition of English narrative poets. He is absolutely right; but he ought to have taken on a bit of that job himself. Barker Fairley's lecture is made to be misinterpreted. By its special vigour, incisiveness, and power of generalization (as well as by that vagueness of illustration characteristic of art criticism without reproductions), it runs the risk of seeming to

attack "abstraction" as such, instead of outlining the peculiar dilemma of the contemporary Canadian artist caught (as Fairley puts it) "between the chocolate box and the non-objective." F. H. Varley is the ostensible subject of the lecture, but most of the time you can't see the figure for the landscape. James Reaney tries to set free the essential Crawford from the rubbish of her poetry; he transforms a second-rate great-grandmother into the lost oracle of a still unfulfilled tradition of Canadian poetry. Here, at the end of *Our Living Tradition*, the "presence" of the past has left its "pastness" far behind. (MILTON WILSON)

With the long-awaited appearance of R. E. Watters' *A Check List of Canadian Literature and Background Materials 1628–1950* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xx, 789, $15.00), students of Canadian culture and letters have at their disposal an indispensable work of reference. But before they use it they will need to be clear about what it is and what it is not, and to this end Professor Watters has described the scope and method of the book in a modest and informative preface.

The work is divided into two parts, with separate functions, and therefore, like most compound tools, it combines convenience with some unreliability. Part I "attempts to record all known titles in the recognized forms of fiction, poetry and drama . . . produced by English-speaking Canadians up to 1950," that is until the National Library's *Canadiana* lists take over. Library locations are given for each title (in both parts), though these are incomplete for many titles, and merely indicate what catalogue or catalogues were used at different stages by the compilers. Part II, the "background materials," is "a more or less selective listing of books by Canadians which seem likely to be of value to anyone studying the literature or culture of Canada." This section is classified under biography, education, essays and addresses, local history, social history, religion and morality, scholarship, travel and description. Apart from the over-all bases of selection, which are bound to be arbitrary, expecially in a project conducted over a period of years by a number of persons, these classifications are vulnerable, as Professor Watters knows, especially since they have to do the work of a subject-index. It is a pity, for example, that much of the material listed in "essays and addresses" should be put in as "background." The prose of reflection and comment belongs in the main stream of our literature. Surely *The Gin Mill Primer*, by J. W. Bengough, and Bliss Carman's *Address to the Graduating Class 1911 of the Unitrinian School of Personal Harmonizing* belong with Christine Margaret Hender-

son's *The Blue Jay's Message* and Ebenezer Clemo's *The Life and Adventures of Simon Seek, or, Canada in all Shapes*—in Part I.

We may be grateful that the definition of "Canadian author" is very broad (see p. viii), and regret that "transactions and proceedings" of the numerous learned and would-be-learned societies could not be included. It was decided to exclude "military, economic or constitutional history, and writings in law, commerce and the sciences," as having a "less immediate" relation to literature, a policy which breaks down continually in practice; "social history" is not a useful category.

But any work of reference is open to comments of this kind, and we should be thankful for the opportunity to hone our knowledge and our prejudices upon the megalith which Professor Watters and his helpers have raised. We shall all be instructed, impressed, and assisted by this book. (MILLAR MACLURE)

In the words of the editor, A. W. Yeats, *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue* by James McG. Stewart (Halifax and Toronto: Dalhousie and Toronto University Presses, pp. xviii, 673, $20.00) "does not purport to be a scientific bibliography but is rather a bibliographical catalogue that strives to approach bibliographical accuracy." I am not in a position to judge the accuracy of the bibliographical descriptions, but consistency of method and Mr. Yeats's precision of statement about the material he inherited from the original compiler of the catalogue inspire confidence. At one period it was hoped the work would lead to a new edition of Mrs. Livingstone's Kipling *Bibliography*.

For most of the entries this is a catalogue of the superlative collection brought together over a period of nearly fifty years by Mr. Stewart and then bequeathed to Dalhousie University: thousands of volumes and items, "the most comprehensive Kipling library ever assembled by an individual collector." Publications on which Kipling exercised direct influence, the editor points out, extended over 63 years, from 1881 to 1944. "Nearly four thousand separate printings of his works exist," and they were published on six continents. For many years he was certainly the most widely read author writing in English and a consistent contributor to both newspapers and periodicals. He was so shrewdly aware of his interest to "collectors" that "he maintained the practice of including some previously unpublished poem or story in all single-volume and multi-volume collections of his works." Thus the problems of first appearance in periodicals or newspapers, of pamphlet or single-sheet publication to

preserve copyright, of American and English first editions, of signed editions, of revision, rearrangement, and retitling are staggering. In addition to bibliographical description of published volumes, the catalogue attempts to trace separate items back through the intricacies of previous appearances, as well as to indicate separate printings. This will undoubtedly be its greatest value to the study of the author.

Among the six appendices is one of uncollected prose and verse, one of material in anthologies, one of unauthorized editions (hundreds), and one of musical settings. (Of the latter there are at least three hundred, including seventeen settings of "Mother o' Mine." "Recessional" leads with three dozen versions, including that in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and those for Durham Cathedral and Dulwich College Chapel. It was once thought to be a Christian hymn.) There is a full detailed index, and typographically the volume is expert and handsome: a tribute to the quality of printing now usual in the University of Toronto Press. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

Professor N. L. Wilson's *The Concept of Language* (University of Toronto Press, pp. viii, 153, $4.95) should be of interest to linguists and language students who have an elementary knowledge of symbolic logic and are willing to examine the background material. It deals with the failure of logical semanticists to account adequately for such concepts as "languagehood" and the use of language. By creating an imaginary language learning situation, the author clearly demonstrates the number of suppressed assumptions concerning the nature of language which occur in Carnap's work on semantics. Building on the work of Tarski, Carnap, and Quine, the author manages to provide important critical assessments of the limitations of their positions.

The Concept of Language develops a general definition of language, but, as the author recognizes, the definition is limited to "symbolic languages" not "used languages." The first five chapters deal with the technique of developing this definition and with related definitions of truth, logical truth, and designation. The final two chapters clearly show how the search for a concept of language drives one beyond this limited definition and into the fields of pragmatics and secondary semantics. The question of proto-facts, which are part of the structure of the world and impose themselves on the structure of language, leads the author to recognizing the necessity for a return to metaphysics. Four-dimensionality, for example, cannot be adopted purely at the whim of the logician. The final

chapter suggests the need for a study of actual communicative behaviour (pragmatics), without which general semantics will remain crude and naïve, as it presently is.

The greatest value of this book is in the questions that it poses and the humility with which it approaches the present state of knowledge. It should contribute to mutual understanding between language students and logical analysts. Its interest to logicians and mathematicians is apparent. (DONALD F. THEALL)

The reader's attention must also be called to a work of scholarly importance which is not of a nature to be reviewed at length in a survey such as this: W. A. C. H. Dobson's *Late Archaic Chinese: A Grammatical Study* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xxviii, 254, $15.00). Apart from its significance as a contribution to Chinese studies, the book itself is an excellent example of the editorial scope and typographical resources of the University of Toronto Press.

PHILOSOPHY

Of George P. Grant's *Philosophy in the Mass Age* (Copp Clark, pp. x, 117, $3.00) one might almost say that it should be heard but not seen. The book consists of talks given over the C.B.C. radio network, and although they have been edited for publication much of their oral (and aural) quality remains. Furthermore, since the talks were designed for a general audience, they were quite properly kept at a popular level. Hence the book does not purport to be, and is not, a scholarly piece. It is rather a series of lay-sermons on twentieth-century society, its historical background, its defects, and its need to recover a belief in an absolute foundation for morals. Professor Grant develops the theme that our society is a secular culture which seeks to dominate nature by means of scientific technology, and which regards human reason as a mere instrument rather than a faculty for apprehending truth. The various institutions of our society "express the way in which one lot of men dedicated to certain ends impose their dominance over other men. Our society is above all the expression of the dominance that the large-scale capitalist exerts over all other persons." (P. 4.) This situation has developed historically as man has become increasingly confident of his ability to guide his own destiny without reliance on a supernatural power whose dictates must be obeyed. The result is moral relativism, the worship of material success, conformity

to the *mores* of a mass culture, the absence of any significant direction in most human lives, and so on. What is the cure for these ills? Rather surprisingly, Professor Grant finds it in the notion of "natural law," which is "the assertion that there is an order in the universe, and that right action for us human beings consists in attuning ourselves to that order" (p. 28). This is recommended as the metaphysical ground for absolute moral standards. But since the notion of natural law has long been suspect in many quarters, the question arises whether clear, cogent reasons can be given for believing that it is a reality and not a fiction. Unfortunately Professor Grant provides no such reasons in his book. "I must rest in simple assertions," he says, "without attempting to justify them" (p. 43). In that case what is presented, no matter how edifying, does not merit the title of "philosophy." Nor will it carry conviction among those who hold that only reasoned solutions to man's problems can be ultimately effective.

The bearing of certain aspects of contemporary culture on religious ideas is explored in *Challenge and Response*, edited by R. C. Chalmers and John A. Irving (Ryerson, pp. x, 130, $3.50). Like its companions, *The Heritage of Western Culture* (1952) and *The Light and the Flame* (1956), this book is a collection of essays by Canadian scholars on topics ranging from archaeology to theology, or perhaps one should say, eschatology. The opening essay is a masterly account by Ronald J. Williams of major archaeological discoveries which have influenced Biblical interpretation from the start of the nineteenth century to the present. This is followed by Northrop Frye's "Religion and Modern Poetry," a paper characteristically striking in formulation and perceptive in content. The remaining essays are, in order, "The Falling Man: Variations on a Theme in Modern Fiction" by Millar MacLure; "Thoughts on Education" by Watson Kirkconnell; "The Challenge of Existentialism" by James S. Thomson; "Eschatology and Its Cultural Relevance" by R. C. Chalmers; and "Ideological Differences and World Order" by John A. Irving. Nearly all these contributions contain interesting material. Yet the total effect they create is *staccato*. The reader has to take an existentialist "leap" from one essay to the next. True, the dust-cover says of the contributors that "their multi-valent perspectives are unified by an ultimate religion which underlies the book as a whole," but it would have been helpful had this unifying factor been made explicit. Judging from the Foreword (p. ix), the moral drawn from the essays by the editors is "that the religious life of man

must find embodiment in cultural forms and that cultural forms must be animated by ultimate religious interests. If religion without culture is empty, culture without religion is blind." How many of the contributors, one wonders, would affirm the antecedent of this hypothetical? (T. A. GOUDGE)

RELIGION

The most significant and controversial book in religious writing published in Canada during 1959 is that edited by A. G. Reynolds, *Life and Death: A Study of the Christian Hope* (The Board of Evangelism and Social Service and the Board of Christian Education for the Committee on Christian Faith of the United Church of Canada, pp. 126, $.50). It is the product of five years of study by a large committee of theologians, under the guidance of D. M. Mathers of Queen's Theological College. The document is not an official statement by the United Church of its eschatology, but it has received "general approval" as "worthy of study in the church" by the Executive of the General Council.

World War II revived an ecclesiastical interest in the concept of Christian hope throughout the world, but especially in Europe. In the years immediately after the war's end confessions of Dutch, Danish, and other churches appeared with strong eschatological overtones. The Evanston Assembly of the World Council of Churches of a few years ago had as its theme "The Christian Hope." The study document which now appears as the concentrated result of United Church reflection since Evanston days has justly brought out a great deal of comment and discussion. Matters concerning man's final destiny and his mysterious relations to the invisible order of the spiritual as well as those dealing with life, death, and the beyond are of increasing concern to modern churchmen. The statement betrays suspicions of certain traditional beliefs and some "departure from explicit teachings of the New Testament," with the result that thoughtful critiques by Anglicans, Presbyterians, and others have promoted a wide interest in this work.

In *The Other Six Days: The Christian Meaning of Work and Property* (Burns and MacEachern, pp. x, 121, $1.50), J. C. McLelland of Presbyterian College discusses the Christian concept of vocation. The book was written under the sponsorship of the Committee on the Laity of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

There is a growing awareness on the part of the Church in Canada that it must speak to its members not only in the pew but also outside of it. McLelland's popular discussion is a successful attempt at translating the Church's message into a week-day one.

Ryerson Press has continued its *Saddlebag Books* with two more titles by Canadian authors: *The Bible and Christian Education* (pp. x, 46, $1.00) by A. J. Ebbutt, and *The Roman Letter Today* (pp. vi, 77, $1.00) by A. L. Griffith. Both are well written, but overly popular and brief. Of some interest is a work by Ryerson's editor-in-chief, J. W. Grant, entitled *God's People in India* (pp. xiv, 112, $3.00). Dr. Grant was Visiting Professor at the United College of South India and Ceylon for 1957–8. This book is the result of his reflections and observations of that year. Dr. Grant writes with an enthusiastic sympathy for the younger churches of India, and though this work can hardly be considered an authoritative statement on their nature and problems, it is one which reflects well on the mature judgment of its author. A final Ryerson publication is by J. M. Shaw, Professor Emeritus of Queen's Theological College. In *The Wonder of the Christian Gospel* (pp. 143, $3.95), he has tried to crystallize the basic truths of Christianity into a short but comprehensive book intelligible to lay readers. One suspects, however, that the book is more comprehensible to the professional than to the layman. Such a statement as "He Himself, in virtue of His perfect sacrificial life and death, is our reconciliation, and through His continued and enduring presence and ministry at the Father's right hand our redemption is secured" desperately needs translation into non-professional language.

F. W. Beare of Trinity College, Toronto, has written an excellent commentary on *The Epistle to the Philippians* (London: Adam & Charles Black [Toronto: Macmillan], pp. xii, 182, $3.25) as a volume in *Black's New Testament Commentaries*. This series is intended for people seriously interested in a better understanding of the New Testament who do not read Greek. In spite of this unfortunate limitation Beare has produced a first-rate commentary, probably because he "cheats" occasionally by discussing a Greek form or *lexeme* whenever he feels it necessary to do so. The book includes a fresh translation of the epistle, a translation which is accurate though stylistically overly bound by the Greek original. In an appendix Beare's colleague E. R. Fairweather contributes a competent theological discussion on "The 'Kenotic' Christianity."

In *The Memoirs Called Gospels* (Clarke, Irwin, pp. xii, 299, $4.00),

C. P. Gilmour of McMaster University has published his lectures to university freshmen. Gilmour has been lecturing for over twenty-five years to such classes, and the published version reflects the scholarship of an earlier period. The influence of more recent European scholars such as Dibelius, Cullmann, and Bultmann is not much in evidence throughout the book.

P. B. Garland of Major Seminary of St. Thomas Aquinas in Ottawa has published his dissertation on *The Definition of Sacrament According to Saint Thomas* (University of Ottawa Press, pp. x, 115, $4.00). This was prepared for defence at the Pontifical Angelicum in Rome and is presented in typical dissertation form: first the exposition of the definition, both the "nominal" and the "real"; then its application to the sacrament and the mode of its application.

Finally as a *pièce de resistance* in book production must be mentioned a book sponsored by the Holy Blossom Congregation in Toronto in celebration of its centennial in 1956. It is *A People and Its Faith: Essays on Jews and Reform Judaism in a Changing Canada*, edited by A. Rose (University of Toronto Press, pp. xvi, 204, $5.00). The volume is divided into four sections: history, relations, existence, and faith, with three or four essays by various specialists comprising each section. This book is not only a beautiful technical production; it is also a good book. (JOHN W. WEVERS)

ART

In *Portraits of Greatness* (University of Toronto Press, pp. 208, 191 plates, $17.50). Yousuf Karsh reveals himself not only as an artist of power and insight but as a thoughtful and articulate literary stylist. *Portraits of Greatness* is an apt title for this international gallery of gifted twentieth-century personalities which must, and does, include the author himself. The total impact of the book is the sum of three factors: the fascination latent in acknowledged greatness, the wizard artistry of the photographer, and the outstanding printing craftsmanship displayed in its design and manufacture. Much could be said under each of these headings, but what must be commented upon is the validity of the artist's employment of the camera as a means towards the expression of ideas and concepts, apart from objective data.

A portrait must always necessarily contain characteristics of both the

sitter and the artist. In a painted portrait the relationship of these characteristics varies considerably. In many cases the painter confesses much more about himself than he reveals about his sitter. The camera, without the directing genius of the artist, returns optical impact only, the uncritical mechanical image of the solid body confronting it. Whether the portrait be painted or photographed, the image must be manipulated, processed, and humanized by the discriminating mind of the experienced artist, and this is what we discover in these extraordinary studies by Yousuf Karsh. His camera immediately establishes the indisputable framework of identity, and simultaneously surrounds the separate personalities with a penumbra of artistry that sets each study apart as an individual discovery and projection of character and, in this series, of greatness.

In the language of painting criticism, these portraits may be said to be baroque in style; lighting is controlled to produce a dramatic context. In such portraits as those of Augustus John, Jean Cocteau, Gilbert Murray, and Konrad Adenauer, there is almost an effect of baroque tactility, a surprising illusion in a photograph, inasmuch as in painting such an effect is obtained by the use of heavy pigmentation, *impasto*. This is truly a great accomplishment and a great book.

Two years ago the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada published Volume I of a proposed three-volume catalogue of the national collection. *The National Gallery of Canada Catalogue of Paintings and Sculpture*, II: *Modern European Schools*, edited by R. H. Hubbard (University of Toronto Press, pp. xii, 234, illus., $10.00), a work approaching twice the physical size of the first book, includes all works of European and British painting and sculpture of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as well as all other schools with the exception of Canadian, to which the third and final volume will be devoted.

This new publication, when added to the earlier one, underlines the increasing importance of the National Gallery of Canada among the great art collections of the world. One is impressed to discover that as early as 1910 the Gallery purchased the large Louis-Eugène Boudin *Vue d'Étaples*, and Theodore Rousseau's *Forêt* in 1911, and that in the years immediately prior to World War I it acquired fine examples of Corot, Millet, Monet, and Sisley. Recent purchases, during Mr. Jarvis's administration as Director, include strong representation by modern painters, such as Derain, Chagall, Vuillard, Matisse, and Picasso, and excellent sculptures by Epstein, Moore, Arp, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Zadkine.

The cataloguing of this volume is almost entirely the work of the Chief Curator, Dr. R. H. Hubbard, ably assisted by Dr. W. S. A. Dale and Miss Kathleen M. Fenwick. A clear exposition, faultlessly documented, characterizes the annotation accompanying each work. The format of the catalogue is not entirely agreeable; the diversity in the size of the black-and-white illustrations disturbs an otherwise balanced equilibrium of design. But the scholarly material presented is of uniform excellence, and we have in this catalogue a handsome publication that will be welcomed by students, collectors of art, and an interested public.

Edmund Carpenter's description of how the Eskimo ivory carver coaxes inspiration out of the unworked ivory itself, in a whispered interrogation, is characteristic of the delicate subtlety and revealing charm of an unusual book—*Eskimo* by Edmund Carpenter, Frederick Varley, and Robert Flaherty (*Explorations*, no. 9) (University of Toronto Press, unpaged, illus., $4.95). Combining, as it does, a wealth of insight and knowledge of the life and culture of the Eskimo, the significance of one of the most valuable collections of aboriginal carvings, and the poetic drawings and paintings of a distinguished Canadian artist, this book is a joy and a delight. To the three named contributors, who share equally in the credits, must be added the anonymous fourth contributor, the artist who designed the book, and who also deserves acknowledgement. The volume was produced with the assistance of a grant from the Canada Council and is no. 9 of the *Explorations* series, edited by Dr. Carpenter.

Carpenter's text is fascinating. It deals with the Aivilik Eskimo, their geography and cosmography, their concept of space and of sound, of observation and art. He employs and describes the Robert Flaherty collection of carvings, now in the Royal Ontario Museum. These early carvings, presented to the Museum by Sir William MacKenzie, constitute a most valuable corpus of aboriginal Eskimo art, executed before the impact of outside stimuli which encouraged the production of "souvenir" carvings in stone. Dr. Carpenter points out the characteristics of Eskimo art, the absence of enclosed space, and the relationship between sound and sight. His language is the precise nomenclature of the scholar, poetic rather than pedantic, and rich in its humanity and understanding.

Frederick Varley, it will be known, is one of the durable survivors of the original Group of Seven. An able draughtsman, and a painter of power and lyricism, he accompanied the Eastern Arctic Patrol on the *S.S. Nascopie* in the summer of 1938. It is due to the enthusiasm of Mr. Malcolm

MacDonald, who purchased many of the sketches made on this journey and kept track of the others, that the remarkable drawings and paintings reproduced in this publication were available.

Thus, though the three main parts of the book derive from independent sources, its unity arises out of the fact that the three contributors saw the same thing in the Eskimo and each expressed himself in his own way.

An autobiography by an artist is always an event of great significance. When that artist is a distinguished Canadian, full of years, rich in experience, youthful in spirit, and, at the same time, articulate and wise, then those of us interested in the arts must rejoice in the fact that the recollections of Canada's *doyen* painter have been recorded for them, and for their posterity, in vivid and enduring terms.

A Painter's Country: The Autobiography of A. Y. Jackson, with a Foreword by Vincent Massey (Clarke, Irwin, pp. xvi, 170, illus., $5.00, $25.00 deluxe), is written in engaging narrative style and reveals a mind of clarity and flexibility and a strong character dedicated to an artistic purpose. From the day of the artist's birth in Montreal, one follows the development and enrichment of that mind, the ideas it fostered, and the inspiration it guided. A born painter, with a deep and abiding love for his native land, Jackson early acquired an accomplished style in his painting. At that time the ties of European cultural dependence were yielding to the pressure of Canadian requirements. The author tells of this climactic moment in our cultural history, of the associations he formed and why he identified himself with a group of energetic young artists who championed the idea of an essentially Canadian art movement. They had become impatient with hidebound traditionalism and moribund practices and together they formed the Group of Seven. The violent controversy which raged across the country with the advent of the Group is dealt with in this book with unflinching realism and authority. However, its pages are not entirely devoted to such events. There are generous comments on friends and colleagues and many useful references to Tom Thomson—no one knew him better.

Most valuable of all, in this beautifully illustrated book, we have the life story of a great Canadian artist: a colourful personality who has lived through one of the most eventful periods of our cultural history; an artist whose painting vocabulary ranges from the powerfully dramatic to gentlest lyricism; and a traveller who has explored this country from Labrador to the Skeena River, and from the Montana boundary to the

Bache post in distant Ellesmere Island. *A Painter's Country* is an indispensable addition to the growing library of basic Canadiana. (C. F. COMFORT)

EDUCATION

For the third successive year and for the sixth in the lectureship's ten-year history, the Quance Lectures in Canadian Education were given in 1958 by a Deputy Minister of Education, on this occasion Dr. W. H. Swift of Alberta. Two other lecturers have been Dr. C. E. Phillips and Dr. M. E. Lazerte, over the past dozen years the most prominent of our professors of education. The record suggests that the Quance Lectureship enjoys a certain official status as a forum for the views of the men who occupy the most important positions in Canadian public education. It is true that a continuing record of the views and activities of the Canadian educator is provided in the pages of *Canadian Education*, the monthly journal of the Canadian Education Association, which is the official organization of the provincial Departments of Education, but the nature of the journal seldom permits an individual to present a lengthy essay on Canadian education. It is this gap which the Quance Lectureship providentially fills.

Dr. Swift's subject is *Trends in Canadian Education* (Gage, pp. 94, $1.50), and on such a topic his unofficially official views must be of interest: where *does* a deputy minister think we are going? The clearest trend, he finds, is the decline of Latin, incidentally the only development in the secondary school programme since 1950. Also on the negative side, he reports little interest in educational theory: "Education in Canada is not being shaped or significantly influenced, at least overtly enough to be readily observed, by any particular set of philosophic considerations." Dr. Swift notes a decline in the importance of the central authority at the provincial level and also an increase in the importance of such national organizations as the Canadian Education Association, the Canadian Teachers' Federation, and the National Conference of Canadian Universities. He hopes that the decision of Alberta to place all teacher training under the control of the university will initiate a trend.

The decline of the importance of the central authority in the province is occasioned by the increasing size of urban school systems and the movement to consolidate rural schools. The old-time inspector, sent out by the Department to visit the one-room school, is now largely replaced

by a superintendent, employed by the local board, who combines the function of inspection with that of supervision. The implications of this significant change in our educational system are revealed in R. H. Wallace, ed., *The Superintendent as Educational Leader* (Ryerson, pp. x, 62, $2.00), a collection of ten articles on various aspects of the superintendent's work by Ontario members of the Canadian Association of Superintendents and School Inspectors. There are eight hundred members of CASSI, an organization created in 1952 as a by-product of the C.E.A.–Kellogg Foundation project, which has provided a great deal of money for the support of "leadership courses," notably at the University of Alberta, for the training of superintendents. The category *superintendent* embraces anyone between the principal and the Deputy Minister; CASSI thus is a different force from C.E.A. (which is dominated by the Deputy Ministers) and conceivably a more significant one, since the superintendent is closer than the educator to the classroom. The ten articles explain the emergence of this new force and indicate the directions, both conscious and unconscious, in which it is moving. Unfortunately, the prose style of the superintendent is no improvement over that of the educator, upon whose flabby sentences and woolly paragraphs Miss Neatby had occasion to comment in *So Little for the Mind*; three of the articles are vilely written and one is a pasting together of quotations. The articles by H. R. Parlow, D. S. Lawless, and W. C. Lorimer are competent and clear.

General views of the Canadian educational scene are offered in five publications of 1959. J. Bascom St. John's *Spotlight on Canadian Education* (Gage, pp. viii, 111, $2.50) is a series of articles prepared as background material for the Canadian Conference on Education of 1958. Specifically designed for the press and the general public, they provide a lucid outline of our educational situation through treatment of such topics as the authority of the provincial department, the duties of the school board, the qualifications of teachers, and the nature of the standard curricula. Mr. St. John has long provided readers of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* with factual material about, and intelligent comment upon, Canadian education at all levels; the present volume happily extends his audience.

For several years, the W. J. Gage Co. has been sending to a sizable mailing list of persons professionally interested in Canadian education pamphlets on specific topics. A number of these are republished in *Education: A Collection of Essays*, I and II (pp. 89, $1.50; pp. 100, $1.50). Each is approximately two thousand words in length, and all are authori-

tative and well written. The wide range of topic is illustrated by representative titles: "Saskatchewan's New Program in Supervision, "Centralized Test Programs," "The Reading Program in the Junior Grades," "Music in General Education," "Education of Teachers in the University."

Where Dr. Swift and the superintendents voice opinions and where Mr. St. John presents facts, others raise questions. A. H. Humble, a teacher at Trinity College School, offers in *The Crisis in Canadian Education* (Ryerson, pp. iv, 21, $1.00), a very brief but fundamental analysis of our whole approach to education, admirable in its presentation and disturbing in its conclusions. Mr. Humble has read Dewey (and Plato, Whitehead, and Jung) with care; it is to be hoped that the superintendents, the educators, and the rest of us will now read Mr. Humble with care. Dr. F. Cyril James' questioning approach is more indirect. *On Understanding Russia* (University of Toronto Press, pp. x, 63, $2.95) is the result of his five-week visit to Russia in 1958. A modest book—Dr. James insists upon the fragility of generalizations based on such limited evidence—it nonetheless pierces to the heart of the distinction between the Western and Russian approaches to education. The contrast, as posed by Dr. James, raises question after question about the Canadian way. The same type of question is raised by J. Tuzo Wilson, whose *One Chinese Moon* (Longmans, Green, pp. xiv, 274, $5.50) is reviewed elsewhere in this survey (p. 517).

Dean H. S. Armstrong of McMaster University has also made a tour, in his case to eighteen American and nine Canadian universities during a nine-week period in 1957. The outcome is *Academic Administration in Higher Education* (Ottawa: Canadian Universities Foundation, pp. vi, 98, $3.00), a report which will fascinate the teaching staffs of the Canadian universities and colleges. Here is an insight into the mysterious world of Presidents, Deans, and Department Heads; of Vice Presidents, Executive Assistants to the President, and Administrative Assistants to the President; of Deans of Men, Deans of Women, and Deans of Freshmen; of Controllers, Comptrollers, and Treasurers: a world where the distinction between "line" and "staff" appointment is critical and where the term *budget control* is central. Dr. Armstrong guides us through this administrative maze with skill and good humour, and in the process he forewarns us of the kinds of problem which an expansion of enrolment from 5,000 to 10,000 or from 15,000 to 25,000 will inevitably produce. He points out that in the large American universities visited the President is almost exclusively engaged in fund-raising; that of necessity this has led to the

proliferation of vice-presidents; that often there are three vice-presidents (academic, business affairs, student affairs) and, significantly, that the three offices are "of roughly equivalent status." Dr. Armstrong was particularly interested in the matter of staff morale in this Parkinsonian world; Canadian professors will be intrigued, though not surprised, to know that "the strongest morale was to be found where there is an element of faculty participation in such important decisions as appointments, promotions and salary adjustment"—and by *faculty* he means assistant and associate professors as well as full professors. He also discusses the advantages and disadvantages of permanent and rotating heads of department. The report should—and I suspect will—be widely read in senior common rooms.

Three volumes have been published to mark the jubilee of the University of Saskatchewan, and together they provide a solid history of the institution. A. S. Morton's posthumous *Saskatchewan: The Making of a University*, revised and edited by Carlyle King (University of Toronto Press for the University of Saskatchewan, pp. viii, 120, $2.50), describes the origins (from 1879), the establishment (in 1909), and the first dozen years of operation (to 1920). His is a vivid story, in which the heroes are F. W. G. Haultain and W. C. Murray, but he stops at a relatively early date. Carlyle King's *The First Fifty: Teaching, Research and Public Service at the University of Saskatchewan, 1909–1959* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 186, $3.00) is a detailed account, faculty by faculty and professor by professor, of the academic programme and of the contributions of the teaching staff to the world of scholarship and to the economic and cultural life of Saskatchewan. Unfortunately, the spirit of the University, clearly apparent in the Morton volume, is lost in the mass of detail. Strangely enough, an abundantly illustrated pamphlet by Lewis H. Thomas is a happier harmonizing of spirit and fact. Certainly *The University of Saskatchewan* (Saskatoon: University of Saskatchewan Bookstore, pp. 64, $1.00) is a valuable supplement to both Morton and King.

The twelve books cited above constitute a solid contribution to educational thought in a twelve-month period. But 1959 is a vintage year by virtue of the publication of C. B. Sissons' *Church and State in Canadian Education: An Historical Study* (Ryerson, pp. x, 414, $6.50). It is difficult to overpraise this book. Basically a study of the question of separate schools as it has been resolved (or temporarily resolved) in each of the ten provinces, it is equally an analysis of the philosophy of Canadian education

and a historical study of the public attitude of Canadians towards their schools and universities.

The book makes clear how far education has moved from the central position it occupied in the minds of Canadians a century ago. Throughout the nineteenth century and culminating in the Manitoba school crisis of the 1890's, education was a basic issue in most provincial elections. The citizen's attitude towards "The University Question," "The Free School Question," and "The Separate School Question" was as often as not the deciding factor when he cast his ballot. Today it is rare to find mention of education on the hustings. In the nineteenth century, the issues revealed in a controversial educational report were hammered out on the floor of the House. Today—witness the fate of the 1950 Report of the Royal Commission on Education in Ontario—the matter is shelved.

What has happened, as Sissons makes abundantly clear, is that education has moved from the domain of the legislature to the domain of the judiciary. It is the Supreme Court, not Parliament, which now decides the important educational questions. It can be argued that this is progress—that education is too important a topic to be left to the vagaries of political whim, that what is needed is the detached apolitical view. Read Sissons and wonder.

Two years ago in these pages I had occasion to describe C. E. Phillips' *The Development of Education in Canada* as "unquestionably the most important book about Canadian education published in 1957 or in any of the past years"—I meant in any of the past dozen years. I continue to regard Dr. Phillips' book as a very important one, and I am depressed by the fact that it appears to have been dismissed as a textbook and that no one is reading it except students in teachers colleges who are required to read it. But *Church and State in Canadian Education* is a more important book. If all the members of our legislatures would read this book, if all members of our school boards would read this book, if all the members of CASSI and the C.E.A. would read this book, a Quance lecturer of 1970 might have different and happier trends to describe. (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

HUMOUR

In 1959 the books which attempted full-proof humour and those which mulled together satire, social criticism, domestic philosophizing, and comedy were alike disappointing—so disappointing, indeed, that the

prematurely established Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour now becomes an embarrassment. The writers concerned are undoubtedly amiable people, often winning or clever, and sometimes wise. Yet they fail to amuse. Splashing about in the shallows of our manners, mores, and ideas, they rely on gestures which are more antic than comic, and a wit less flashing than determinedly bright.

In Darkest Domestica (Ryerson, pp. xii, 113, $2.75), the sixth volume of Eric Nicol's newspaper columns, leads us with heavy hand through the home-making struggles of a young suburban couple. Writing in the first person, Nicol adopts the rôle of a beleaguered and reluctant father, but a great deal of his material is so recalcitrantly unfunny that he regularly descends to absurd exaggeration or the worst kind of punning and gag-writing. Forbearance crumbles at the tastelessness of such lines as "Be it ever so fumbled, a bride's first meal tastes pretty good after Asian dishes seasoned with amoebic dysentery"; or, "The true artist would spare no time to toilet-training his young. . . . He has his own music to make in the world, must struggle to control the sphincters of his genius."

Pierre Berton and Jack Scott spread their nets wider than Eric Nicol, but their catch, though more varied, is not significantly bigger. Pierre Berton's collection, *Just Add Water and Stir* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 222, $4.50), necessarily omits his liveliest columns—his topical, name-naming *exposés* of Toronto hucksters. What remains is a series of "profiles," parodies, satires (in doggerel or prose), laboured comic legends, nostalgic reminiscences, and polemics on such topics as racial discrimination, progressive school readers, and the penal use of the lash. The polemics are good, but as Berton's title intimates, they too are "instant prose." Jack Scott, though a writer of greater depth, too often succumbs to the journalist's curse of stereotype in *From Our Town* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 224, $3.00). Less afraid than either Nicol or Berton of appearing as a moralist, Scott at his best is an intelligent lay preacher whose heterodoxy stings us into awareness; at his worst he talks about the "bosom of the ocean" or subjects us to the trials of Henry Pludge, first cousin of Berton's Harvey J. Grebe, and pale descendant of Thurber's Walter Mitty.

In contrast to the foregoing trio, *The Best of Gregory Clark* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 174, $3.50) brings us an old-school newspaperman whose proven formula is the "human interest" story. These columns rely heavily on the O. Henry twist ending and what the trade calls *schmaltz*, but they bear the mark of a writer who knows what he is doing and knows how to do it.

And that, in Canadian journalism, is an achievement. The reminiscences of Mrs. Bluebell Stewart Phillips, *Something Always Turned Up* (Ryerson, pp. x, 134, $3.50), match the folksiness of Gregory Clark but lack his professional skill. Mrs. Phillips sketches in the barest outline her career as a Saskatchewan school teacher who married an Anglican divinity student and saw him through the crises of a mission field, an education at McGill, and the traumas of a first parish in the Laurentians. Her writing is unpretentious (indeed artless) and her comedy is unsophisticated, but her book does have a measure of sincerity and warmth. (HUGO MCPHERSON)

NATURE

To fly-fishermen throughout the English-speaking world the name of Roderick Haig-Brown has become a byword signifying a connoisseur of that ancient sporting art. It means more, a promise of exciting, colourful, and thought-provoking writing. His eighth book, *Fisherman's Summer* (Collins, pp. 253, illus., $4.50), adorned as it is with Lou Darling's vivid black-and-white drawings, strengthens the reputation already achieved. No ardent devotee of fly-fishing should miss it.

At the same time, field naturalists will see in these pages the revealing of the kinship between those who go afield to cast an expectant fly into a hidden pool and those who go to find a bird in a secret bush or a flower in a shadowy bog. The same need of expert knowledge and skill and the same appreciation of the unexpected, of the unpredictability of nature, and of the joy of finding at last, are there. The same problems of adjusting to continuous change in natural conditions in this tempestuously industrializing world, the need for conservation, and the desire to save some of the charms of solitude and the wild are in this book as they are in all of this author's writings. Fishermen like this and naturalists have much in common. They should be able to work together to preserve something of that wild nature from which their enjoyment comes and in contact with which such real spiritual needs are met.

Country Hours, by Clarke Locke, with drawings by Thoreau MacDonald (Ryerson, pp. viii, 105, $3.50), consists of the notes and impressions of a busy man, journalist and advertiser by profession, who has through the years taken time to look at nature, especially the wild creatures that one may find near any country home in southern Ontario. Brief, almost lapidary in form, these notes convey often highly personal inter-

pretations of animal action. Adorning the book and enhancing the writer's impressions are the black-and-white drawings of Thoreau MacDonald, an artist who is always adept at seizing and portraying the familiar and not so familiar aspects of the countryside and its human and animal dwellers. (R. M. SAUNDERS)

MILITARY

Two volumes have appeared in 1959 to mark the year's significance as an anniversary. Colonel C. P. Stacey's *Quebec, 1759* (Macmillan, pp. xiv, 210, maps, $5.00) is the only Canadian work of several that commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham (the others were all published in England). Leslie Roberts' history of the R.C.A.F., *There Shall be Wings* (Clarke, Irwin, pp. xiv, 290, illus., $5.00), is timed to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the first flight in Canada on February 23, 1909. Apart from their both being commemorative volumes, these works are as different in kind as the events they honour. *Quebec, 1759* is a scholarly investigation of the evidence in an attempt to provide a definitive interpretation of problems and details that have vexed historical writing about the capture of Quebec for two centuries; but it is, at the same time, so well written that it will hold anyone's attention. *There Shall be Wings*, on the contrary, designed as a popular account of the R.C.A.F., and aiming at glamour rather than deep academic study, will fail to interest readers who have no previous connection with or concern in the events it records; but it is valuable because it contains a mass of factual detail that has not previously been collected between two covers.

Leslie Roberts is a prolific author of books and articles who shows a strong Canadian nationalism or patriotism. He was a flier in World War I and among his earlier books are some about the Canadian war in the air and at sea, "Buzz" Beurling, and C. D. Howe. The idea of telling the story of the R.C.A.F. fifty years after McCurdy's first flight at Baddeck Bay, Cape Breton Island, was a natural development of his previous interests. Air force history is, however, still in the heroic tradition and few writers have made it meaningful. Individuals figure so prominently that the air force historian finds it difficult to see the wood for trees; and Mr. Roberts is no exception. His accounts of the air battles of the R.C.A.F. give no idea of the progress of the conflict as a whole, of the precise contribution of the airmen, or of the development of the arts and techniques

of aerial warfare. Nor is his account of the R.C.A.F. in peacetime much more satisfactory. True, he shows the importance of its peculiar rôle in rescue, surveying, and other non-military activities; but, although in one place he calls these activities "areas of vital national importance," the general tenor of his approach is that the politicians obstructed the natural desire of young Canadians to fly and also diverted the R.C.A.F. from its true purpose. Mr. Roberts is a Don Quixote, tilting at any windmill that antagonizes him, without apparently knowing why. Most of all he is baffled by Mackenzie King and does not know whether to blame him for destroying the C.A.F. or to praise him for providing a practicable basis on which the R.C.A.F. could be built.

Part of the trouble seems to be that this book was written in haste. How otherwise could an experienced writer, when uncritically extolling the exploits of heroic airmen, speak of "the Canadian fighting legend" and "fabled exploits" (p. 10)? "Legend" and "fable" are defined in the dictionary as "traditional stories," "myths," "not based on fact," and "only supposed to exist." How else could a retort to those who argued that the bombing of industrial countries could have little effect on the outcome of the first war be based on the statement that "allied bombing struck terror into the civilian population of Germany and . . . severely hampered production," when this statement was written after the vastly greater, and still problematic, strategic bombardment of World War II?

Colonel Stacey has a reference to the bombing of Germany in *Quebec, 1759*, which implies a more critical attitude to that strategy. Saying that Wolfe's bombardment of Quebec, a fortified town, was legal but the guns were not aimed at the batteries and the aim was terror, he adds, incidentally, that the twentieth century cannot cast stones, for this bombardment prefigured the area-bombing policy of World War II. This contrast of approach is typical of the difference between these books; but of course *Quebec, 1759* is concerned mainly with events that are two hundred years old and perhaps it is easier to be critical of events more remote in time. As a result, for most readers *Quebec, 1759* will seem chiefly a debunking volume. Canadian historians, at least those of English tongue, have glorified both commanders, largely because of the coincidence that they both lost their lives in the battle, but undoubtedly also in an attempt to make the French defeat more palatable to French Canadians. Wolfe is portrayed by Colonel Stacey as a poor army leader, vacillating and indecisive, a poor strategist, and "no magnetic Nelson with a band of

brothers." He was "at his best under fire" and therefore popular with the lower ranks; but he was one who "lacked a sure touch in dealing with subordinates." His decision to attack at Anse au Foulon is shown as a lucky gamble that came off because a long series of chances all turned out in his favour.

Montcalm fares no better. Perhaps a sounder strategist that Wolfe, yet he had the wild idea of retreating with his whole force down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and he also erred in allowing his Quebec garrison to depend on a vulnerable line of communications from up river. His refusal to be tempted out from the defences despite the provocation of Wolfe's treatment of the *habitants* was justified by events; but the decision to risk everything on an immediate attack against Wolfe's army when it was discovered on the Plains is described as a fatal error. His fame, like that of Wolfe, is shown to rest more on the significance of the battle than on his skill. Colonel Stacey would admit neither man to be one of the "Great Captains" of history. We are left to wonder whether we should make national heroes of men for their achievements despite themselves—or do without national heroes. Some readers would have preferred not to have learned the truth about Wolfe and Montcalm. (RICHARD A. PRESTON)

*SOCIAL STUDIES: I / *Alexander Brady*

Since the last war a tendency among many Canadian historians has been to deploy their talents on biography. Between 1945 and 1959 a small shelf of books appeared whose authors explored intensively the character and achievements of leading figures in the country's past. Such notably are the two volumes on Sir John A. Macdonald by Donald Creighton, the second volume of *Egerton Ryerson: His Life and Letters*, by C. B. Sissons, *Goldwin Smith, Victorian Liberal*, by Elisabeth Wallace, *Sir Edmund Head*, by D. G. G. Kerr, and *William Lyon Mackenzie King*, by R. MacGregor Dawson. In the present year this continued emphasis on biography is evident in *Frontenac, The Courtier Governor*, by W. J. Eccles (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 406, $6.50), *Brown of the* Globe, I: *The Voice of Upper Canada, 1818–1859*, by J. M. S. Careless (Macmillan, pp. x, 354, illus.,

*I wish to acknowledge the generous assistance of Miss E. Wallace and Miss M. Avison.

$6.00), and *A Prophet in Politics: A Biography of J. S. Woodsworth*, by Kenneth McNaught (University of Toronto Press, pp. viii, 339, $5.95).

Space here does not permit adequate ruminations on the reasons for this trend and its significance. It is mainly a response of writers to the opportunity created by the rapid accumulation of accessible documents. The official life of Mackenzie King was something apart, since remarkably generous funds were made available to facilitate the necessary research, writing, and publication. In the other cases the obsolescence of older studies and the accessibility of unexplored manuscripts have tempted writers to try a new appraisal. History is something more than biography, but is enriched by scholarly and imaginative biographies which demonstrate how human personality contributes to the sequence and shaping of events. Admittedly history is also distorted when biographers become unashamed apologists, puff up the qualities and achievements of their subjects, suppress the unpalatable facts about them, attribute to them an influence immeasurably greater than is warranted, and accommodate the history of an era to their convenience.

The three biographies cited principally enrich rather than distort history. Mr. Eccles brings a keen and scholarly spirit to the assessment of Frontenac's place in the story of New France and produces a book erudite and lucid. He presents no ill-grounded eulogy, for he views Frontenac's first and contentious period of administration as lamentable in its ineptitude. He awards him, however, some restrained credit for the conduct of affairs in his second term as Governor, especially for his repulse of the English in their attempt to capture Quebec, his defeat of the Iroquois, and his execution of French policy (in all its doubtful wisdom) of expanding to the heart of the continent. He makes it clear that Frontenac received more commendation in the history books than he deserved, for the obvious reason that he was an ambitious schemer with a skilful pen and never lost an opportunity of submitting a glowing and persuasive account of his exploits. The documentary evidence of Frontenac's actions in military and Indian affairs was especially one-sided because as Governor he decisively controlled it. He concentrated as much upon making a good impression at Versailles as upon coping with the problems of the harassed colony on the St. Lawrence. Whatever his influence on the court, he unquestionably influenced the writers of history.

The biographies by J. M. S. Careless and Kenneth McNaught have some common features. Both have the indispensable qualities of sympathy

and understanding. Both succeed in introducing fresh and useful facts about the politics and political ideas of an era. Mr. Careless, for example, adds to our knowledge of the character and temper of Canada's radical and liberal politics in the middle of the last century. Aided by hitherto unused manuscripts, he describes the nurturing of George Brown in Scotland on the Whiggish fare of the *Edinburgh Review*, the migration of his family to New York, the revulsion acquired there against American institutions, and the settlement in Toronto, where for almost four decades in press and politics Brown advocated a brand of nineteenth-century liberal doctrine that naturally issued from his antecedents. He was nothing if not a politician of principle. Incessantly he hammered home in editorials and debate the inflexible ideas which he deemed important for the colony: the proscription of a state church, freedom in economic life and especially in trade, and the superiority of British political institutions over the American. These ideas had a wide influence on the evolution of English-speaking Canada. Their implications at the time and the political battles that they provoked are here described with discernment and more abundant detail than in any previous work. Not the least interesting part of the story is the way that Brown negotiated a marriage between his British liberal heritage and the Grit ideas of the frontier. For an interval after Confederation the Liberal party rested on this marriage. Apart from a portrait of Brown as a man, this book principally adds to our knowledge of the origins of Canadian liberalism.

Kenneth McNaught's *A Prophet in Politics* concerns the ferment in the political and social thought of Canada fifty years later and the career of one who helped to create it. The contrast in ideas between Brown and Woodsworth is pronounced. Brown was a Presbyterian of the Free Church, whose form of Calvinism toughened the individualism of his liberal creed and reinforced the dogmatism of a mind naturally self-confident. He had little sympathy with any political philosophy other than that of individualist liberalism. Woodsworth on the other hand was the son of a Methodist minister and became himself a Methodist minister, but even before his ordination he had already begun to doubt whether the traditional conceptions of Christianity were tenable. He was soon convinced that the essential Christian ideas must be translated into social reform. In brief he secularized the revivalist Methodism of his father into the social gospel, and when he no longer felt sufficiently free to preach this gospel within the church he transferred his allegiance to radical and

socialist movements among the workers and distressed farmers of the west. In the early part of his book Kenneth McNaught illustrates with perception the painful contest in Woodsworth's mind between the traditional religion on which he was reared and the socialist conceptions which he derived from wide reading and constant reflection on contemporary facts. He shows how Woodsworth's intense fervour as a reformer resulted from his cast of mind and intellectual experiences. In helping to explain a leader he explains some elements in the thought of the political revolt in the west between 1914 and 1939.

Woodsworth was not the only cleric of the time who came via the Christian gospel to a radical dynamic and even to socialism. R. C. Henders of the Manitoba Grain Growers and William Irvine, another agrarian leader, were originally ministers. The Reverend William Ivens of Winnipeg, like Woodsworth, lost his Methodist pulpit because of his ideas and became a journalist for the labour movement. The Reverend A. E. Smith, another Methodist leader, was swept even further on the stream of the social gospel into the ranks of the Communist party. Henry Wise Wood and Percival Baker of the United Farmers of Alberta were trained in American theological colleges and became lay preachers of the Disciples of Christ. Woodsworth, therefore, was merely the most conspicuous of those who on the western frontier came to believe that to honour religion in practice it was necessary drastically to change society. This phase of radicalism in the west is here admirably described, but the illusions and deficiences of such social theory do not receive their due.

General histories in the present year are few. *The Story of Canada* by Donald Creighton (Macmillan, pp. 291, $3.50) is a very broad survey from Jacques Cartier's voyages to the triumph in March 1958 of the Conservative party, which according to the author transformed a general election "into a political revolution." But this book, unlike the author's distinguished *Dominion of the North*, is really intended as a pleasant sketch for members of the public who normally do not read history.

A volume that may appropriately be bracketed with those of Careless and McNaught is *Movements of Political Protest in Canada, 1640–1840*, by S. D. Clark (University of Toronto Press, pp. x, 518, $6.50). The opening chapters leave a reader wondering what the author is trying to do. But when he gets into his stride it becomes manifest that his main purpose is to explain Canadian radicalism from the American Revolution to the collapse of the rebellion during the late thirties. He argues that the unrest which

resulted in radical proposals and revolt was rooted in the special circumstances of life on the frontier, where men found the government remote, unsympathetic, and beyond their powers of control. What had happened in the thirteen colonies before the Revolution happened in the Canadas before the rebellions. The radical strands of opinion were similar, and the author refers to the radical attitudes as "the American revolution in Canada." Certainly before 1837 many frustrated Canadian reformers, especially those eager for thorough-going democracy, looked to American political models. Men in the backwoods or in frontier towns resented the conduct of politicians and officials in the capitals, whether in London, Quebec, Toronto, or Halifax. They yearned for modes of rule that they could control through more direct methods of election. It is not to be assumed, however, that on the frontier all men were excited radicals. Many were apathetic, indifferent, or conservative. Religion and sectarian affiliation had diverse influences, producing radicalism in some and conservatism in others. Presbyterians and Methodists were to be found in both political camps. Although Professor Clark rides hard his main thesis, he recognizes the many diverse factors in the culture which affected politics.

This book will naturally remind readers of Turner's famous thesis, but actually the theme of the American historian is here much modified. The author makes no claim that the somewhat inchoate and muddled thinking on the frontier at the beginning of the last century decisively shaped Canadian political evolution. Although not always explicit in his interpretation, he makes it evident that the political ideas of the frontier settlements were on the whole defeated, and the conceptions of parliamentary and responsible government derived from Britain were adapted to the Canadian scene. At the same time the protest in the backlands played an important part in ensuring that this inheritance was appropriately adapted. It forced the pace of change by discrediting the existing régime and its abuses.

The three books by Careless, McNaught, and Clark demonstrate how wide was the range of radical politics in Canada's past. Sometimes it is complacently assumed that the country's progress towards liberal democracy came in easy and uneventful stages. But such an assumption is shaken by the fact that the first third of the nineteenth century witnessed a prolonged period of protest that in the late thirties came to the boiling point of revolt, and in subsequent periods radical opinion was ever in the background and seldom without influence on the course of events.

A specialized monograph, the first in the "Canadian Studies in History and Government" series, edited by J. M. S. Careless, treats a theme that figures prominently in the career of George Brown: *Church and State in Canada West*, by John S. Moir (University of Toronto Press, pp. xvi, 223, $4.75). Between the Act of Union and Confederation the idea of a state church battled against that of the complete separation of church and state for recognition in what is now Ontario, and this vehement contest is Mr. Moir's subject. Not the least interesting is his emphasis on the contact between the controversy in Canada West and the religious controversies of the same period in Europe and Britain. Canada had more than echoes of the Oxford Movement, the disruption of the Church of Scotland, and the heated debates over what was termed Papal Aggression. Affinity in thought was nourished by the flow of immigrants from Britain and the constant communication across the Atlantic. After what seemed interminable political struggles, a series of working compromises was reached. The public lands allocated to sustain established churches on the model of those in England and Scotland were secularized, but the vested rights of incumbents in the existing rectories were protected; a state university was secured, but sectarian rivals survived on a basis of equality and even received public aid; and separate denominational schools were permitted under law, but placed under the same ultimate control as the common schools. These major compromises have been basic in the relations of church and state in modern Ontario and in the Confederation of 1867, which the leaders of Ontario so much influenced. The threads in the development of this phase of Canadian pluralism are skilfully pulled together by Mr. Moir, although he really brings no fresh historical revelations.

A more recent political development and experiment is treated in *The Social Credit Movement in Alberta*, by John A. Irving (University of Toronto Press, pp. xiv, 369, $6.00). This is easily the most complete and illuminating study of the chain of circumstances which between 1932 and 1935 brought the Social Credit party into power. Between the two wars the doctrines of social credit appealed to miscellaneous groups throughout the English-speaking world, but only in Alberta did a party dedicated to implementing them win office. John Irving, with an impressive grasp of the facts, sets out to be an impartial recording angel of what happened and why. He naturally concentrates on the social situation in Alberta during the early thirties: a frontier community of scattered farmers and towns-

men, singularly harassed by the depression, laden with debt, bewildered by the complexity of the economic forces which battered them, and hungry for a prescription that would reduce the confused state of affairs to order. To their aid came a remarkable man, William Aberhart, endowed with a genius for organization and evangelism. In 1932 he joined his preaching of fundamentalist religion, congenial to a pioneer people, to a monetary doctrine and expounded both with the same masterly arts of popular persuasion and the same apparent sense of a divine mission. Thus, as the author illustrates, Aberhart did something in Canada never accomplished before: he transformed a religious crusade into the most powerful political machine that ever operated in any province. The story of this remarkable achievement reveals much about society on the prairie, the processes of democracy, and the shaky foundations of national solidarity in western Canada when the depression of the thirties struck.

Another book fills in a part of the background to the story of social credit: *The Liberal Party in Alberta: A History of Politics in the Province of Alberta*, by L. G. Thomas (University of Toronto Press, pp. xii, 230, $5.50). It describes how the Liberal party ruled in Alberta for sixteen years. To read this volume after John Irving's is an anticlimax, although not through the author's fault. His study reflects careful research and competent writing, but the early Liberal politics of Alberta consisted, not of the sensational manœuvres of an Aberhart, but of the rather conventional and prosaic actions prevalent in the western provinces in the raw period of settlement. Politics was then railways and railways were politics. A political machine was candidly run by the art of the handout in jobs and contracts. An invaluable Department of Public Works and a faulty electoral system helped to retain a party in power. The mere fact of being in office provided the abundant means of remaining there. At elections simple and effective ways of dealing with the Opposition existed. In the first provincial election of 1905 the Liberals reduced the electoral issue to the single question of the alleged subservience of the Conservative leader and his party to the Canadian Pacific Railway. "Most of the people of Alberta," writes Mr. Thomas, "could find some reason for disliking the great corporation. Those remote from its services resented that remoteness as unfair discrimination against their part of the province. Those who lived near its lines found its freight rates too high, its compensation for stock killed on its tracks too low, its officials too brusque, or its services too infrequent. The Canadian Pacific, in the age of trust-busting and muck-

raking, could not expect to be popular in the agrarian west." Needless to add the Liberals triumphed, and likewise triumphed in the next election with precisely the same allegations.

This study demonstrates the difficulty of getting within Alberta a vigorous two-party alignment like that of Ontario. In the first election the Liberals won 23 of the 25 seats, and were equally successful in 1909. Not until 1913 was a strong Conservative contingent introduced to the chamber, but the Conservative leader was then reluctant to intrude traditional party divisions into the provincial arena. "What we need," he said, "is an honest business administration." Organized groups, divorced from the parties and alleged to be morally superior to them, arose. Thus the United Farmers of Alberta became a force behind the Liberals long before they defeated them in 1921. They had derided party politics as evil, and in turn were replaced by the Social Crediters who expressed a similar derision. Traditional parliamentary government can hardly flourish in this intellectual climate.

No major work on law and the constitution appeared in 1959, but two distinguished essays by scholars of mature insight were published: *Civil Liberties and Canadian Federalism*, by F. R. Scott (University of Toronto Press in co-operation with Carleton University, pp. iv, 58, $2.00), and *Law and Policy*, by J. A. Corry (Clarke, Irwin, pp. vi, 78, $3.00). F. R. Scott's essay, which originally consisted of the Allan B. Plaunt Memorial Lectures at Carleton University, is a model of lucidity. It is packed with relevant information and reflection. Its author surveys the existing guarantees to civil liberties in Canada, reviews the important judicial decisions of the last decade, and presents the case for a bill of civil liberties firmly entrenched in the constitution and binding upon provincial legislatures as well as the national parliament. He shows that in the past the chief offenders in violating minority and individual rights have been the provinces and the chief protector has been the Supreme Court. A bill of rights of the kind he recommends would add undoubted strength to the hand of the Court.

J. A. Corry's *Law and Policy*, which also originally consisted of lectures, is equally liberal and reflective, but less specific and concrete. Its main idea is that owing to the speed of modern economic and social change a sedulous effort must be made to keep law in intimate touch with the actual realities of the community. The lawyer and judge must be vigilant, not to interpret justice in terms of a society that is vanishing, but in terms of a

society painfully coming to birth. Law and social change always interact; but the interaction will be more fruitful if lawyers recognize clearly what is happening and why.

Most of the important books in the present year deal with phases of political development and thought and the related rôle of individuals. *Canada in the World Economy*, by John A. Stovel (Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], pp. xiv, 364, charts, $9.75) is a technical monograph in economics, and in view of its technicality is not likely to attract many readers from the field of business or from the general public. The author painstakingly examines the changes in the country's balance of payments and balance of trade from 1867 to 1957, with particular emphasis on the periods 1900–1913 and the interwar years. The economic theorist will probably find of most interest the detailed criticism of a famous work, Professor Jacob Viner's *Canada's Balance of International Indebtedness, 1900–1913*, published thirty-five years earlier. The author takes issue with Viner on some basic points and submits his own eclectic interpretation of Canadian development under the influence of Keynes and other modern theorists.

Similarly specialized is a monograph in historical geography, *Three Centuries and the Island*, by Andrew Hill Clark (University of Toronto Press, pp. xiv, 287, $10.00). With copious detail it traces the process of settlement in Prince Edward Island: the origin of the settlers, what they brought with them, and what effects they had on the country and the country on them. We have here a mass of data concerning the agricultural life on the island, marshalled in paragraphs, tables, 155 maps, and a profusion of footnotes. One can well accept the author's prefatory remark that "all known relevant information has been utilized." Although, for the interested, it contains invaluable details, the volume as a whole is not easy to read. There is in most chapters a maximum of facts per page with a minimum of generalization. Until the concluding chapter the reader may often wonder whether this vast factual accumulation can have any totality of meaning. But the last eighteen pages do much to provide a portrait of the whole on the basis of the numerous segments; they illustrate the distinct character of the island in the maritime region of Canada.

Two stout volumes of historical documents of somewhat narrow scope appeared: *The Arthur Papers*, vol. III, edited by the late C. R. Sanderson (Toronto Public Libraries and University of Toronto Press, pp. viii, 603, $10.00), and *Kingston Before the War of 1812*, edited with an introduction

by Richard A. Preston (Champlain Society for the Government of Ontario, "Ontario Series" no. 3; University of Toronto Press, pp. cxvi, 428, $5.00). The third volume of *The Arthur Papers* is perhaps less interesting than either of its predecessors, partly because the letters included have little fresh light to throw on Sir George Arthur's own ideas on the colony and its problems. The contents deal with the years from April 1840 to June 1850, and most of the papers were written in the first two years of this period. There are, of course, some comments of interest on leading historical personages and on the overruling issue of responsible government. An excellent index provides a ready access to what is important.

Praise for the volumes of the Champlain Society has become a somewhat hackneyed custom, and is warranted in reference to the present volume, the third in the series on Ontario's history, jointly sponsored by the Government of Ontario and the Society. Within the prescribed period Kingston had a major importance for Upper Canada as its leading urban centre and connecting link in the lines of communication with Lower Canada. Most of the documents are published for the first time, and to all Mr. Preston provides a detailed guide in an introduction of almost eighty pages. These documents open windows on many pioneer landscapes: the deserted fort at the end of the Seven Years' War, the coming of needy Loyalists at the conclusion of the American Revolution, the emergence of Kingston as the commercial metropolis of Upper Canada, the aridity of garrison life on the frontier, and the intense rivalry of religious groups for an influence that was not always spiritual. Admittedly many of the documents deal only with trivia, but all have a place in providing a picture of the society.

Six books appeared on Canadian external relations, and a seventh may be grouped with them, since it is from the pen of a former Minister of External Affairs. The last mentioned may be noted first. *Diplomacy in the Nuclear Age*, by Lester B. Pearson (S. J. Reginald Saunders, pp. x, 114, $3.00), consists of four lectures delivered at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, and included with them is Mr. Pearson's address in Oslo on his receiving the Nobel Peace Prize. The spring-board for discussion in this little book is the manner whereby the release of atomic energy has profoundly affected foreign policy and indirectly its execution, which is the substance of diplomacy. To this major point are related two others: the acceleration in human communications, and the revolution in political society in many parts of the world. These factors have greatly altered and

complicated the conditions under which the diplomat works, restricted his independence, and diminished his influence. The implications of the situation are briefly examined. Some of the reflections are reminiscent of those in the author's earlier *Democracy in World Politics*, but the argument here is tighter, more pungent, and more telling. Shrewd comments are offered on how NATO might be rendered more effective by making it more supra-national, on the new rôle of the scientist in advising the diplomat, on the perils of excessive publicity in international negotiation, on the Soviet technique in diplomacy, and on the diverse forces which operate in the working of the United Nations.

The Atlantic Triangle and the Cold War, by Edgar McInnis (University of Toronto Press under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, pp. x, 163, $4.50), examines the close understanding between Britain, the United States, and Canada in the era of the cold war. Viewing the three countries as "the fundamental bone structure of the western alliance and the western community," its author discusses, not merely the factors which reinforce their alliance, but those which may often create misunderstandings. These countries with their long traditions in common are now more than ever before pulled together by a common danger. But each also has peculiar individual interests that sometimes generate sharp divergences between them. How to achieve the maximum accord in pursuing the common interest with the minimum discord in pursuing their individual interests is the central issue for the whole alliance, and here it is lucidly explored.

The Atlantic Community, by George Catlin (Macmillan, pp. vi, 146, $2.50), is broadly on the same theme, but different in aim and performance. Edgar McInnis is analytical and expository, and primarily concerned to explain an existing alliance, its weakness and its strength. George Catlin with a pertinacity of faith returns to the case that he has stoutly argued in one form or another for two decades, the "irreversible interdependence and organic union" of the countries in the Atlantic community. Except for an introduction of 28 pages, the book consists of reprints with appropriate notes of papers previously published. The author is confident that what he said seventeen years before is now many times reinforced in spiritual, cultural, military, and economic terms. This may be so, but if a cogent case exists for organic union of the kind he favours, it surely needs to be illustrated afresh with reference to the facts of a changing world.

The American Economic Impact on Canada, by Hugh G. J. Aitken, John J.

Deutsch *et al.*, Duke University Commonwealth-Studies Center (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press [Toronto: Burns and MacEachern], pp. xviii, 176, $4.50), differs from the two works cited above, but marshalls many facts relevant to their theme. It comprises essays by seven recognized authorities on such matters as the changing structure of the Canadian economy, recent American influences, economic policy from 1945 to 1957, the inflow of investment funds, and the influence of American labour organizations and policies on Canadian labour. All these chapters bring out the profound changes in progress. The Canadian economy began and developed as an outpost of Europe and Britain. In the twentieth century its dependence upon the United States has become increasingly manifest, and never more so than in the years after World War II. This fact has generated many uneasy feelings in a Canadian public anxious about its national identity, and has posed critical problems for the government in Ottawa. The writers here are rarely concerned with prescribing remedies, but their chapters at any rate provide a discerning diagnosis.

The political as well as the economic relations of Canada with the United States and other countries during a critical period are traced in three volumes, prepared under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs: *Canada in World Affairs: From UN to NATO, 1946–1949*, by Robert A. Spencer (Oxford, pp. xii, 447, $5.00); *Canada in World Affairs, 1953 to 1955*, by Donald C. Masters (Oxford, pp. viii, 223, $3.50); *Canada in World Affairs: October 1955 to June 1957*, by James Eayrs (Oxford, pp. x, 291, $4.00). These are companions in a series, but, apart from conforming with the common aim of examining the course of development, each attains a character of its own, not merely from the different authorship, but from the different course and magnitude of events. The first, by Robert Spencer, probably deals with the most formative period, when the United Nations was coping with the numerous ills of infancy, Europe was undergoing the pains of reconstruction, and the Stalinite régime was pursuing threatening policies that drove the Atlantic powers into a new security system in their common defence. In this period, as in subsequent years, Canada had to adjust itself to the fresh relations with a world vastly different from that before 1939. All three volumes help to document the major influences on Canada's external relations since 1945: the quickened interest of the country in international politics as a consequence of the cold war, the coming of the nuclear age, and the close American embrace in both economics and politics, which has bred uneasiness among Canadians.

Historians in dealing with contemporary foreign policies confront obvious pitfalls and dangerous slopes. A parliamentary speech or a published document is likely to convey only part of the truth, and even may be designed to hide the truth. The press exerts an inescapable influence on the judgment of any student of the current scene, and yet its influence may often mislead. The authors of these volumes were conscious of the handicaps under which they laboured. Mr. Spencer wistfully refers to the pronounced contrast between working in the sources of this period and working in those of the nineteenth century, where abundant private correspondence is usually at hand to test the assertions of official despatches. In contemporary history the writer must largely depend upon the information which the government thinks it expedient to disclose. Yet despite all this, books like the present surveys amply justify their existence. They provide for readers today an invaluable interpretation of Canada's external policy and relations, and tabulate the basic economic and political facts necessary for public enlightenment.

To this section may appropriately be added a brief comment on a volume unlike all the others, *Speaking of Canada*, by Vincent Massey (Macmillan, pp. xii, 244, $5.00). Most of the addresses which comprise it are not nominally on social studies. They range indeed as widely as the character of the audiences before whom they were delivered, from "Canadian Clubs and Their Functions" to "Ugliness is Not Necessary," or "Modern Medicine." With such miscellaneous fare it would be unseemly to bemoan the absence of that unity we usually demand in a book. But actually a reader soon becomes aware of a genuine unity rooted in two features of these addresses: the distinctive attitude of mind in the author and the fact that he is dealing with matters of consequence for all Canadians. First of all he takes the subject, whatever it may be, seriously enough to reflect on it. Consequently each brief address contains one or two urbane thoughts, expressed often with gentle wit and always with a chaste and persuasive simplicity, about an aspect of Canadian life. The cumulative effect of these addresses is to build up an impression of Vincent Massey's image of his nation as it is and especially as it might become. For him Canada still remains an idea to be expressed and an ideal to be realized. Hence he is naturally most at home when discoursing on education, for in it he sees the instrument to mould Canada into a more attractive and enduring image. To him the most lofty ideal is that of the humanist pursuing, as he puts it, "knowledge and understanding of human nature and of human destiny in the light of human experience."

In this short book are reflections on things Canadian that no professional student of society or anyone else can wisely neglect.

The growing interest of Canadians in the external world is expressed not merely in the actions of governments in Ottawa, but in the larger number of Canadians who travel abroad and write of other lands. Some of their books appear in the present year. An admirable example is *Nehru: A Political Biography* by Michael Brecher of McGill University (Oxford, pp. xvi, 682, $8.95). This work is planned on generous dimensions and written in vigorous prose. It portrays not merely Nehru the man and his arts of leadership, but also the major forces and ideas that shape the life of modern India. The author uses Nehru as "the binding thread in an account of recent Indian history and politics." He admits the difficulty of writing a satisfactory life of a living statesman, but he has concentrated on exploiting fully such advantages as exist in doing so, especially the opportunity to talk informally with men who have lived through the events analysed. Mr. Brecher's analysis of the contemporary nature of Indian politics is shrewd and informed. He does not ignore the manifest weaknesses—the excessive dependence on Nehru for important decisions, the fumbling way in which some social problems are attacked, and the dwindling vitality of the Congress party. But Nehru the man, even in his mistakes, always looms large.

Two correspondents and a scientist write books about China. *The Yellow Wind*, by William Stevenson (London: Cassell [Toronto: British Book Service], pp. xii, 374, illus., $7.00), covers the widest territory—from the border regions of Burma, Nepal, and Tibet across the countryside to Peking and Shanghai—with historical background here and there and an incisive description of the political climate in Formosa. The device of making other newspaper writers from Russia and Eastern Europe characters in his narrative helps Stevenson convey subtleties in viewpoint and suggest the complexity of Soviet-Chinese relations. His emphasis is on particulars—the book is a snowstrom of impressions and anecdotes—and on the zigzag course, the two steps forward one step back, of Chinese communism. Impatient with Western prejudices and diffident about making judgments, Stevenson advances no central thesis, but rather heaps up enough evidence of living realities to discourage any glib summary answers.

Impatient Giant: Red China Today, by Gerald Clark (New York: David MacKay [Toronto: Musson], pp. xii, 212, $4.50), is a simpler book,

partly because it is tightly organized by topics, partly because it is clearly aimed at a columnist's public, and partly because the author spent a year in China as against Stevenson's ten. Hence he overemphasizes a temporary fact like the blast furnaces in every back yard. Stevenson is still interested in folk medicine even after a potion of snake bile has made him sick for a week, whereas Clark interviews hospital men and finds the revival of ancient practices unscientific, regressive, and patently political. Both these correspondents urge closer, if watchful, relations with Asia's communist power.

By contrast with these writers, J. Tuzo Wilson, a professor of geophysics who returned from the International Geophysical Year meetings in Moscow via the East, is free from the journalist's constraining obligations. His account of a month in China, *One Chinese Moon* (Longmans, Green, pp. xiv, 274, illus., $5.50), is "based upon diaries kept for my own satisfaction, weighted with my own interests." He approaches Chinese fellow scientists with a resolute will to friendliness, enjoys Chinese cooking, interprets as fairly as possible any difficulties; in short he insists on being an individual—not a spokesman or a fact-finder, or a missionary, or even an unbiased observer. He can joke about the "so-called fellow-travellers" on the Moscow-Peking railroad, and stoutly insist on the West's genuine virtues in conversation with his interpreter-guide, although he is also free to side with the Chinese when some English commercial travellers behave absurdly. His attitude meets a courteous response. His final pages make explicit the underlying convictions that enliven the whole book and give it force. All three writers urge the recognition of China and see the immediacy of challenge in Mao's new communism. But where the others seem despondent about what can be expected from governments and peoples, Wilson speaks vigorously for sanity and a new outlook as our only hope.

Incas and Other Men: Travels in the Andes, by George Woodcock (London: Faber & Faber [Toronto: British Book Service], pp. 268, illus., $5.75), is an unusual book by an unusual professor. Few Canadian academics are polymaths capable of tossing off several arresting biographies of anarchists, a brace of literary studies, a few volumes of verse, the odd anthology, and two or three travel books. Such an unorthodox person might be expected to be an unorthodox traveller. The charm of this account of a visit to Peru lies in its unlikeness to the usual guide book. In the first place, the author and his wife (having got to Lima by plane)

decided to travel by the means used by ordinary Peruvians. To the luxury hotels, guided tours, and organized activities beloved by the travel agency, they preferred informal observation of the country and its people. On foot, in packed buses, and in local trains, they watched the Peruvian scene, wherein the first interest of novelty changed gradually into the pleasure of familiarity.

A venturesome reader will undoubtedly yearn to follow in Professor Woodcock's footsteps, to see for himself this exotic land of great Inca remains reminiscent of Agamemnon's palace at Mycenae, of pack trains of llamas, and of flocks of snowy herons. He must, however, be prepared to take in his stride dirt, smells, poisonous snakes, and the practical discomforts apt to be the price of local colour. Above all he must be a hardened early riser, since trains in Peru, as in Sicily and Greece, apparently all start at dawn. In his fascinating study the author paints a perceptive picture of the old and the new, of ancient remains and contemporary dictators, of a rugged land and a friendly and likable people.

SOCIAL STUDIES: II / *J. M. S. Careless*

This section is stronger in biographical and weaker in regional writing than in previous years. Only a scattered number of books concern themselves with the various regions of Canada, though last year's opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway is duly celebrated. But there is a wide choice of biographies, autobiographies, reminiscences, and memoirs: some quite good, a few significant. One that is significant is *Friends: Sixty Years of Intimate Personal Relations with Richard Bedford Bennett* (London and Toronto: Heinemann, pp. x, 137, illus., $2.50), by Lord Beaverbrook. It is short, general, and often vague or incomplete; but because there is so little written on Bennett's life, and above all by anyone who knew him as closely and sympathetically as did Beaverbrook, it is of special value. It is full of revealing insights, of tantalizing extracts from personal letters, and filled as well with the frustrated hopes of two New Brunswick empire loyalists, who saw their imperial visions fade in the heedless politics of Canada and Britain between the wars. The most remarkable feature of the book, however, is the sharply unflattering picture it conveys of Bennett: and this by a friend. He appears invincibly narrow, pompous, conceited,

self-righteous, and self-seeking—in fact, everything his enemies said he was. Perhaps this proves it. But one is disposed to conclude with some such apothegm as "love is blind," or else, "save me from the candid friend."

Another valuable study is *Ask No Quarter* (Longmans, Green, pp. 311, $4.50), by Margaret Stewart and Doris French. This is a biography of Agnes Macphail, Canada's first woman M.P. (and a great deal more, besides, than this mere sexual statistic). She was not only a pioneer, tracing out a pioneer's hard path for other women to follow her in public life (few have), but a highly capable independent member, a determined social reformer who particularly left her mark in the field of penal reform. This volume, then, recounts a significant Canadian career with warmth, clarity, and understanding throughout. In the process it effectively depicts Agnes Macphail's Grey County background in the U.F.O., her contacts with political figures as varied as Woodsworth, King, and Drew, and always expresses the joy in life and people that made the buoyant, friendly Agnes so different from the spinster school-marm her opponents sought to portray. Yet the study would have been far more valuable had it been documented in some degree. As it is, this is a popular, readable account of a woman who deserves to be well remembered; nevertheless, it somewhat lacks in depth, and more remains to be done.

Ralph Curry's *Stephen Leacock: Humorist and Humanist* (Doubleday, pp. 383, $4.95) is a conscientiously documented biography, written from the basis of widespread scholarly research. To say that the author, director of the Leacock Memorial Home in Orillia, is an American professor of English not only comments on the character of the work, but also on the Canadian scholarship which never quite got around to it—there being, of course, so many other Canadian literary figures of international reputation to contend with. Under the circumstances it may almost seem national pique not to praise the book strongly. It is certainly a lucid, pleasantly written record of Leacock's life, surely as authoritative as can be; it properly sees him as humanist as well as humorist, as a distinguished teacher and scholar. Mr. Curry critically surveys his writings and sets the works and the man informatively in the times. Yet often his volume reads rather like a superior revision of a Ph.D. thesis: superior, indeed, but the sober stamp of the doctoral dissertation seems still upon it. And if it were too much to ask that the biographer of Leacock be a humorist (or would that be a disastrous clash?), it is possibly not too much to look for more of the deftness and the lightness of touch that was Leacock in his biography. As

it is, the brightest parts of the work—extracts from Leacock—contrast a bit frivolously with the general tone. One wonders what Stephen Leacock himself would have said, though he might have been kindly appreciative of a substantial achievement in placing a good deal plainly on the record.

Flame of Power (Longmans, Green, pp. 264, $4.95), by Peter C. Newman, briefly sketches the lives of eleven of Canada's most powerful business men, past and present, from Lord Strathcona of the C.P.R. to E. P. Taylor of Argus Corporation. This is a fascinating venture into little-explored territory, the last northern ranges of tycoon ruggedamericensis. The author, while by no means uncritical, sets a high store on the rôle of the great individualist-entrepreneur; and though he deems E. P. Taylor perhaps the last of his type, he envisages younger successors opening new frontiers in "the super-competitive environment of the evolving Canadian corporation." Be that as it may, Mr. Newman sees the men he describes as lit by a common "flame of power," a ceaseless quest for business greatness under a system of free enterprise. The aptness of his figure comes out in all his studies. They are not necessarily deep or profound, nor would they pretend to be. They probably contain no more material than should be available to a good newspaperman; but they are admirably perceptive and full of colourful detail. As tentative essays into the social and psychological history of Canadian business, they make a stimulating collection.

Unexpectedly interesting to this reviewer is *Small Patients* (Longmans, Green, pp. 317, $4.95), by Dr. Alton Goldbloom. This "autobiography of a children's doctor," who became a leader in developing the field of paediatrics and professor of that subject at McGill, might have been a long chronicle of cases or a collection of medical anecdotes, as doctors' reminiscences have been before. Instead it is the thoughtful comment of a cultivated and judicious mind upon a broad variety of human experience. Childhood in Montreal at the close of the last century as the son of Lithuanian Jewish immigrants, a strange, brief return to Lithuania in boyhood, youthful years of trying out a stage career—these are but some of the experiences to be found interwoven with the central theme of learning and achievement in the medical profession. The total result is a humane, reflective book on ideas and individuals encountered in a span of sixty-eight years which makes one feel that Dr. Goldbloom must be not only a distinguished physician and teacher, but also an attractive man to know.

Leslie Howard's daughter, Leslie Ruth Howard, has written a biography of the noted stage and screen actor under the apt title *A Quite Remarkable Father* (New York: Harcourt, Brace [Toronto: Longmans, Green], pp. x, 307, illus., $5.50). The words seem effectively chosen. Leslie Howard was above all bound up in his family: lovingly indulgent to his daughter to the point of utter indiscipline (in her now mature judgment) always dependent on his wife's affectionate strength even when he seemed most to go his own way, and happiest in their presence, and his son's, whether in Hollywood or their cherished English country home of Stowe Maries. He suffered from hypochondria, lack of energy, and frequent dislike of his profession. His weaknesses are obvious in this book; yet, they are presented with much love and understanding, and with full appreciation of his abilities, charm, and easy-going kindliness. He appears as a brilliantly skilful actor who despised theatrical falsities, a man of deep sensitivity, sincerity, and strong belief in justice. He was devoted to his native England; his devotion took him home from Hollywood on the outbreak of war and eventually to his death in 1943 in an aircraft en route from Lisbon shot down by German fighters. Miss Howard, now Mrs. Dale-Harris of Toronto, has narrated his life in full, giving extracts from his writings, describing all his work in plays and films. But her story of Howard the actor is less interesting and important than her characterization of the man and father. If in the telling of the story her style at times grows a little artificial, especially in its third-person references to herself, it seems a polished performance throughout—and satisfying always in its grateful testament to this quite remarkable father.

Days of Living (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 145, $4.00), edited by Joseph Pollick, is the journal of Martin Roher, a young Canadian who died in 1954 after a gallant ten years' struggle against nephritis, contracted during wartime commando training. This could have been a morbid book, the inevitably self-centred meditations of a man ten years in and out of bed, doomed with a fatal disease. It is not. It is courageous and zestful, concerned with life while accepting the presence of death. "All people have, in life itself," he wrote, "a disease from which they will not recover." Martin Roher wanted to be a writer: his journal shows that he might have become a good one; yet, its nature is so special that it is hard to judge how good indeed he might have been, had there been the time. It is highly self-conscious in its meditation—which may be both an uncharitable and an unsurprising judgment, but it does seem necessary to avoid the over-

praise that might come so readily under the circumstances. Still, there are flashes of sharply evocative description which make the journal, moving in its own right, a foreshadowing of attainments never to be realized.

Wholly different is *The Silver Dart: The Authentic Story of the Hon. J. A. D. McCurdy* (Fredericton: Brunswick Press, pp. xvi, 208, illus., $4.95), by H. Gordon Green, an anything but introspective biography of "Canada's first pilot," who in 1909 at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, made the first flight in the British Empire in the *Silver Dart*. It is a smooth-flowing, clear-cut narrative of McCurdy's all-too-neglected rôle in the beginnings of aviation in North America, and of the work of the Aerial Experiment Association with which he was connected, which was built around the celebrated figure of Alexander Graham Bell. After the pioneering enterprise of the Association, McCurdy's first flight to Havana from Florida, and his other early "birdman" feats, the book rather tails off; though there is a good chapter on his school for the training of military aviators in Canada that operated on the shores of Lake Ontario in the early years of World War I. His later years, during which he became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, receive only summary attention. The book, however, is primarily designed to comemmorate the fiftieth anniversary of flight in Canada. This it does well for the general reader, recounting the beginnings in brisk, readable style.

The next work concerns another Nova Scotian of an earlier age. *The Diary of Simeon Perkins, 1780–1789* (Champlain Society, pp. lviii, 531, xvi map), edited by D. C. Harvey with notes by C. B. Fergusson, is the second of two volumes produced under the auspices of the Champlain Society in a series that will require four in all to publish the complete diary of this prominent Liverpool merchant. The merits of the present volume have previously been displayed in its predecessor. Impeccably produced, with a useful introduction and thorough notes, it offers a great many sidelights on the economic, social, and religious history of Nova Scotia during the American Revolution. For, as Dr. Harvey well says in the Introduction, "this is no ordinary diary concerned with personal affairs and private business alone; but rather a sort of unofficial journal or unpublished newspaper, which reflects through the eyes of one man the ways of life and the vicissitudes of an entire community, and its contacts with the wider world beyond the horizon." Peaceful trading, the alarms and excursions of wartime privateering, the religious upsurges of Methodists and New Lights, and always the weather—these are among the major

topics of the diary. Only the weather fails to interest: that subject which forever seems so lively in the present and could hardly seem duller in the past.

Here, while still down by the Atlantic, we may turn to a regional book by Will Bird, *These are the Maritimes* (Ryerson, pp. x, 333, $4.50). The publishers claim this to be "a different sort of travel book," wherein the author motors through the country, describing the setting along the way and relating the stories he picks up. There is nothing new about the type, however. In fact, Mr. Bird did the very same sort of thing in his *Off Trail in Nova Scotia* of four years ago, and in *This is Nova Scotia* of 1950. He even tells more bear stories. Nonetheless, he handles this as capably as his earlier volumes, in displaying all three Maritime provinces in a rich multiplicity of scenes and anecdotes. Furthermore, in thus broadening out his love for Nova Scotia, Mr. Bird becomes an ideal interpreter of a variegated land of coasts and valleys, timeless forests and time-old villages.

In the Days of the Windjammers (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 176, illus., $4.50), by John Congdon Crowe, belongs to the Maritime region only in the sense that the seagoing family it describes sprang from Nova Scotia. Otherwise, it ranges around the world with the four-masted barque *Sementha*, from Kobe and Cape Horn to Cardiff and back again. The author spent seven years of his boyhood aboard this, his father's, ship in days before the turn of the century when the captain's family still went with him to sea. His memories are a record of the closing days of sail and of a life that has disappeared. Accordingly, although his book is rather prosaically written, the well-remembered domestic detail it portrays against a background of windjammer voyages gives it a certain appeal of its own.

Ships of the present day that ply the St. Lawrence route are dealt with in *Ships and the Seaway* (Dent, pp. x, 115, illus., $3.95), by F. J. Bullock. It comprises a description of the route itself and of the sea-going vessels of different lines that use it—a handbook, in short, for both the ship hobbyist and the dockside visitor, but an excellent one, concise yet accurately detailed in its exposition, and profusely illustrated. A more important work is the *St. Lawrence Seaway* (Macmillan, pp. x, 174, illus., maps, $3.50), by Lionel Chevrier, president of the Seaway Authority during much of the construction, from 1954 to 1957. This is a history of the building of the great project, from early difficulties to final realization, and it is presented by one of its chief proponents, one closely associated with its achievement, who knew it intimately. To be precise, the book

consists more of personal memoirs than formal history: there are anecdotes rather than exact details, subjective impressions rather than documents. Still, it is graphic and informative, and at times remarkably revealing—as when President Eisenhower, overcome by a sudden rush of goodneighbourhood, remarked that the separation of Canada and the United States seemed "ridiculous" and asked a speechless Chevrier if Canada would not "be better off as the 49th state?"

Another significant book of the year deals with the river itself, *The St Lawrence*, by William Toye (Oxford, pp. 297, illus., $4.50). Both the author and his publisher are to be congratulated on producing such a handsomely mounted book. It covers the history of that river from the Ice Age to the opening of the Seaway. Consequently, it first deals with the creation of the river, the Indian tribes which lived about it, and the early French settlements which were made beside it. It then continues with chapters on the Seven Years War, the American Revolution, and the early Loyalist settlements which followed the dissolution of the First British Empire. Finally, it concludes with sections on the War of 1812, the Rebellion of 1837, the economic developments connected with the river during the nineteenth century and the negotiations which culminated in the building of the Seaway. Given the enormous scope of the volume it is little wonder that the treatment of these topics is frequently superficial; unhappily, however, it is sometimes inaccurate and unbalanced. But the value of the book lies not so much in its history, but rather in its selection of line drawings, paintings, engravings, and photographs. Some of the last were done by Notman and all of them are both handsome and illuminating. For those who wish a visual as well as a popularly written account of the St. Lawrence this volume will provide much pleasure and some instruction. (PATRICK C. T. WHITE)

In Ontario proper, some of the earliest history of the region is re-examined in E. C. Drury's *All for a Beaver Hat: A History of Early Simcoe County* (Ryerson, pp. xvi, 160, $3.50), the story of Huronia, its native people, their contact with the French, and their destruction at the hands of the Iroquois. Apparently this began as part of a full-fledged history of Simcoe by the Grand Old Man of that county, but Mr. Drury became so interested in the Huron epic that he devoted a short book to that theme instead. As it is, it is a markedly good short treatment of Huronia, showing full awareness and appreciation of modern anthropological teachings, utilizing the old information supplied by Champlain, Sagard,

and Parkman in a fresh and vivid way. It is not a work of original scholarship, of course, and it relies much on Parkman, to judge by not too varied citations. Nevertheless, it is a lucid and convenient summary, strong in its conclusions. They lay the chief blame for the destruction of Huronia on the dominant French business interests that could not afford to have Hurons and Iroquois settle down in peace. It is interesting to see the spirit of the erstwhile leader of the United Farmers of Ontario still shine through, as the author damns these business interests as "myopic as always," and a business man's government as the most dangerous of all, short of dictatorship.

The story of settlement in Ontario is served by the republication of Susanna Moodie's *Life in the Clearings* (Macmillan, pp. xxxvi, 298, $5.00), edited by R. L. McDougall. This is another in the eminently worthy Pioneer Book series that makes significant, out-of-print pieces of Canadiana readily available once more. It is, indeed, the first Canadian edition of *Life in the Clearings*. Previously there have been only the original English edition of 1853 and two American of 1854 and 1887. It is useful to have this volume brought to hand again, especially in view of Susanna Moodie's better known *Roughing it in the Bush*. For this is a complement and contrast to that study: life in the country that emerged as the frontiers were pushed back further and further—a far more social and agreeable existence than that of the backwoods. It is, accordingly, a far more cheerful book, one written in the settled and more secure era that succeeded Mrs. Moodie's initial experiences in the wilds. It is well to recall that she wrote this also, just as it is to set her two pictures of Upper Canadian settlement side by side. And in this respect Professor McDougall's introduction is of particular value in assisting one to place Mrs. Moodie and her works in proper context.

West of Ontario there is nothing on the prairies, or on the Pacific West, only a volume of "reminiscences of the Rockies," *I Would Do It Again* (Ryerson, pp. xii, 204, illus., $4.95), by Robert E. Campbell. It tells of the author's experiences as a different kind of pioneer: a pioneer tourist guide conducting parties through the mountains around Banff and Field in the period before World War I. Simply written, with a touch of humour, it makes enjoyable if ephemeral reading on the more rugged brand of tourism that functioned out of Banff in times before the coming of the Brewster buses.

Several other books turn their gaze northwestward, for example, *Air-*

borne from Edmonton (Ryerson, pp. xii, 280, illus., $5.00), by Eugenie Myles. This is an account of how Edmonton became "the Plymouth of a new air age" in the years since World War I, as airmen like Punch Dickins and Wop May thrust out on successive ventures of discovery and commerce until the Canadian northland was bound up in a complex transport system. The theme is broad and engrossing: the growth of Edmonton's control over the Northwest by air. It is presented, however, in a *cliché*-ridden style that lessens its attractiveness. ("Surprising all the headshakers came presently the glad news from Nome. Out of the mist and fog that hung low over that city roared the brave ship.") It is full of a contrived kind of dialogue, possibly based upon old newspaper reports, that in any case comes frequently under the heading of things which we doubt were said.

Another book on the same general area is *The Canadian North-west: Its Potentialities* (University of Toronto Press, pp. viii, 104, maps, $4.00), edited by F. H. Underhill. It is a valuable collection of papers presented at the Royal Society's meetings in Edmonton in June 1958, the work of scholars and government experts in different aspects of this enormous field of study. It would be hard to make comparisons in brief compass, or to single out merits in a variety that includes "An Engineering Assessment" by Robert F. Legget of the National Research Council, "Biological Potentialities" by D. S. Rawson of the University of Saskatchewan, and "A Prelude to Self-Government" by M. Zaslow of the University of Toronto. The best one can do here is to echo the editor's own estimate: "a collection of papers which are illuminating and authoritative, sobering in their realism, and at the same time inspiring in the vision which they give of a possible future."

Still to the north, we come to Farley Mowat's *The Desperate People* (Little, Brown, pp. xiv, 305, illus., $5.00), the bitter story of the near-extinction of a once populous Eskimo tribe, the Ihalmiut—inland hunters of caribou—through disease, starvation, and, above all, the white man's indifference and neglect. This is a sequel to the author's *People of the Deer* (1952) which described the two years he spent among the Ihalmiut. The present book springs from his return to visit them in 1958, when they had been reduced to an apathetic handful. But it is more than a sequel: it is a history of the black tragedy of this people, from a brighter distant past down to a present that at last shows hope for the few that still survive. Beyond this, it is an angry indictment of callous official policy

and unmindful administration. If this record is correct, the Canadian government and people have a grave crime on their conscience demanding full public investigation. In any event, this is a work written with all of Mr. Mowat's skill and emotion, dramatic and intense throughout.

One of the year's best in this category is *The Ice Was All Between* (Longmans, Green, pp. xxiv, 216, illus., $4.50), by T. A. Irvine. The subject has epic proportions: the navigation of the tortuous and perilous Northwest Passage by the icebreaker H.M.C.S. *Labrador* in 1954, a feat that brings to mind not only the past triumphs and tragedies of polar voyages but Canada's present efforts to substantiate her claims in the far Arctic. The narration is vigorous and vivid; the author, who was an officer on the *Labrador*, can write convincingly of the sea and sailors without any excessive saltiness. The book itself is handsomely designed, produced, and illustrated—altogether one of the most satisfying accomplishments of the year.

A few miscellaneous selections remain. *I Was No Lady* (Ryerson, pp. xvi, 212, illus., $4.95), by Jean Godsell, comprises the author's reminiscences of her life as a fur trader's wife in the "old North" of the Mackenzie basin in the 1920's. Lively and breezy, it is no less gossipy and concerned with petty rows in little northern communities: a book of only passing interest. Clayton Gray's *Conspiracy in Canada* (Montreal: the author, 1495 Ste. Croix, pp. 145, illus., $3.00) describes activities of Southern agents in Canada at the time of the American Civil War, from the St. Alban's Raid to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It is very short, however, written in a rather episodic and even abrupt journalistic fashion, and does not make too coherent a story of the documentary record. It might have been better to have gone further outside Montreal, to note, for instance, the doings of agents elsewhere on the Canadian front, or back alley. Perhaps this present pamphlet may lead its author to a fuller treatment. *The Queen's Plate* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xxiv, 168, $7.50) by Trent Frayne is a lavishly illustrated and costly chronicle of the Canadian racing classic year by year, issued to celebrate its first century of existence. It may do very well for those interested in the fact that horses run at different speeds. This non-devotee was only led to wonder how many of the right people who would apparently pay $7.50 for this showpiece of Canadiana would purchase some of our other, less distinguished literary effusions.

Canada and the Atomic Revolution (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xxii, 199, illus., $7.50) is the latest of D. M. LeBourdais' optimistic productions assuring us once more that the twentieth century will yet belong to Canada. It is, of course, unfortunate that one now reads it after the Elliot Lake uranium mining debacle—evidence, in part, of just how expensive optimism in Canada can be. Nevertheless, this is a worthwhile volume, based as usual on a broad foundation of fact. Though not exciting in its presentation, it is notably informative: a detailed guide to the uranium mining industry in Canada, together with a history of its brief but remarkable growth and an outline of the development of atomic energy itself. And while noting Mr. LeBourdais' ever-present gospel of the Canadian mission through mines, one should hesitate to dismiss as mere sermonizing his emphasis on Canada's hopeful rôle in a peaceful atomic world revolution. If it comes to that, what else hopeful is there about atomic potency for Canada?

Two books present the Canadian scene from coast to coast. *Colourful Canada* (Norwich: Jarrold and Sons [Toronto: British Book Service], unpaged, illus., $4.50) does so in pictures: sumptuous, admirably selected colour photographs, with a short accompanying commentary by Kenneth Wells. Seldom has the country been more glowingly portrayed by the colour camera. *The Face of Canada* (Clarke, Irwin, pp. x, 229, illus., $4.95) does less well. It should have been very good, consisting as it does of a series of descriptive and interpretive essays on Canadian regions by such well-qualified observers as Marjorie Wilkins Campbell on the Prairie Provinces, Gérard Filion on Quebec, Gregory Clark on Ontario, and Roderick Haig-Brown on the Pacific West. Generally, each does a fluent, competent, and comprehensive job (especially C. L. Bennet on Atlantic Canada), and the whole set is presented in a most attractively produced volume. But the net result seems hardly worth the trouble: so much of it seems old hat by now. There have perhaps been too many books on Canada from sea to sea, with no really new interpretations of the country that has sprung up about us in this latest age—prosperous, developed, and self-assured beyond the hopes of the twenties and the despairs of the thirties, virtually indefensible to the north, increasingly subsidiary to the south, more secure and insecure than ever before. If irony is a distinctive characteristic of Canada's existence, it is not much in evidence in this latest glossy comment on the Canadian countenance.

LIVRES EN FRANÇAIS

LA POÉSIE / *Guy Sylvestre*

Il y a cent ans, les écrivains du Canada français avaient sans cesse le mot "national" à la bouche. Tout devait être "national," y compris la littérature qui n'était qu'un outil aux mains des ouvriers sociaux, qu'une arme aux mains des partisans qui voulaient résister à l'influence concurrente de l'occupant et du voisin américain. C'est pourquoi les historiens de la littérature canadienne de langue française ont pu parler de "l'école patriotique de Québec," ou "de 1860," dont cette année marque précisément le centenaire. Or, dans un des nombreux articles qu'il sème à tous vents le jeune et prolifique Guy Robert vient d'écrire: "Il ne s'agit pas de faire une poésie canadienne-française, il s'agit de faire de la poésie . . . . Nous serons à la mesure de notre poésie: mais notre poésie ne doit pas être à la mesure du Canada français, elle doit percuter bien au-delà [*sic*], dans l'humain fondamental et cosmique" (*Revue Dominicaine*, LXV, 284, 289). Nous sommes ici loin de l'abbé Casgrain et de ses amis. Nous pouvons mesurer le chemin parcouru dans l'ordre des idées littéraires depuis un siècle en comparant les vues de ceux qui fréquentaient la librairie Crémazie il y a cent ans à celles qu'on a exprimées et discutées à la dernière rencontre des écrivains canadiens à Saint-Sauveur (voir *Situations*, v. I, no 8). Le langage d'un Gilles Hénault est aussi étranger à l'univers d'un Octave Crémazie que les idées de Louis Dudek le sont au monde d'un Charles Sangster.

Ce n'est pas cette année toutefois qu'on a pris conscience de cette évolution, et cette antimonie n'était pas plus évidente en 1959 que les années précédentes. Le moment est opportun de la signaler une fois de plus en raison du centenaire de l'école de 1860 qui invite naturellement à un retour en arrière et à une comparaison entre ces deux univers; en raison aussi de la pauvreté de la production poétique de 1959 qui oblige le chroniqueur à recourir à des généralisations pour parler de livres et de plaquettes qui ne méritent pas une étude particulière. Toute généralisation est évidemment dangereuse et, si elle est illégitime pour les grandes poètes qui sont toujours hautement individuels, elle peut être justifiée lorsquil' s'agit des écrivains médiocres ou mauvais qui se rapprochent du commun. Ce n'est d'ailleurs que par leur médiocrité même que ces derniers nous

intéressent, par cette même commune mesure de la société dont ils sont les plus fidèles témoins.

Cette littérature, dont la diversité est relativement peu accentuée, semble graviter actuellement autour de deux pôles, et ses auteurs sont vraiment les antipodes les uns des autres. Il y a, à une extrémité de l'axe poétique, une survivance du sentimentalisme éternel, et chaque nouvelle année nous vaut des sous-Coppée ou des sous-Rosemonde Gérard. En 1959, le plus parfait exemple en fut Gaston Gibeault dont le recueil, *Au cours des jours* (Montréal: Editions Beauchemin, pp. 145, $2.75), n'est fait que de ces exercices faciles et sans risques qui occupent souvent les heures creuses des vieux notaires, des demoiselles mûres ou des adolescents en pâmoisons. A l'autre pôle de l'axe, il y a un ésotérisme non moins facile dans lequel s'engagent de jeunes poètes dont les prétentions sont très hautes et dont les réalisations ne sont que les débris d'un grand jeu où les dés sont pipés. Voulant attribuer à la poésie une dimension métaphysique, des pouvoirs magiques, ou une portée mystique, trop de jeunes confondent aujourd'hui profondeur et obscurité, génie et désordre. Comme nous avons nos sous-Coppée nous avons nos sous-Breton, et les uns ne valent guère mieux que les autres.

Il y a une remarque de Crémazie qui, transposée, est aussi valable de nos jours qu'en son temps. Crémazie ne fut certes pas un grand poète, mais il était conscient de ses limites comme du mauvais goût de son public. "Il faut bien le dire," écrivait-il à l'abbé Casgrain, "dans notre pays on n'a pas le goût très délicat en matière de poésie. Faites rimer un certain nombre de fois *gloire* avec *victoire*, *aïeux* avec *glorieux*, *France* avec *espérance*, entremêlez ces rimes de quelques mots sonores comme notre *religion*, notre *patrie*, notre *langue*, nos *lois*, le *sang de nos pères*; faites chauffer le tout à la flamme du patriotisme, et servez chaud. Tout le monde vous dira que c'est magnifique." (*Œuvres complètes*, I, 43.) Aujourd'hui, certains croient qu'il suffit de pêcher des *poissons électriques* dans des fleuves aux *globules du magnanime* et, leur ayant fait subir de *pourpres mutations à l'ombre de l'aisselle*, de les servir au clair d'une *lune acquérant sur sa cuisse le pouvoir des conques sonores* pour rassasier *la duègne accroupie*. Il y a une facile rhétorique surréaliste qui est aussi vaine que l'ancienne et qui, comme elle, a aussi ce que Crémazie appelait ses *épiciers*. Ce que les uns et les autres peuvent offrir aux clients est peut-être très différent, mais les produits des uns ne valent pas mieux que ceux des autres.

Ceci étant dit, il ne me paraît pas nécessaire d'ajouter quoi que ce soit

sur des recueils comme *Essais poétiques* de Gérard Plante (Beauchemin, pp. 62, $1.50); *Carrousel* de Réal Ferland, (Montréal: Editions Nocturne, pp. 37, $1.25); *A la gueule du jour* de Gilbert Langevin (Montréal: Editions Atys, non numéroté, $1.00); *A treize voix*, recueil collectif d'une égale nullité (Nocturne, pp. 81, $1.75); *La Duègne accroupie* de Michèle Drouin (Montréal: Editions Quartz, pp. 14, $1.50). Ce dernier recueil me fournit toutefois l'occasion d'observer qu'il arrive parfois que des recueils dont le texte est sans intérêt sont imprimés avec le meilleur goût et comportent des gravures de qualité. Il faut cependant regretter qu'il y ait trop souvent plus de poésie dans ce qui entoure le texte que dans le texte même. Cela vaut aussi pour *Au fil de l'eau* de Sylvain (Trois-Rivières: Editions du Bien Public, pp. 68) qui n'ajoute rien à la réputation de cet auteur de quelques bonnes pages de prose rustique. Avant d'en venir aux rares volumes qui méritent des commentaires plus ou moins longs, il faut mentionner que la collection des *Classiques canadiens* de Fides s'est enrichie de deux volumes consacrés à des poètes: *Fréchette*, édité par Michel Dassonville (Montréal: Editions Fides, pp. 96, $.75) et *Robert Choquette* édité par André Melançon (Fides, pp. 95, $.75). Fréchette appartint tout jeune à cette école patriotique de Québec dont le centenaire était évoqué plus haut et il suffit de le relire en même temps que les *Geôles* de Michèle Lalonde, par exemple, pour mesurer l'écart considérable qui sépare les jeunes poètes de notre temps de leurs prédécesseurs du siècle dernier. Plusieurs jeunes poètes d'aujourd'hui se font de la poésie une conception si élevée qu'ils augmentent ainsi l'écart qu'on peut remarquer entre leurs intentions et leurs œuvres: *corruptio optimi pessima*.

Il arrive que des auteurs manifestent une certaine dextérité dans l'arrangement des mots et, par là, prouvent qu'ils ont un certain sens poétique. L'an dernier, deux jeunes auteurs, mari et femme, ont publié de brefs recueils qui révèlent chez eux un certain flair pour sentir les mots mais dont le sens est proprement indéchiffrable. Après deux lectures attentives, je ne puis découvrir le sens ni de *La Duègne accroupie*, ni des *Objets de la nuit* de Jean-Paul Martino (Quartz, non numéroté, $1.50). Evidemment, comme le titre l'indique, ces objets de la nuit ce sont la matière des rêves, et il ne faut pas chercher à trouver dans les rêves des suites logiques, mais plutôt des images formant des séquences habituellement inexplicables. Il reste que, malgré la meilleure volonté du monde, je dois confesser mon impuissance à comprendre, même à goûter sans tout saisir, un poème de cette encre:

colonnade un drôle de délire laqué de
gingembre
Et ne brûlant pas l'origine
L'usage de croustillant sur les banderolles
cuites
Un essayage à l'émotion
Ma fête Héloise persévère en pouls
d'aiguille de boussole inquisiteuse
Les châteaux d'angora chôment dans
l'enclos aux apparitions
Dans l'âtre le mercure s'étonne
("Objets de la nuit")

Le mercure n'est pas le seul à s'étonner. Et tout étonnant qu'il soit, ce texte ne l'est néanmoins pas plus que beaucoup d'autres. Tout le monde n'est pas Roland Giguère.

La poésie de Guy Arsenault, d'autre part, d'un rythme souvent rapide, ne nous offre par un dessein plus clair. Je ne vois pas comment les essais poétiques réunis dans *L'Eau, la montagne et le loup* (Montréal: Editions Goglin, pp. 93, $2.00) constituent ce que l'auteur appelle une "petite cosmologie de mes haines." De toute manière, s'il y a un poète en herbe chez lui, Guy Arsenault devra l'établir en publiant autre chose que ces suites verbales. Je crains qu'il n'en faille dire autant de Guy Robert dont les *Broussailles givrées* (Goglin, pp. 71, $2.00) contiennent de meilleures pages que les recueils déjà mentionnés, mais dont les thèmes nombreux et les images abondantes ne semblent pas se rattacher à des intuitions centrales. On craint qu'il n'y ait ici beaucoup de littérature et que l'auteur n'ait beaucoup retenu de ses lectures. On trouve ici un peu de tout: la nostalgie d'une enfance heureuse et l'angoisse de l'adulte en proie à un monde où triomphe la violence, l'évocation de moments heureux et le souvenir, ou la tentation, d'expériences destructives. Il est peut-être normal qu'un jeune poète soit ainsi attiré par les extrêmes; cela rend difficile, sinon impossible, de découvrir quelle est "sa vérité." Les promesses sont cependant plus nombreuses ici, soit que le poète ait gardé cette simplicité de l'enfance:

le monde est neuf
la nature est vierge
la mer est calme
ce matin encor
tout est possible
et l'homme rallume
le soleil au ciel

ou ailleurs:

> la margelle du soir m'attend
> au puits des jours tombés

soit qu'il parvienne à tirer d'une réalité aussi humble que la pierre des questions qui élèvent le minéral à la dignité d'homme: "Une Pierre rêvait" est peut-être sa meilleure page, à moins que ce ne soit un cri de la chair comme "Que ta jeunesse flambe." De toute manière, il y a peut-être ici un poète qui se cherche et que nous trouverons.

Il reste deux poètes, jeunes eux aussi, dont les débuts contiennent déjà un peu plus que des promesses: Gilles Vigneault et Michèle Lalonde. On ne saurait considérer leurs premiers livres comme de grandes réussites et, somme toute, prise dans son ensemble, l'année 1959 fut pour la poésie canadienne de langue française, une assez mauvaise année. Mais il n'est peut-être pas légitime d'espérer la publication de plus de deux ou trois bons volumes de poésie par année. Après tout, la poésie est un oiseau rare, et rares sont les oiseleurs habiles. Avec deux ou trois recueils de qualité par année on finirait par constituer une somme de poésie assez considérable; l'ennui, c'est que pour accumuler un tel trésor, il faut en chercher les perles au milieu d'un énorme déchet. Sachons donc gré à Gilles Vigneault et à Michèle Lalonde d'avoir empêché l'année 1959 d'être une année complètement vide.

Gilles Vigneault a, comme Guy Robert, une expérience fort diversifiée, mais il y a dans ses *Etraves* (Québec: Editions de l'Arc, pp. 167, $2.00) un leit-motiv qui donne à son livre une réelle unité en dépit des thèmes nombreux que le poète y introduit sur des rythmes divers. Vigneault manie aussi bien le vers libre que le vers régulier; et, s'il semble préférer les vers courts et rapides, il sait aussi écrire des alexandrins qui ne sont pas plats. Ce jeune poète n'a pas cru devoir tourner le dos à la tradition, ce qui ne l'empêche pas d'être de son temps. Il a pris dans la poésie contemporaine ce qui est accordé à sa sensibilité poétique, mais il est, par d'autres côtés, outrageusement traditionaliste. Il ose encore écrire, dans une langue accessible à tous, des poèmes qui comportent une part de récit et se rapprochent ainsi du folklore. A première vue, on peut croire à un poète facile, à un habile artisan qui saurait exploiter toutes les recettes; mais une lecture plus attentive permet de découvrir sous ces apparences faciles une densité réelle, des thèmes essentiels, des mots-clés, et surtout une intuition centrale, celle de l'écoulement irrépressible du temps, de la fugacité des choses, de la fragilité de l'homme.

Comme le titre l'indique, et comme le confirment tout de suite les premières pages, les poèmes de Vigneault sont en grande partie inspirés par la mer. Et la mer lui fournit de nombreuses images lorsqu'il aborde d'autres thèmes. L'enfant de la mer est certes devenu citadin—Vigneault habite maintenant Québec—mais il est resté "salé jusqu'à la moelle" et il continue de chanter "le poisson le sel et le pain." Il le fait non seulement dans le premier groupe de poèmes intitulé "Ressacs," mais encore dans ceux qu'il a réunis sous le titre de "Villes." Ainsi,

> Dans les sirènes d'usine
> Dans les klaxons de cinq heures
> Dans le crissement des pneus
> Dans le fracas continu de la ville
> J'entends la mer
> Dans les profondeurs du sommeil
> Dans le secrets voyages de la nuit
> Dans le noir blessé des néons
> Je vois la mer

Il y a chez Vigneault une découverte de la ville comme il y en a eu une chez le Clément Marchand des *Soirs rouges*, mais il y a aussi par moments une dimension géographique dont on ne retrouve l'analogie que chez Pierre Trottier—les poètes canadiens de langue française ont trop oublié de regarder ce monde qu'est le Canada—et qui lui fait dire

> un jour je partirai à la recherche
> de mon pays géant, à la grande quête
> des plaines, à perte de vie, et de toute
> cette langue de nuit qui m'attend,
> depuis tant d'aurores, tant de soirs
> aux soleils brisés, la Route. . . .

Ce voyage sous les nuages eux-mêmes mouvants est l'essai et le commencement d'un autre mouvement, celui-là intérieur et extérieur à la fois, qui entraîne l'homme vers la mort, et ce thème de l'écoulement du temps est, comme je l'ai dit plus haut, celui qui donne aux poèmes de Vigneault leur unité et leur résonance profonde. Comme le pêcheur

> Apprend longuement et peu à peu
> Que la pêche est mauvaise
> Et que voici le jour;
> Ainsi j'ai paumeillé la nuit
> Sans rien y prendre
> toutes les chimères
> Que j'y avais pourtant mises la veille.

Et me voici tout seul,
A la barre du jour,
Avec, entre doigts,
Encore trempés des ombres remuées,
Gercés de nuit,
Seulement l'eau du temps parti.

Cette fugacité, le poète la découvre aussi chez les autres qui passent—

Votre visage est passé sur ma vie
A l'occasion d'un sourire éternel
Qui n'a duré que l'amour d'un instant

—et le poème est à la fois l'aveu de cette impuissance du poète à arrêter le cours des choses et une tentative pour éterniser par la parole ce qui est inexorablement périssable. Cette puissance de la parole du poète, Vigneault l'a affirmée dans une charmante *Chanson* (p. 86)—il y a chez lui un chansonnier de qualité—et surtout dans cette sorte d'acte de foi poétique:

Et je veux cependant croire que je commence
Et je voudrais nommer l'univers à mon tour
Mais je me vois marcher dans un désert immense
Où chaque pas posé me raccourcit le jour

Il en est tant venu sur ce débris d'étoile
De fous mordus de feu palpiter leur instant
D'un poème, d'un chant, d'un geste, d'une toile
Qui pourrissent en vain dans le charnier du temps

Car je veux moi aussi dire avec des sons rares
Le somptueux ennui qui me daigne habiter
Et je veux dépenser ainsi qu'un triste avare
Mes matins et mes soirs à cette vanité.

Comme on a pu le constater par ces citations, le poète sait faire l'alexandrin comme le vers court ou libre, tout comme il sait, selon l'heure, chanter avec charme ou méditer avec gravité. Tout n'est pas de cette qualité malheureusement dans les *Etraves*, et le poète n'atteint que trop rarement à cette densité verbale qui donne l'impression de nécessité qu'on aime trouver dans la poésie. Ces réussites sont cependant assez nombreuses et assez grandes pour laisser espérer un poète de qualité chez ce jeune homme qui a déjà su puiser la matière et l'inspiration de quelques belles pages

A même la vaste et tumultueuse
Peine d'amour du monde.

Cette "vaste et tumultueuse peine d'amour du monde," c'est bien ce que chante aussi, mais sur un tout autre ton et dans un tout autre style, Michèle Lalonde qui, en 1959, a publié simultanément une suite de poèmes intitulée *Geôles* (Montréal: Editions d'Orphée, non numéroté, $1.25) et un poème polyphonique, *Songe de la fiancée détruite* (Orphée, pp. 46, $1.25). L'un et l'autre sont assez différents pour qu'il soit légitime d'en parler séparément.

Il y a dans *Geôles* deux parties: la première, précisément intitulée "Geôles," renferme tous les textes qui ont les plus fortes résonances; la seconde, "Les pièges entrouverts," par où on croyait que le poète allait sortir de sa prison (ou du moins entrevoir comment en sortir), est si nettement inférieure à la première que le lecteur ne peut s'empêcher de penser qu'elle n'exprime que des désirs tandis que l'autre est inspirée par des expériences vécues. Je sais bien que, dès la première page, la poètesse nous révèle que ce voyage symbolique a été entrepris "pour atteindre la dernière île vierge"—c'est l'appel du paradis perdu—mais les accents les plus convaincants du livre sont ceux qui évoquent cette marche hallucinante à travers "l'espace ensanglanté des villes." Il faut marcher "par les dédales d'un jour sans pitié," "dans des labyrinthes de faux-miroirs," et cette image des "masques" qui revient fréquemment nous rappelle sans répit ce thème, que la jeune poétesse laboure avec acharnement, du mensonge du monde. Et c'est parce que le monde est mensonge que le poète éprouve avec une telle angoisse le sentiment de sa solitude, qui n'est pas le thème romantique de la solitude du poète dans une société qui ne le comprend pas, mais celui de la solitude essentielle de l'homme face à son destin:

> ils n'auront pas le droit de fuir
> on les a condamnés pour éternellement
> à joindre leurs mains
> sur ce vide immense de leur détresse
>
> ils seront seuls
>
> et le cœur chargé d'une fausse espérance
> ils attendront l'impossible délivrance des
> mondes.

Ce thème de l'impossibilité du salut—"nous sommes des esclaves" à la recherche d'une "impossible fenêtre sur le jour"—est partout présent dans ces geôles; le poète semble toutefois échapper au désespoir grâce au

recours d'un orgueilleux raidissement et au refuge du songe. On pense ici à Camus quand on lit

> les mains chargées des derniers débris d'un fol orgueil
> nous nous tenons debout droits et défiant les mondes
>
> par ce geste vertical
> de notre présence.

Un tel raidissement ne saurait être maintenu jusqu'à la fin, et cette part de faiblesse qu'il y a en tout poète l'incline vers cette autre issue qu'est le songe. Dans ce bagne il y a des fissures et, malgré tout, la poétesse sait que, au delà de "l'espace ensanglanté des villes," il y a cette "dernière île vierge" qui est le terme du voyage:

> ô douce luminosité de la nuit
> souvenir de nos prunelles fraîches
> silence de nos paumes sereines
>
> qui nous tendra ce verre d'eau de la vérité
> pour y noyer nos songes.

Mais la poétesse nous dit aussi—c'est peut-être cette coexistence des contraires qui donne à la poésie son prix et son poids—

> nous allons jusqu'au bout de la nuit
> jusqu'à la plus parfaite étreinte
> qui nous détruise.

Et cela nous amène au deuxième volume de Michèle Lalonde, ce *Songe de la fiancée détruite*, ce poème polyphonique où abondent les images fulgurantes, mais dont le sens m'échappe partiellement parce qu'il est toujours impossible de définir avec netteté un monde poétique qui ne nous est révélé que par le truchement d'images. L'auteur a ici composé une sorte de symphonie verbale où les voix humaines se répondent et qui devrait comporter une partition musicale qui serait comme un second poème mêlant sa voix à celle du premier. Comme ceux des *Geôles*, ce poème évoque cette incommunicabilité des êtres que la parole elle-même est impuissante à réduire et qui, dans le songe même, persiste comme une inaliénable obsession.

Dans sa préface, Michèle Lalonde parle de "l'indéchiffrable mystère de l'homme rendu à sa condition de solitude, restitué à une expérience d'isolement et d'hermétisme que l'intimité pourtant si étroite et si insistante de l'amour lui-même ne saurait déjouer." Dans ce monde de rêve

"où les yeux ne servent à rien" car tout est intérieur, et où "la musique invente sa propre lumière," le fiancé un moment aperçu dans une vision sublime disparaît bientôt à jamais dans un paysage où tout est étrange, fantasmagorique. Tout le poème est conçu comme un seul long mouvement qui, s'intensifiant sans cesse, atteint son sommet dans cette apparition du fiancé que la poétesse évoque dans une sorte de cri dont la beauté rappelle certaines pages de Saint John Perse:

> Et soudain il y eut une grande déchirure, comme une
> scission en deux de tout le paysage
> et le monde chavirait tout d'un coup devant ma face,
> et soudain, tu n'étais plus là.
>
> Et je t'appelais je t'appelais je t'appelais avec mon cri
> de métal incisif qui lacérait la nuit de grandes entailles sonores.
>
> Mais déjà tu étais loin, bien au devant de moi, et je devinais
> encore ta silhouette hâtive et solitaire dans le sillage
> fluorescent de la musique,
>
> ta haute stature d'homme avançant selon le gré des alouettes
> magnétiques, les épaules voûtées, les coudes raidis et collés
> aux flancs sous le large camail de la brume . . .
>
> Ah redites-moi le nom du bien-aimé, que je l'interpelle,
> que je l'appelle par son nom et par sa désignation propre,
>
> car la seule sollicitation familière de mon cri dénudé de paroles
> ne suffit plus! Et la sourde invitation de mon cœur battant, (ah
> mon cœur s'exaspère et s'épuise comme un fruit trop mûr sur la tige
> des artères!) le langage étouffé de mon cœur exécédé n'a plus de
> pouvoir sur lui.

Cette impuissance de la fiancée à "avoir pouvoir sur" le fiancé, c'est aussi l'impuissance du poète à dominer un monde que la parole ne peut épuiser et qui, en définitive, conserve son mystère. Ces coups de sonde que le poète lance par le truchement des images aux profondeurs des choses en rapportent toutefois des révélations qui sont souvent plus précieuses que celles que manifeste le discours continu. Il y a bien chez cette jeune poétesse une part d'ésotérisme qui rend plus que difficile, sinon impossible, la totale et parfaite compréhension de ses poèmes—trois lectures n'y ont pas suffi—mais il y a ici une qualité de la langue, une force de l'image, et une authenticité de l'inspiration qui nous valent de ces coups au cœur que seuls donnent les poètes nés.

Il ne m'a pas été possible de définir plus nettement cet univers dont les contours ne sont pas encore très arrêtés, mais il est désormais certain que cette jeune poétesse possède un sens profond de la solitude et que, consciente des limites de la parole, elle est néanmoins douée de dons verbaux capables de nous communiquer ses plus secrètes angoisses dans ce monde qui lui est une prison.

ROMAN ET THÉÂTRE / *Roger Duhamel*

Il est tellement souvent question de la probité artistique d'André Giroux qu'on finirait par craindre que cet éloge dissimule une absence d'admiration esthétique pour son œuvre. Ce serait en tout cas entretenir une déplorable méprise. Il est trop évident que cet écrivain ne signe pas une page qui ne corresponde à une expérience intérieure, à un souci toujours plus approfondi de vérité. Si la puissance créatrice n'emprunte rien chez lui au fleuve balzacien, il se rachète amplement par la délicatesse des sentiments et une émotion tremblante où se révèle souvent la qualité d'une âme aisément angoissée.

Giroux n'a jamais cédé au démon de la vitesse; la précipitation—non plus que la bêtise!—n'est pas son fort. En ses jeunes années, il fut l'animateur d'une revue dont nous devons être quelques-uns à avoir conservé un excellent souvenir. Elle s'éteignit d'inanition, comme la plupart de ses sœurs canadiennes. Ensuite, deux romans de bonne venue, surtout le premier, d'un découpage original. Et ce fut l'aventure de la télévision. Si j'ai peu de détails sur sa fin abrupte, en revanche je puis témoigner que l'existence de cette famille bourgeoise nous tenait à cœur et que son brusque effacement a laissé un vide nullement comblé sur nos petits écrans.

Cet écrivain au trait rapide et au souffle un peu court devait faire merveille dans la nouvelle. Il est heureux qu'il l'ait deviné et c'est avec un plaisir presque sans mélange que j'ai lu deux fois d'affilée *Malgré tout, la joie!* (Québec: Institut littéraire du Québec, pp. 233, $3.50). C'est une série de brefs récits reprenant presque toujours des thèmes très voisins les uns des autres. Le compositeur se plaît à des variations très souples sur la fragilité des sentiments humains.

Il ne fait aucun doute que Giroux appartient à la lignée des moralistes; comme tous ceux qui regardent avec intensité vivre les hommes, il est

rarement gai. Je dirai même que ces nouvelles sont sombres. La plupart d'entre elles soulignent la duperie de nos rapports, les illusions tragiques dont nous nous berçons. L'homme et la femme essaient de se rejoindre; s'ils y parviennent, c'est à la suite d'un compromis fondé sur le mensonge, souvent inconscient. Il n'y a sans doute de vérité que la mort qui nous dépouille de toutes les conventions et de toutes les affabulations dont nous nous entourons comme autant de bandelettes pour masquer notre intime faiblesse.

Un certain ton ironique relève ce que pourraient avoir de trop cruel ces tranches de vie où tout finit mal. J'ajouterai qu'il y a peut-être un parti-pris d'obstination dans le pessimisme de Giroux; il n'y a pas en effet que des dénouements tragiques à nos pauvres existences. Libre à lui bien sûr de se cantonner dans ce rayon où il peut laisser sous-entendre son indignation blessée. Il ne s'est pas consolé d'avoir perdu le paradis terrestre. Il serait néanmoins malheureux que cette vision toute personnelle et valable de l'humanité le poussât à son insu vers une certaine facilité. Pour le dire en clair, la mort arrive trop fréquemment à point nommé pour dénouer les fils de l'intrigue. C'est moins un reproche qu'une constatation.

On ne résume pas une quinzaine de nouvelles, dont quelques-unes comptent parmi les mieux réussies de notre littérature et se situent au niveau des meilleures de Claire Martin ("Avec ou sans amour"). Je pense notamment à la dureté, au fond si équitable, du "Mari parfait," à la nostalgie tendre de "La Robe de linon bleu," à ce très beau récit émouvant de vérité, "Ainsi donc, Paule. . . ." Dans une anthologie, il faudra réserver une place particulière à "Joseph-Armand Massu, détective." L'auteur s'abandonne ici avec entrain à sa véhémence naturelle; il dresse un acte terrible d'accusation contre certaines méthodes policières. D'autre part, avec "L'Etranger," il quitte le rayon du réalisme appliqué pour aborder le conte moral teinté de fantastique, qui est en somme un hymne à la pureté. On risque de ne rien comprendre à l'éthique de Giroux si l'on néglige de tenir compte de ce triomphe difficile et toujours menacé de l'esprit sur la chair.

Il arrive aussi que l'invention ne soit pas à la hauteur de son art. On s'étonne par exemple de découvrir une nouvelle édifiante dont un tiré à part servirait les fins honorables des groupements Lacordaire, de même qu'un conte de Noël tout en guimauve. Dans tout recueil de nouvelles, on peut découvrir le meilleur et le pire. Mais ici le meilleur l'emporte de beaucoup. La conception que se fait Giroux des rapports de l'homme et

de la femme, dans ou hors le mariage, apparaîtra décevante; on ne niera pas qu'elle soit subtile, lucide, et probablement véridique. Désormais dégagé des servitudes de la production en série, il poursuivra son œuvre à l'étiage où il l'a toujours rêvée.

George-Godley Roundabout n'était pas né pour passer à l'histoire; il possède toutes les qualités négatives des millions d'êtres anonymes dont le passage sur la planète ne laisse aucune trace. Un biographe habile a su lui conférer un relief saisissant. Son prestige naît de son insignifiance même. En lisant *Les Sentiers de la nuit* (Montréal: Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 229, $2.50), je ne pouvais m'empêcher d'évoquer *Mort de quelqu'un*, de Jules Romains, pour conclure que les personnages les plus falots sont souvent la providence des romanciers suffisamment féconds pour en extraire une riche substance. C'est indéniablement le cas de Jean Simard.

Ce jeune Roundabout est né dans la bonne bourgeoisie westmountaise. Il est sérieux et appliqué, c'est-à-dire ennuyeux au delà de toute expression. Son père, ministre protestant, aimerait bien qu'il lui succédât, mais il finit par opter pour la banque où un oncle "arrivé" doit pourvoir à son avenir. Le garçon consciencieux et dépourvu de toute imagination grimpe régulièrement tous les échelons. On lui accorde même le traditionnel voyage en Europe d'où il reviendra amoureux de Londres et un peu effaré de Paris.

Comment le drame peut-il pénétrer dans une existence aussi terne? Dépassant la trentaine et malgré l'émoi que suscite en lui toute présence féminine, Roundabout décide d'épouser une compagne d'enfance, la douce et fade Theodora. Celle-ci est catholique et ne consentira au mariage que si son fiancé se convertit. Notre héros y consent et ce sera sans doute le seul geste énergique de sa vie. Sa famille est aux abois et son avenir est compromis; désormais, il sera un gratte-papier et ne pourra plus ambitionner des postes supérieurs.

Sans doute s'en consolerait-il aisément, s'il ne s'ajoutait une tragédie domestique permanente. L'éducation fausse, puritaine et janséniste, de ce couple les a mal préparés à une vie conjugale normale. La timidité et une pudeur ridicule l'emportant, ils vivent côte à côte comme frère et sœur, non sans en souffrir dans leur esprit comme dans leur corps. Et puis Roundabout perd progressivement la vue pour devenir bientôt complètement aveugle. Admis à la retraite, il demeure auprès de sa femmen ruminant des pensées et des sentiments qui le déchirent tout en concourat,

à son approfondissement intérieur. Les réflexions et les épreuves lui ont donné une densité que nous n'eussions pas dès l'abord soupçonnée.

Ce quatrième livre de Jean Simard est son premier véritable roman, où il accorde une entière liberté à ses personnages. L'ouvrage débute comme une satire d'un type humain et comme la critique aiguë d'un milieu social bien caractérisé; nous reconnaissons là, sans aucun déplaisir, le spirituel auteur de *Félix*. Mais au fur et à mesure que nous avançons, cette veine ironique fait place à une analyse beaucoup plus exigeante des âmes, telle que nous l'avions goûtée dans *Mon Fils pourtant heureux*. Roundabout n'est plus un fantoche inconsistant; il se pose les questions essentielles et s'emploie à y répondre en ses propres termes. Je note que son catholicisme n'est pas qu'une défroque, mais qu'il est vécu sincèrement, bien qu'avec des moyens médiocres.

Voilà un roman plus complexe qu'il n'apparaît de prime abord. Il fourmille d'observations précieuses et rares, cernant le sort d'un pauvre homme dans le contexte d'un mode particulier d'existence. Simard conserve toujours sa phrase efficace et coulante et il lui arrive même, sans excès, d'accéder à un certain lyrisme de bonne qualité; je pense notamment à ces deux ou trois pages très belles sur Paris. Le sourire narquois ne lui suffit plus; l'émotion le gagne quand il décrit le dernier voyage du pauvre couple à Atlantic City. On n'oubliera pas le récit de cette solitude à deux et Roundabout, malgré des différences qui sautent aux yeux, se rapproche néanmoins d'Alexandre Chênevert de Gabrielle Roy.

La plupart des romans canadiens-français se soumettent à une évolution logique du récit. Pour faire vrai, ils cherchent à retenir toutes les données du réel. Le récit se déroule selon la dimension accoutumée, sans aucun sondage dans ces profondeurs où les êtres parviennent à se révéler à eux-mêmes et aux autres. Parmi nos romanciers, nombreux sont ceux qui s'imaginent atteindre à l'essence du personnage par une description minutieuse, matériellement exacte, du milieu où il vit. Ce n'est pas suffisant. L'art doit être ce quelque chose de mystérieux et d'indéfinissable qui s'ajoute à la nature.

C'est parce qu'il s'éloigne des sentiers battus et qu'il esquisse une prise de conscience à un niveau supérieur que j'apprécie la tentative de Wilfrid Lemoine dans *Les Anges dans la ville* (Montréal: Editions d'Orphée, pp. 151, $2.00). Les amateurs d'émotions fortes seront déçus; ils n'y trouveront aucun de ces rebondissements sensationnels dont ils font trop aisément leur pâture. Les événements conservent toute leur importance, mais ils ne sont pas retenus comme tels; ils ne forment que la toile de fond où s'agi-

tent un homme et une femme qui, sans ce drame collectif où ils sont forcément impliqués, ne se seraient peut-être jamais rendus jusqu'au bout de leur vérité.

Lemoine a su traiter avec une discrétion exemplaire un sujet passablement scabreux, celui d'un amour incestueux. André aime depuis toujours sa sœur Hélène, de quelque deux ans son aînée. Cette passion contre nature l'a écarté de ses concitoyens qui le rejettent; médecin, il a dû quitter l'hôpital où il exerçait sa profession. La guerre est venue et la ville, aux trois-quarts détruite, est aux mains des occupants. C'est la misère et la maladie règne en maîtresse. L'évêque, d'accord avec le commandant ennemi, réclame d'André qu'il accepte la direction d'une clinique d'urgence. La détresse des enfants finit par vaincre sa résistance et il prend son service, aidé d'Hélène, infirmière de carrière.

On apprend qu'un soir trois ou quatre soldats sont morts d'une grenade. Les soupçons se portent sur André, à qui la société locale n'a pas pardonné son existence hors cadres, même si elle bénéficie de ses soins. Innocent, tout concourt à l'accabler. Il ne pourrait rejeter le fardeau de l'accusation, si Hélène ne venait avouer au commandant qu'elle est la coupable. Il n'en est rien, un enfant a fait le coup, pour se venger de la mort de son chien. Hélène en somme veut passer au peloton d'exécution. Elle est forte, elle l'a toujours été, elle a toujours protégé ce frère trop chéri depuis l'adolescence, elle est convaincue qu'en disparaissant elle lui ouvre la porte d'une vie d'homme.

Le tragique de la situation est comme estompé par la pureté de l'écriture. Dans un passage de *La Chute des corps*, Maurice Druon a traité d'une situation analogue en recourant aux moyens de l'érotisme le plus terre-à-terre. Rien de tel dans ce récit où tout n'est que suggéré avec la délicatesse la plus exquise. Cette pudeur d'expression comporte un inconvénient. Les personnages nous apparaissent comme des ombres que nous parvenons mal à saisir. Sauf André, dont nous demeurons le compagnon constant. J'aurais souhaité qu'Hélène se manifestât davantage au lecteur. Nous ne l'entrevoyons que petite fille déjà sage et sérieuse, perdue et cependant lucide parmi les fleurs du jardin. Dans son ambiguïté, le commandant militaire possède plus de consistance, plus de relief. En revanche, la figure de l'évêque, très schématique, penche du côté caricatural.

Au fond, l'anecdote passe délibérément au second plan. Le roman fourmille de symboles, comme un récit d'Albert Camus; je mesure toute l'importance de la comparaison et n'ai pas à m'en dédire. Poète avant tout,

Wilfrid Lemoine ne parvient pas et ne cherche pas sans doute à sombrer dans le marais de la banalité quotidienne. Il se projette lui-même dans ses personnages, à la poursuite des réponses qu'il souhaite à ses interrogations discrètes.

> L'amour, pense le commandant, l'amour sous toutes ses formes et dans tous ses excès, n'est-il pas toujours au centre de tout? Qu'il porte le masque de la haine, du désespoir, du crime ou de la joie, n'est-ce pas toujours lui qu'il faut chercher, qu'il faut trouver pour vraiment comprendre un homme? Et l'homme est toujours à la taille de son amour frustré ou vaincu. Le commandant pense à la puissance de ces personnes auxquelles la frustration amoureuse donna le coup de fouet de la grandeur; il pense aussi à la déchéance de certains êtres réduits par un amour trop serein. Et il se dit qu'il semble bien difficile de vivre, parce qu'avec ou sans amour, le premier problème de l'homme demeure l'amour.

Voilà un commandant dont les préoccupations ne sont pas communes! Nous n'avons pas à le regretter. Nous assistons au drame d'un garçon faible et trop sensible dominé par une fille vigoureuse chez qui rien n'indique qu'elle ait voulu cette prédominance qui détient un caractère de fatalité. "Un être peut-il ainsi s'accrocher à un autre, sans constamment se diminuer? S'il est permis à une fille exceptionnellement forte d'ouvrir quelques portes closes à un garçonnet obsédé, se peut-il que devenue femme elle continue le sauvetage sans amoindrir l'homme qu'est devenu le garçonnet?" Tel est bien le problème central. C'est parce qu'elle l'a compris qu'Hélène préfère disparaître afin de donner naissance à l'homme dont, sans doute contre son gré, elle a empêché l'accomplissement adulte. Mais on ne saura jamais avec précision si son amour emprunte plus à l'affection conjugale ou à l'amitié fraternelle. Cette indétermination délibérée provoque un certain malaise.

Il ne fait aucun doute que Wilfrid Lemoine a tenté et a presque réussi un tour de force. Il a accumulé les difficultés. Son sujet, pour ne pas s'échouer dans des marécages libidineux, exigeait une maîtrise exceptionnelle. Il s'est également privé de tous les appuis extérieurs qui eussent soutenu, plus ou moins arbitrairement, la marche de son intrigue. Il est rare qu'on s'impose une telle économie de moyens sans risquer la sécheresse. *Les Anges dans la ville* bénéficient d'une grande correction de langage; les tonalités grisâtres l'emportent sur les couleurs vives. S'il était encore besoin de le démontrer, nous aurions ici une preuve nouvelle que les dons poétiques, s'ils sont sagement disciplinés, ne nuisent pas à un roman. Voilà un livre que je placerai dans ma bibliothèque tout près des *Chambres de bois* d'Anne Hébert; j'y distingue une parenté certaine.

L'ouvrage comporte aussi deux nouvelles, d'un moindre retentissement. "L'Ange gardien" est un récit d'un cynisme cruel et mordant, peut-être un peu trop appuyé; on ne peut lui refuser la justesse de l'observation. En revanche, "L'Ange de solitude" cède trop à une fantaisie débridée; les personnages n'existent que dans l'imagination fébrile d'un adolescent impubère! Ce hors-d'œuvre inutile n'enlève rien à la valeur d'un beau livre. Wilfrid Lemoine est un écrivain de race; nous nous en doutions bien depuis quelques années.

Léo-Paul Desrosiers poursuit patiemment son cycle romanesque, *Vous qui passez*. Le deuxième tome, *Les Angoisses et les tourments* (Montréal et Paris: Fides, pp. 316, $2.50), vient de paraître. J'ai entretenu assez longuement nos lecteurs du premier. Je me contente aujourd'hui de prendre date. Nous avions connu Romain Heurfils à la poursuite de son adolescence écorchée. Nous le retrouvons marié, livrant des combats dans ses affaires et retrouvant Angéline Bazire, le sourire radieux de ses jeunes années. Il me paraîtrait prématuré d'en dire davantage. Il faudra attendre la conclusion de cette œuvre dense pour tenter d'en mener à bonne fin une analyse complète. Que les admirateurs de Desrosiers lisent ce volume avec le même intérêt qu'ils ont accordé au premier. Nous nous retrouverons plus tard pour essayer de porter un jugement d'ensemble sur l'une des plus ambitieuses entreprises littéraires de ces dernières années.

On a fait un certain tapage autour d'une jeune romancière québécoise. Nous possédons un goût assez marqué, je dirais même provincial, pour la démesure dans nos jugements, qu'ils empruntent la forme du dithyrambe ou de l'excommunication. D'aucuns ont parlé d'un roman noir, d'un livre osé, et ont même évoqué Françoise Sagan. En faut-il davantage pour écraser une petite jeune fille qui n'a pas vingt ans, Marie-Claire Blais, l'auteur de *La Belle Bête* (Institut littéraire du Québec, pp. 219, $2.50)? Bien sûr, il ne s'agit pas d'un récit réjouissant, mais les teintes de bitume ne sont pas recherchées arbitrairement comme telles. Les situations n'offrent rien d'équivoque et l'écriture ne brave jamais l'honnêteté. Prononcer ici le nom de Sagan indique une méconnaissance absolue de l'une ou de l'autre romancière, et probablement des deux! Que l'on accepte ou que l'on refuse l'art de Marie-Claire Blais, mais qu'on lui reconnaisse le mérite d'une originalité authentique.

Ce qui me frappe davantage et me ravit, c'est que l'auteur ait réussi, dès l'aube de sa carrière, à transposer une expérience personnelle—à moins qu'elle ne l'ait imaginée et l'entreprise n'aurait pas moins de prix—une expérience marquée de lucidité et de cruauté. Les êtres qu'elle anime

ne prennent qu'un faible appui dans la réalité quotidienne; ce sont des personnages allégoriques, à demi désincarnés, réduits au dépouillement de leur destin essentiel. Ces hommes et ces femmes appartiennent à l'univers aérien et dur de Cocteau.

Quelle vision sombre de l'existence, mais qui dira qu'elle soit entièrement inexacte? Tous les êtres n'ont pas la vocation du bonheur. Voici Louise, cette femme-poupée faite de sensualité courte, follement éprise de son fils et dévorée d'un cancer à la joue; voici son fils Patrice, un pauvre idiot, une trop somptueuse enveloppe pour un esprit-nain, poursuivant comme Narcisse sa sotte contemplation dans le miroir des eaux; voici sa sœur, Isabelle-Marie, laide et méchante, et sans doute méchante parce que laide, celle qui voit avant les autres et sollicite les malheurs parce qu'elle ne peut vivre que dans le climat de la catastrophe. Un univers clos, uni et torturé, traversé pendant un temps par Lanz, beau brummel mûrissant, et par Michel, jeune aveugle aux cheveux blancs qui retrouvera, avec la lumière, le sens de la férocité humaine. Des scènes, comme la chevauchée meurtrière de Patrice ou l'incendie délibéré des fermes, prennent aisément une dimension épique.

Non que Marie-Claire Blais enfle indûment le ton. La sobriété de son style demeure toujours exemplaire. Une phrase courte, évocatrice, une image nullement appuyée et généralement juste, des coupes adroites dans la narration, tout concourt à frôler par des touches légères des thèmes dont l'âpreté pourrait aisément entraîner à quelque lourdeur. Le récit ne s'enlise jamais dans les ornières des observations réalistes. Il est constamment sauvé par un don de poésie qui ne se confine pas à l'expression verbale, mais atteint la vie jusqu'en ses profondeurs. Isabelle-Marie et Michel décident de se marier; la scène prête aux conventions les plus poussiéreuses. Lisez plutôt:

> Son rire fusa à travers ses larmes. Enfin elle sanglote, abandonnée à l'épaule nue. Elle sentait qu'une partie des "jeux" allait prendre fin. Tout serait tellement grave désormais. Tout ressemblerait à Louise, à Lanz, à l'immense tragédie qu'ils déployaient tristement. Elle mordit l'épaule de Michael qui en frémit.
>
> Il se remit à boire, agenouillé près de la source, buvant avec délire comme on boit à vingt ans.
>
> Elle l'embrassa sur le nez. A midi ils partagèrent les grappes de fruits comme leurs baisers. Ils s'exclamèrent de vitalité en écoutant les oiseaux puis trempèrent le pain dans l'eau fraîche.
>
> Le doux repas finissait.

Il importe peu de savoir si Marie-Claire Blais est la découverte litté-

raire de l'année. Ce qui est certain, c'est qu'elle est un écrivain déjà maître de ses sortilèges. D'entrée de jeu, elle dépasse la zone banale des apparences pour atteindre au cœur de la créature, pour la débusquer en ses repaires les plus secrets. Doit-on souhaiter que les années élargissent le champ de sa vision? Ou doit-on redouter qu'elles ternissent la fraîcheur de son regard? Même si elle devait demeurer sans lendemain, *La Belle Bête* est plus qu'une promesse, c'est l'œuvre déjà mûre d'une enfant exceptionnellement douée.

La participation des Canadiens au dernier conflit universel a enrichi notre littérature de quelques œuvres romanesques qui ne sont pas négligeables, même si aucune ne s'est élevée au niveau des témoignages bouleversants et durables apportés après l'autre guerre par Dorgelès, Barbusse, et Duhamel, pour ne citer ici que les premiers noms qui se présentent d'eux-mêmes à la mémoire. Jean Vaillancourt a su exprimer avec habileté et sans vains apprêts l'état d'esprit de la troupe anonyme; Jean-Jules Richard révélait un style percutant et agressif en évoquant un moment de crise au front; Bertrand Vac étudiait non sans finesse le drame psychologique de l'officier forcément éloigné de ses responsabilités familiales et douloureusement partagé entre le souvenir de la femme d'hier et la présence, neuve et séduisante, de celle d'aujourd'hui.

Je ne me souviens pas que les combats navals aient servi de cadres à l'un de nos romans. Il appartenait tout naturellement à Maurice Gagnon de combler cette lacune. Officier de marine, il a servi sur nos navires pendant les hostilités. Les conditions de la vie à bord, les rapports des hommes entre eux, les exigences de la discipline, les risques à encourir en commun, tout cela lui est familier. Il parle d'expérience vécue et son récit, *Les Chasseurs d'ombres* (Montréal: Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 279, $2.50), en acquiert une authenticité indéniable. Les amateurs de la télévision savent que les fastes guerriers de la marine canadienne lui ont déjà inspiré le thème de quelques téléthéâtres qui ont connu un succès honorable.

J'ai déjà eu l'occasion de souligner que Gagnon est un conteur né qui, même en se conformant aux règles inévitables de la transposition littéraire, ne s'éloigne jamais beaucoup de la plausibilité courante. Il prend toujours un appui solide dans la réalité. C'est ce qui limite le retentissement de ses ouvrages où l'on peut admirer la technique de l'artisan très habile plutôt que s'émouvoir à la création de personnages abandonnés à eux-mêmes, c'est-à-dire aux contradictions de l'existence même. En

revanche, c'est cette lucidité délibérée qui lui permet de se renouveler d'un livre à l'autre avec une aussi apparente facilité. Il passe ainsi d'un récit psychologique très émouvant (*L'Echéance*) à une aventure fantastique (*L'Anse aux brumes*), d'un véritable scénario de cinéma (*Rideau de neige*), à l'histoire sobre et virile de Jérôme Gauvain (*Les Chasseurs d'ombres*).

Quand un romancier connaît à fond l'atmosphère dans laquelle se déroule son intrigue, il court toujours le risque d'exagérer ses effets, de faire inconsciemment l'étalage de sa science. Gagnon n'échappe pas entièrement à cet écueil. Il use avec intempérance du langage du métier et il ne parvient pas à éviter une certaine monotonie. Ces rondes de nuit, ces ordres brefs donnés aux différents échelons de la hiérarchie, ces manœuvres à bord d'une frégate escortant un convoi dans les zones de combat, tout cela se répète beaucoup. Je me demande si cette accumulation de détails techniques atteint son but, qui est de nous rendre sensibles aux périls de la mer.

Le héros central, qui confère son unité au roman, c'est Jérôme Gauvain, un Canadien qui, ses études professionnelles terminées, ne peut accepter la grisaille d'une carrière bourgeoise. Il s'engage et participe à la guerre d'Espagne, sans convictions partisanes très poussées, par goût du dépaysement et de l'aventure. Il en revient avec une légère claudication, une cicatrice, et l'esquisse d'un amour madrilène. J'ajoute que cet homme dur à son corps est aussi un artiste qui a publié un album de ses expériences espagnoles et que sous la fermeté inflexible du commandant se dissimule une sensibilité farouche.

Tel est Jérôme Gauvain qui, au moment que nous faisons sa connaissance, est en passe de recevoir une nouvelle affectation. Reconnaissant ses aptitudes à l'autorité et son jugement solide, ses chefs le désignent pour le *Summerville*, une frégate mal en point, équipage et équipement, qui a besoin d'être reprise en mains par une poigne inflexible. Après une période d'entraînement et de mise au point, le vaisseau prend part en haute mer aux imprévus souvent meurtriers des engagements nocturnes. Leur sobriété même rend ces descriptions convaincantes.

En se rendant chez le commodore, Gauvain a fait la connaissance de Sherry Keith, jeune veuve de guerre qui porte l'uniforme. L'attraction réciproque joue avec la rapidité d'un lance-flammes! Deux êtres se retrouvent qui se cherchaient visiblement de toute éternité. Ils partagent les mêmes risques, ils parlent le même langage. Cet amour s'accomplit dans un mariage au hasard d'une permission. Par la suite, ce ne sera plus que

songeries mélancoliques et correspondance passionnée. La rigueur d'écriture de Gagnon s'accommode assez mal du vocabulaire amoureux; il s'y glisse une sensiblerie artificielle mal accordée à l'ensemble du récit.

Je n'ai rien dit du sous-marin allemand qui poursuit le combat et que le *Summerville* coulera par le fond. L'auteur a choisi de nous faire pénétrer dans le camp ennemi et quelques chapitres parallèles nous initient aux pensées et aux efforts de l'équipage allemand. Je dois noter que ces incursions constituent un hors-d'œuvre inutile, qui n'ajoute rien à l'intérêt réel que nous prenons au roman. Il est heureux que Gagnon n'ait pas poussé très avant cette narration jumelée, car il aurait dangereusement nui à l'unité de son livre.

S'il a renouvelé sa matière, il est demeuré fidèle à la forme qui lui est propre. Des chapitres très brefs, des changements de scènes rapides, une phrase courte, courant droit à l'essentiel. Il possède à merveille la technique du découpage, pratiquant le plus souvent une sage économie de moyens. Son style réduit au squelette lui assure aisément la correction. Je ne doute pas que de nombreux lecteurs prendront plaisir à ces "Chasseurs d'ombres"; le livre vaut par un don de vie, mais il lui manque ce mystérieux prolongement intérieur qui se ressent mieux qu'il ne se définit.

René Chicoine se révèle d'une activité débordante. Peintre, professeur, critique d'art, journaliste, il est partout et il y est de tout cœur. C'est ce qui rend sa personnalité aussi sympathique. Si son roman, *Carrefour des hasards* (Montréal: Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 213, $2.50), ne m'a pas entièrement convaincu, je l'ai lu avec une grande joie, parce que j'y ai trouvé l'écho d'une vie spirituelle intense, même si elle s'égare parfois en des voies inattendues. Le héros s'appelle Julien Beaumont; c'est un peintre comme l'auteur, mais toute comparaison doit s'arrêter là. On pourra prétendre que Chicoine s'est accordé ici quelque facilité, en choisissant un personnage et un milieu qui lui sont familiers. Ce qui n'enlève exactement rien à la pertinence de son analyse. Mon principal grief serait plutôt d'un ordre technique. Je sais fort bien qu'il n'est pas interdit à un romancier de recourir à la forme du journal. Cependant, dans ce roman, le journal accapare la part du lion. La marche du récit y acquiert peut-être trop de lenteur. Une fois admis le procédé, il n'y a plus à s'en inquiéter.

J'écarte ici la vie sentimentale de Beaumont, parfois assez bien remplie et nullement dépourvue d'intérêt. Ce qui me frappe davantage, c'est le drame du créateur, devenu en quelque sorte impuissant au moment où il devrait davantage donner et qui ne reviendra à l'œuvre qu'après plu-

sieurs années de stagnation. Il y aura gagné un enrichissement personnel, mais il aura aussi perdu ce qui est sûrement irremplaçable, c'est-à-dire d'appartenir pleinement à sa génération. Je constate que Beaumont veut combler cet hiatus, mais y parviendra-t-il? C'est le destin de beaucoup de nos artistes à qui fait défaut une ambiance favorable et stimulante. L'écrivain, le peintre, le compositeur, est trop souvent un isolé au Canada. Il perd pied et éprouve des difficultés à rattraper le temps écoulé. L'écriture de Chicoine bénéficie beaucoup de la justesse de l'œil du peintre. Il décrit un personnage, un intérieur, un paysage, par des notations précises et des couleurs exactes. *Carrefour des hasards* est l'œuvre d'un romancier qui ne se contente pas d'animer des personnages, mais s'efforce de mettre à jour leurs résonances les plus intimes.

Pour parler pertinemment de *L'Aube de la joie* (Montréal: Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 217, $2.50), je devrais céder la place à une plume féminine dont la délicatesse saisirait les détails d'une existence tirée à des centaines de milliers d'exemplaires. J'ignore tout de l'identité de l'auteur, qui signe discrètement Anne-Marie. Je devine l'épouse intelligente et heureuse d'un médecin qui raconte la vie qu'elle a vécue ou souhaité vivre; au couvent, les religieuses devaient lui répéter qu'elle avait un joli brin de plume et nous convenons sans aucune hésitation que les religieuses avaient raison.

Ne cherchons pas ici une tragédie racinienne. Titus et Bérénice ne seront pas séparés! Ils élèvent au mieux leur petite famille. Le père, médecin, subit l'épreuve de la rivalité professionnelle, mais il s'en tire avantageusement et nous nous en réjouissons avec sa femme Hélène. Celle-ci est une épouse exemplaire et chrétienne, nullement bigote, charmante à souhait; on aimerait la compter parmi ses relations. Il lui arrive de souffrir des absences fréquentes de son mari, rivé à son hôpital et à ses malades, mais elle sait faire contre mauvaise fortune bon cœur. En terminant son récit, Anne-Marie écrit: "Quelque part au fond du ciel, j'ai trouvé la plénitude, la paix; les dialogues cessent en moi-même, les idées multiples et diverses se fondent en une seule certitude; l'amour a croisé les fils et tissera notre destinée." Voilà un roman qui enchantera Michelle Le Normand et qui s'inscrit dans la lignée de "La plus belle chose du monde." Même s'il appartient au rayon mineur de la création romanesque, *L'Aube de la joie* a sa place dans notre littérature. C'est un roman rose et qui n'est jamais bête, bien au contraire. Il est rafraîchissant comme la rosée. Un rai de lumière dans la nuit sombre.

La publication des "Cahiers annuels de l'Académie canadienne-française" constitue un petit événement littéraire. Les premiers fascicules consacrés à la poésie, à l'histoire, et aux essais critiques avaient suscité de la curiosité et de l'intérêt. Cette année, en réunissant sous une même couverture onze contes et nouvelles signés d'écrivains de belle réputation, le succès de *Contes et nouvelles* ("Cahiers de l'Académie canadienne-française," no. 4) (Montréal: 535 avenue Viger, pp. 162, $3.00) me paraît moins éclatant. Je m'empresse d'ajouter qu'un romancier de qualité peut aisément échouer dans un récit de dix ou vingt pages.

Alain Grandbois ("Julius") s'est accordé la coquetterie de rédiger une nouvelle qui ne comporte qu'une seule phrase et bien entendu un seul paragraphe. Ce n'est pas cette prouesse proustienne qui nous retient davantage, mais bien plutôt la re-création adroite du milieu naturel d'une certaine jeunesse dorée européenne, peut-être aujourd'hui disparue, mais qui a existé en ces années familières à l'auteur *d'Avant le chaos*. Langue concise et directe, de la meilleure frappe française. Avec une rare économie de moyens, Marie Le Franc ("Solitudes") a réussi la nouvelle la plus saisissante du recueil; très loin de la civilisation, deux êtres réduits à leur esquisse essentielle se découvrent silencieusement au seuil de leur mort commune.

Robert Charbonneau ("Aucun Chemin n'est sûr . . .") n'a rien perdu de son goût de l'analyse psychologique. Il affectionne scruter le comportement des êtres en apparence les plus anonymes; en se penchant sur Philippe Maugret, n'a-t-il pas songé à Berthelot Brunet? Ces pages paraissent extraites d'un roman dont nous souhaitons la publication, de la part d'un écrivain devenu trop discret depuis quelques années. J'en dirai autant de Germaine Guèremont ("Le Plomb dans l'aile"), qui nous ramène à ses personnages du Chenal-du-Moine; si nous ne connaissions déjà l'atmosphère captivante de ce petit monde fermé, ce trop court récit ne nous le ferait pas découvrir.

Léo-Paul Desrosiers ("Les Bien-aimées") s'est dispensé d'une intrigue, ne visant qu'à nous communiquer ses vues, généreuses et indulgentes, sur les mariages hâtifs; il accumule quelques exemples de ratages qui n'ont rien de réjouissant. Quand Ringuet ("Cinéma") se penche sur les petites gens, il révèle son pessimisme foncier, parfois éclairé par quelques observations cocasses ou malicieuses; mais la matière de cette nouvelle est très mince. Par quelle subite aberration Roger Viau ("Le Moteur tourne rond"), qui témoigna d'une certaine puissance créatrice dans "Au milieu,

la Montagne," s'est-il abandonné à une veine mélodramatique susceptible d'alimenter un épisode troublant d'un roman radiophonique?

Le rayon de la fantaisie n'est pas déserté. Le Père Gustave Lamarche ("Contes du bon Dieu") reprend le récit biblique de la création du monde. Il se veut l'émule de l'auteur de la Genèse; il le fait en poète inspiré et certains accents de son lyrisme théologique atteignent à la grandeur. Yves Thériault ("Ladislas") retrouve ces êtres frustes de la montagne qui revivent périodiquement sous sa plume; c'est dans cette voie qu'il est à son meilleur. J'ai toujours eu un certain goût pour le roman et les nouvelles d'Adrienne Choquette, mais cette fois-ci, "Sortilège" n'opère pas du tout en moi; le récit n'est pas "placé," comme on le dit d'une voix. Enfin, je ne veux pas être injuste pour la science très vaste de Marius Barbeau ("La Femme de bois"), mais je demeure tout à fait imperméable à ces rapetassages de légendes indiennes; je regrette d'avoir perdu la naïveté qu'on prête volontiers aux contemporains d'Homère.

Ce quatrième "Cahier," même s'il n'atteint pas à l'excellence que nous eussions rêvée, n'est nullement indifférent. Plusieurs écrivains que nous aimons se rappellent à notre souvenir et nous font regretter que leurs ouvrages se fassent trop rares. Il est à peine besoin d'ajouter que le volume, conçu et réalisé par Victor Barbeau, se présente avec une sobre élégance. On s'indigne d'autant plus qu'il s'y soit glissé un certain nombre d'erreurs typographiques; elles sont à ce point évidentes que le lecteur, comme on dit généralement, aura rectifié de lui-même.

L'éclectisme le plus aéré a présidé à l'établissement du cinquième cahier des *Ecrits du Canada français* (Montréal: Ecrits du Canada Français, pp. 263, $2.50). Il y a sept collaborateurs, dont au moins cinq possèdent déjà une certaine notoriété dans nos lettres. Le choix des textes témoigne d'une louable variété; un essai, un conte philosophique, une pièce de théâtre, une étude historique, des poèmes, des proses poétiques, et une correspondance. Je n'hésite pas à affirmer que cette livraison dépasse de beaucoup en intérêt celles qui l'ont précédée; les lecteurs les plus différents trouvent ici l'occasion de satisfaire leurs goûts personnels.

Pour ma part, j'accorde d'emblée ma préférence aux lettres de St-Denys-Garneau adressées à Jean Le Moyne. Elles révèlent la même densité, la même lucidité, que les pages les plus hautes du "Journal," avec en plus un élan d'affection amicale. On s'étonne—plus exactement on ne s'étonne plus désormais—qu'un garçon au début de la vingtaine réussisse avec autant de finesse qui n'est pas qu'intellectuelle à débroussailler le

maquis de ses sentiments instables et à communiquer sans apprêts le meilleur de lui-même. Des initiales, quelques lignes sautées permettent de ne pas violer l'intimité de rapports personnels; nous en savons assez pour apprécier la qualité d'une âme, comme pour regretter de n'avoir point les réponses du destinataire, dont nous avons raison de penser qu'elles sont d'une valeur analogue.

Saint-Denys-Garneau écrivait longuement, ne laissant rien dans l'ombre, analysant à loisir les émotions qu'il ressentait. Ce rêveur d'une santé fragile affiche une clairvoyance exceptionnelle pour décomposer ses sentiments. Il envisage avec netteté ses perspectives d'avenir, nous apprenant qu'il a subi, fugitivement, la tentation de la médecine. Il fait la connaissance d'une jeune fille, déjà fiancée, et il imagine autour de cette Yvonne de Galais les grandes lignes d'un roman possible et qui n'aura pas lieu. Plus tard, avec une gravité et une abnégation touchantes, il évoque, une fois apaisé l'orage intérieur qu'il laisse deviner, l'un de ces transferts du cœur qui ne s'effectue pas sans déchirement et qui se résout ici en une amitié virile; le calme du midi après un matin trop éblouissant.

Il y a de tout dans ces lettres, même de la fraîcheur et de l'abandon, malgré des préoccupations très élevées. Qu'il parle de Baudelaire ou de Dostoievski, du dernier concert ou du dernier disque entendu, de la peinture ou de sa peinture, Saint-Denys-Garneau ne s'exprime qu'avec ferveur. Il accepte ou il rejette, non pas d'un mouvement d'humeur, mais à la suite d'une réflexion attentive. La moindre impression née de l'incident le plus banal crée en lui de profondes résonances et explique les périodes d'abattement physique et de prostration morale auxquelles il est en proie. Il se relève bientôt grâce à une méditation spirituelle d'une admirable liberté d'allure. Je détache ici quelques lignes qui forment la trame de certains de ses poèmes: "Cependant que l'on sombre au fond de la mer intérieure de douleur, au lieu d'être allégé indiciblement et pour ainsi dire immatérialisé, on a sur soi, lourd à nous étouffer, le poids de la vie et comme la multiplication du péché originel." La joie, c'est sombrer en Dieu, et la douleur, c'est sombrer en soi. "Je ne dis pas oh! que non! que la douleur est méprisable; c'est la couleur de l'homme; mais la joie est la couleur de Dieu, le rayonnement jusqu'ici de son éternel bonheur. Son rire est le clair jaillissement de la générosité. . . . Heureux qui connaît la joie, car alors il s'oublie et son chant d'allégresse monte jusqu'à Dieu sans bifurquer."

C'est peu de noter qu'aucune de ces lettres n'est indifférente; elles

associent aux idées les plus exigeantes les sentiments les plus délicats et les plus vrais. Elles nous font espérer qu'un jour le public pourra prendre connaissance de la correspondance complète de Saint-Denys-Garneau, avec des gloses et des annotations qui en rendront la lecture plus enrichissante. Ce sera un document humain encore plus que littéraire. Cet écrivain mort jeune détient le privilège de quelques amitiés fidèles qui assurent son rayonnement et prolongent son souvenir.

Maurice Tremblay étudie le nationalisme sous sa double forme d'idéologie et de sentiment collectif. Il recourt volontiers à un vocabulaire abstrait et savant pour donner le change sur sa douteuse objectivité. Convaincu que cette pensée traditionnelle ne s'est vraiment jamais inscrite dans nos structures mentales, nos institutions, et notre comportement quotidien, il doit néanmoins se rendre à l'évidence et faire une exception pour le concept de l'autonomie provinciale qu'il juge avec un certain dédain comme *électoralement rentable*, comme si elle n'était que cela. Le pessimisme, qui est peut-être l'envers d'un amour déçu, de Guy Frégault, et de Michel Brunet donne satisfaction à Tremblay; aussi préfère-t-il s'en prendre au nationalisme positif du chanoine Groulx—qu'il appelle encore abbé—en s'attaquant aux ouvrages d'Esdras Minville.

Il serait évidemment trop long et un peu fastidieux d'entrer dans les détails d'une argumentation qui n'est pas neuve mais qui est honnêtement présentée. En gros, la thèse se résume en quelques lignes. Avant d'être citoyen d'une patrie, l'homme est citoyen du monde. Ses responsabilités humaines, universelles, prennent donc le pas sur ses responsabilités nationales. Dans un pays comme le nôtre où la situation est plus complexe, l'individu a des obligations envers le Canada qui dépassent ses devoirs à l'égard de sa province ou de son groupe ethnique ou de sa communauté intellectuelle. Il s'ensuit que dans le domaine social, par exemple, le civisme impose la collaboration avec des organismes similaires aux nôtres chez les Canadiens de nationalité différente.

Maurice Tremblay préfère la justice générale à la piété patriotique; qu'il se réjouisse, cette tendance gagne rapidement du terrain. C'est le moyen le mieux assuré de travailler efficacement à l'annihilation plus ou moins prochaine du Canada français. En ne respectant pas la hiérarchie naturelle des valeurs, mais en l'inversant arbitrairement pour satisfaire à une conception artificielle et sans fondement des rapports humains, on aboutit à une dépersonnalisation de l'individu; vidé de sa substance propre, il n'est

plus qu'un être émasculé. Une fois qu'il n'y aura que des Canadiens tout court, pourquoi s'arrêter à mi-chemin et ne pas réclamer l'abolition des notes individuantes de toutes les nationalités sur la planète? Le seul motif d'espoir, c'est qu'il arrive souvent que les populations, par un instinct très sûr, évitent de devenir les victimes de la trahison de leurs clercs.

S'il n'a encore écrit que quelques pièces qui ont connu la notoriété éphémère de la télévision, on soupçonnait bien les dons d'Hubert Aquin. Ils s'affirment dans son récit "Les Rédempteurs," où il a su vaincre la difficulté du conte philosophique chargé d'allégories et d'intentions. Sans un talent certain, un écrivain risque toujours de rater la cible de la vérité. Ses personnages portent un poids trop lourd de signification pour s'agiter d'une vie indépendante de celle de l'auteur; ils ont tendance à se figer dans des poses hiératiques et à acquérir prématurément la fixité minérale des bas-reliefs.

La scène se passe à Edom, "en un temps où les hommes n'étaient pas nombreux, bien avant les prophètes. . . ." Une petite communauté où ont cours les sentiments ordinaires, où les citoyens aiment et haissent, vivent et meurent, sans s'interroger sur leur ultime destination. Survient Sheba, un prophète, qui les ramène à l'essentiel, qui réclame d'eux un acte absolu, qui leur impose par le prestige de sa parole de se rendre jusqu'au bout de leur courage. Pourquoi transmettre à sa descendance misère et déchéance? "Tous les hommes expieront la faute d'Adam." Il n'est qu'une solution, qui est de précipiter l'échéance fatale. Malgré des résistances passagères, des gibets s'élèvent où périront délibérément les hommes, les femmes, et les enfants d'Edom. A ce rachat opéré par un sacrifice volontaire et qui ne sera efficace que s'il est collectif, deux êtres échappent. Unis par les liens d'un amour impétueux et fréquemment comblé, Elisha et Héman fuient cette nécropole. L'immolation sera donc vaine, puisque la vie poursuivra son œuvre par la chair de cet homme et de cette femme dont la passion réciproque témoigne en faveur des desseins du Créateur. A la solution en soi facile de l'exaltation expiatoire, ils ont préféré les angoisses et les incertitudes d'un avenir sans cesse menacé.

On pourrait s'appliquer à dégager des symboles. Ils sont nombreux et parfois même un peu confus. Je suis heureux qu'ils ne s'expriment pas en clair, puisqu'ils gêneraient à la plausibilité d'un récit mené avec adresse. Aquin a-t-il cherché à condamner une hérésie cathare avant la lettre? A-t-il voulu célébrer les forces obscures et triomphantes de la vie? Cette exégèse

me retient peu au cours d'un récit excellent où s'entrecroisent comme en un microcosme les sentiments éternels des hommes jetés sur terre pour y accomplir leur destin.

Toute la maîtrise de l'historien Guy Frégault n'est pas superflue pour lui permettre d'étayer un jugement sérieux, en une vingtaine de pages, sur les finances de l'Eglise du Canada sous le régime français. Même s'il souhaite modestement que cette étude serve de point de départ à des recherches plus élaborées, on doute qu'il y en ait un autre que lui aussi bien outillé pour les mener à bonne fin. On apprend que des origines jusqu'à 1660 environ, c'est-a-dire quand la Nouvelle-France est un pays de mission et une région de traite, les œuvres religieuses vivent grâce aux bienfaiteurs des missionnaires et aux commanditaires des traitants. A l'avènement du gouvernement royal, la situation se modifiera. L'église devra compter sur la dîme—ah! ces incessantes querelles entre le 13e et le 26e!—sur les revenus des seigneuries, sur les subventions du souverain, et sur les fondations. Déjà se pose la question toujours épineuse des relations entre l'église et l'état; à cet égard, Frégault cite certains textes révélateurs. Le tout est exprimé dans un style mesuré et clair correspondant à la netteté de pensée chez l'historien.

Depuis quelques années, André Laurendeau s'est découvert une vocation d'écrire pour la télévision. Je ne suis pas en mesure d'apprécier l'ensemble de cette production visuelle et sonore dont une bonne partie a dû m'échapper; elle a suscité des critiques acerbes, mais je soupçonne ses détracteurs de se venger sur ses œuvres dramatiques des idées politiques ou sociales très discutables de leur auteur. Quoi qu'il en soit, j'ai pris plaisir à la représentation de *La Vertu des chattes*, et le jeu excellent et nuancé d'Huguette Oligny et de Jean-Louis Roux y était sans doute pour beaucoup. Je dois reconnaître qu'à la lecture la pièce conserve tout son intérêt. Elle est à mon gré trop statique; les personnages agissent peu, ils se confessent à haute voix, leurs propos, qui ne sont jamais pédants, sont néanmoins frottés d'une littérature facile. Cet homme et cette femme provisoirement isolés frôlent ce que Jean Simard a appelé avec humour "le péché de Québec," mais ils ne cèdent pas à l'appel de l'abîme. Nous le savons dès le départ, et c'est ce qui affaiblit l'intéret dramatique. Si Laurendeau a voulu souligner quelque flottement dans nos consciences timorées et fort prudentes, il a atteint son but.

"La Chair est un commencement," c'est un poème en prose de Jacques Godbout. En des croquis cursifs d'une ingénieuse légèreté de touche, il

nous présente quelques images de l'amour qu'il se refuse de cerner avec une précision qui leur ferait perdre leur charme rempli d'ombres. L'absence de ponctuation ajoute à ce sentiment planétaire d'une ronde universelle où sont engagés tous les hommes depuis que le monde existe. Avec des mots de tous les jours, Godbout exprime une poésie très personnelle dont on accepte sans réticence d'éprouver le sortilège.

En revanche, comme Marie-Claire Blais cède au verbalisme! Ses poèmes coulent avec une abondance intempérée aussi bien qu'incontrôlée. La musique et la mer joignent leurs accords et déroulent leurs vagues dans un fracas où s'entrechoquent les mots lâchés comme une meute. La jeunesse possède tous les privilèges, même celui de s'enivrer à ses propres sonorités. Il y a ici toutefois trop de gratuité échevelée pour retenir longuement notre attention bienveillante. On recommande un bain d'austérité après cette rupture des écluses.

Maintenant que les mois ont passé et que l'excitation périodique, réduite à quelques cercles concentriques sur la pièce d'eau étale de nos lettres, qui entoure l'attribution du Prix offert par le Cercle du Livre de France s'est apaisée jusqu'à la prochaine chute des feuilles, il devient plus aisé de s'exprimer sur l'ouvrage primé. Il faudrait surtout reconnaître une fois pour toutes que la tâche du jury ne consiste pas à découvrir un chef-d'œuvre annuel; il lui incombe de désigner le manuscrit qui lui paraît renfermer le plus de qualités parmi ceux qui lui sont soumis. On ne découvre pas Proust ou Kafka tous les jours; des commentateurs, même superficiels, devraient finir par s'en aviser.

J'ai donc attendu de l'avoir suffisamment oublié pour relire le roman de Pierre Gélinas, *Les Vivants, les morts et les autres* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 317, $2.50). Pas plus que la première fois, je n'ai ressenti le frisson que provoque en nous une œuvre magistrale, mais que le livre se lise avec un intérêt soutenu, voilà qui ne saurait être mis en doute. L'auteur a le don de la vie, il ne cède pas au style décoratif de l'art pour l'art. Ce qu'il a à dire, il le dit sans apprêts, peut-être même parfois sans nuances, mais il ne triche pas. Désireux d'exploiter une expérience humaine, il se rend jusqu'au bout de l'aventure.

Nous nous plaignons souvent que nos romanciers ne communiquent pas avec leur époque, que nous ne trouvions pas dans leurs livres l'écho des inquiétudes contemporaines. Rien de tel avec Gélinas qui plonge en pleine pâte humaine et qui exprime des réactions canadiennes-françaises en face d'une situation donnée (tout comme Jean Vaillancourt qui ne nous

entretenait pas des guerres en général, mais nous contait sa guerre à lui). Nous retrouvons des incidents que nous avons connus, comme la grève des textiles, les congrès des éléments de gauche, la grève survenue chez Dupuis Frères, l'échauffourée du Forum au sujet de Maurice Richard, etc. Le seul dommage, c'est que ces faits souvent hauts en couleurs ne soient pas suffisamment transposés et que le reportage, aussi adroit qu'on le veuille, finisse par se superposer à la création romanesque.

Le héros du récit, le personnage qui lui confère son unité, est remarquablement bien campé. Maurice Tremblay est très représentatif d'un type de révolte nullement exceptionnel chez certains garçons de classe bourgeoise. "Licencié en Sciences Sociales, il s'était jeté dans le syndicalisme comme on choisit d'êtres missionnaire." On s'explique facilement cette noble ambition qui peut devenir à l'usage une illusion généreuse. Mû par ce sentiment, Tremblay sera pris dans un engrenage qu'il n'avait pas et qu'il ne pouvait pas prévoir, jusqu'au jour où il s'apercevra, sans amertume et sans haine, qu'il est de ceux qui tirent les marrons du feu et que sa poursuite désintéressée du bien commun, au bénéfice de ceux qui en sont le plus éloignés, s'oriente dans des voies périlleuses et bouchées.

Sans enlever le moindre mérite à cette volonté de zèle, il y a lieu de souligner, et Gélinas l'a très habilement montré, que les faits et gestes de Maurice Tremblay s'inscribent également dans un contexte plus personnel. Il entend secouer les chaînes familiales, il étouffe dans un milieu correct et mesquin, aux horizons bornés. Il devine qu'il existe d'autres réalités, plus importantes, derrière les colonnes de chiffres des bilans. L'auteur est néanmoins trop subtil pour obéir à une conception puérilement manichéenne de l'existence; il sait que le monde ne se divise pas entre bons et méchants. C'est pourquoi il ne jette pas l'odieux sur la famille Tremblay, qui vit sur un maigre capital de vertus étroites et qu'on ne saurait raisonnablement associer aux éperviers de la haute finance.

Bien sûr, le roman est beaucoup trop long, il gagnerait à être resserré, à pratiquer une rigoureuse économie de moyens. Il comporte une impressionnante série de jurons et de phrases—je parle des dialogues—construites avec un mépris délibéré de la syntaxe. C'est là sans doute une exigence du réalisme populiste, mais nous sommes devenus incapables de nous scandaliser après avoir ingéré *La Bagarre* de Gérard Bessette!

Retraçant les étapes de son engagement, le héros atteint à la sérénité: "Maurice ne regrettait rien. Si c'était à refaire, il reprendrait le même chemin. Il pensa avec la même tendresse à son père, à Victor, à Windigo,

à Réjeanne, à Picard, aux tempêtes englouties, à cette grande marée qui laissait sur la rive, non pas une épave, mais un homme. Par dessus et au delà des systèmes, il avait fait la découverte des hommes, ses frères, les conquérants et les vaincus, les vivants, les morts et les autres. Au bout de la rébellion et de la colère, il apprendrait la charité." On pense malgré soi au "Deus est caritas" de saint Jean, même si Dieu est terriblement absent d'un récit où domine la considération du prochain. Pierre Gélinas nous livre un document de haute portée sociale qui entretient des relations convenables avec l'esthétique du roman.

LES ÉTUDES SOCIALES / *Jean-Charles Bonenfant*

Mgr Félix-Antoine Savard a publié, en 1959, deux livres où la réalité est embellie par les dons de l'écrivain. Dans *Le Barachois* (Montréal: Editions Fides, pp. 207, $2.00), l'auteur s'est inspiré surtout de son travail d'enquêteur folklorique dans les milieux français du Nouveau-Brunswick, pour réunir des évocations poétiques, des portraits, et des dissertations qui trouvent leur unité dans un profond amour de la nature, dans une grande sympathie pour les pêcheurs et les paysans, et surtout dans une langue précise, étincelante, et poétique. Signalons des morceaux comme "Le huard," "La bénédiction des barques," "Pêcheurs de coques," "Le Ballet des chevreuils," et surtout un long chapitre intitulé le "Vieux John." Ce chapitre est une sorte de manifeste dans lequel Mgr Savard exprime de nouveau ce qu'il croit être les véritables sources d'une poésie profonde et originale pour l'écrivain canadien-français. Dans *Martin le Pauvre* (Fides, pp. 61, $1.00). Mgr Savard a raconté, d'une façon très personnelle, dans une langue admirable la légende du saint qui, un soir d'hiver, aux portes d'Amiens partagea son manteau avec un pauvre.

Le vingt-troisième numéro des *Cahiers des Dix* (Montréal, 1958, pp. 307, $3.75) contient des études historiques variées parmi lesquelles il convient de signaler celle que Jacques Rousseau consacre à "Ces gens qu'on dit sauvages," c'est-à-dire les Indiens d'Amérique; "Denonville," par Léo-Paul Desrosiers; "Samuel Holland," par François-J. Audet; "Années de jeunesse et vie familiale de Moses Hart," par Raymond Douville; "Brève histoire d'une longue amitié" (entre Mgr Paul Bruchési et Thomas Chapais) par Jean Bruchési; "Correspondance Taché-Laflèche" par Albert

Tessier. Comme à l'habitude, la consultation des *Cahiers des Dix* est facilitée par un excellent index.

Sous le titre de *Léonide Perron* (Fides, pp. 266, $2.00), Robert Rumilly a publié le trente et unième tome de son *Histoire de la province de Québec*. Il y fait revivre avec une discrète sympathie le personnage qui sert de titre à son livre et qui, gros avocat d'affaires devenu membre du cabinet Taschereau, tenta de restaurer l'agriculture dans la province de Québec. C'est l'époque du krach financier à la bourse de New-York dont les effets ne devaient pas tarder à se faire sentir au Canada. Dans cette tranche de la vaste chronique de Rumilly, on trouve aussi l'exposé détaillé de ce qu'on a appelé "la question des écoles juives," c'est-à-dire le problème que posa la création d'écoles pour les enfants juifs de Montréal. Le livre de Robert Rumilly, comme ceux qui l'ont précédé, révèle plusieurs documents inédits; il offre une lecture agréable et intéressante, mais il ne répond pas toujours à toutes les exigences de la méthode historique moderne.

M. Donatien Frémont fournit une somme de renseignements intéressants et utiles dans *Les Français dans l'Ouest canadien* (Winnipeg: Editions de la Liberté, pp. viii, 162, maps, $3.00). On constate qu'un nombre considérable de Français d'outre-mer ont participé à la colonisation de l'Ouest canadien depuis les missionnaires Oblats de Marie-Immaculée qui arrivèrent au milieu du dix-neuvième siècle jusqu'à Maurice Constantin-Weyer, prix Goncourt, qui vécut dans l'Ouest canadien de 1904 à 1914. Robert-Lionel Séguin dans *L'Equipement de la ferme canadienne aux XVIIe et XVIIIe siècles* (Montréal: Librairie Ducharme, pp. 121, pp. 31 de planches, $2.50) révèle un aspect intéressant et ignoré de l'histoire au Canada français en expliquant ce que furent autrefois les instruments aratoires, la technique agricole, les véhicules, les harnais, les outils, et les instruments d'artisanat.

Quatre personnages des débuts de l'histoire religieuse de la Nouvelle-France ont connu, ces derniers temps, les honneurs d'une biographie. Sous le titre de *François de Laval* (Québec: Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 222, illus., $3.50), l'abbé Emile Bégin, du Seminaire de Québec, a fait revivre le souvenir du premier évêque de la Nouvelle-France dont on fêtait, en 1959, le tricentenaire de l'arrivée au Canada. Le livre est plus qu'une biographie de circonstance. Il est agréablement présenté avec plusieurs belles illustrations. Le texte est clair, d'un style élégant, tout en s'inspirant d'une documentation abondante. Ce n'est pas une biographie critique et l'ouvrage a plutôt été préparé pour l'édification des lecteurs, mais les

événements discutables auxquels fut mêlé Mgr de Laval ne sont pas faussés, même s'ils sont favorablement interprétés. On aurait souhaité pour que l'ouvrage soit plus utile un index détaillé et une bibliographie plus complète.

La collection Fleur de lys de Fides s'est enrichie d'un troisième ouvrage avec *Marie Morin: Premier Historien canadien de Ville Marie* (pp. 211, illus., $5.00) par Esther Lefebvre. L'auteur appartient à la communauté qui, depuis trois cents ans, dirige l'Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal et dont sœur Marie Morin fit aussi partie au dix-septième et au dix-huitième siècle. Sœur Morin fut chargée par ses supérieures de rédiger les Annales de l'Hôtel-Dieu et elle en profita pour raconter l'histoire de la ville naissante. Elle laissa ainsi un manuscrit fort précieux qui ne fut publié qu'en 1921. Sous la direction des professeurs de l'Institut d'histoire de l'Université de Montréal, Sœur Esther Lefebvre a préparé une biographie détaillée complétée par des notes abondantes et une excellente bibliographie. Non seulement elle y raconte la vie de son héroine, mais puisant abondamment dans son œuvre, elle fait revivre toute l'histoire et l'atmosphère de la Nouvelle-France. En dépit de ses insuffisances, de ses erreurs qui relèvent de l'infirmité humaine, écrit Sœur Lefebvre, le texte de Marie Morin demeure toujours l'une des sources importantes de l'histoire de Montréal à ses débuts et "le frête chroniquer de l'époque héroïque" aura pour toujours droit au titre de "premier historien canadien de Ville Marie."

Marguerite d'Youville, qui vécut en Nouvelle-France de 1701 à 1771 et qui fut la fondatrice des Sœurs de la Charité, plus communément désignées sous le nom de "Sœurs Grises," a été le sujet de plusieurs biographies dont la dernière a été publiée, en 1959, sous le titre de *Elle a beaucoup aimé* (Fides, pp. 366, $2.60). L'auteur, Sœur E. Mitchell, a écrit avec amour la biographie de la fondatrice de la communauté à laquelle elle appartient. Tout en restant fidèle à la vérité historique et sans pratiquer la véritable biographie romancée, Sœur E. Mitchell a tenté de reconstituer le milieu historique et les événements. Elle a surtout imaginé des dialogues qui rendent plus concrets les faits réels. L'ouvrage est dépouillé de tout appareil scientifique; il ne contient pas de référence, mais il fournit une lecture agréable et édifiante.

Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation, fondatrice des Ursulines au Canada, 1599–1672 (Trois Rivières: Editions du Bien Public, pp. 270, illus., $2.50), a aussi connu une autre biographie sous la plume du vice-postulateur de sa cause de béatification, le chanoine Joseph-Louis Beaumier. Le livre

évidemment a été écrit dans le but de faire aimer la fondatrice et de pousser les lecteurs à la prier mais, avec son abondante illustration, il est aussi agréable et intéressant.

Dans *Monseigneur Ange-Marie Hiral, o.f.m.*, III: *Fondateur et Gardien à Québec* (Montréal: Editions françaises, pp. 255, $2.50), le R.P. Paul-Eugène Trudel a continué la biographie détaillée qu'il a entreprise d'un religieux qui fut vicaire apostolique du Canal de Suez, restaurateur des Frères mineurs à Québec, et mourut dans cette ville en 1952. L'abbé Pierre-Eucher Théoret a raconté dans *Monsieur Lussier (1835–1911): Un homme, un prêtre* (Ile Perrot: chez l'auteur, pp. 309, $2.75) non seulement la vie ardente d'un prêtre qui fut son parrain, mais aussi les nombreux événements de la vie nationale et religieuse du Canada français auxquels fut mêlé l'abbé Théoret à la fin du siècle dernier.

C'est presque une brève biographie originale du chef politique canadien-français Papineau qu'a présentée à l'aide de textes choisis et commentés Fernand Ouellet, archiviste adjoint de la province de Québec. Le recueil qui forme le premier, des "Cahiers de l'Institut d'Histoire de l'Université Laval," *Papineau* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 104, $2.00), renouvelle la vision de Papineau. Admirateur au début des institutions anglaises, il leur a préféré bientôt "l'expérience démocratique et égalitaire des Etats-Unis." "Libéral et démocrate," écrit Fernand Ouellet, "Papineau a éprouvé le besoin de redéfinir la société canadienne-française en termes laics." Le choix des textes est perspicace et il vise, comme dit le compilateur, "à refléter la complexité de l'homme, de sa pensée et des situations dans lesquelles il s'est trouvé." Maurice Huot, sous le titre de *Journalistes canadiens* (Bien Public, pp. 93, illus., $1.60), a tracé d'anciens compagnons de salles de rédaction à Montréal des portraits auxquels l'émotion du souvenir donne beaucoup de vie et de charme. Ces journalistes sont Georges Pelletier, Guy Jasmin, Adolphe Nantel, Eustache Letellier de St-Just, Edouard Biron, Frédéric Pelletier, Napoléon Lafortune, Paul de Martigny, Louis Dupire, Emile Benoist, et Bob Lemyre. Sous le titre d'*Un Grand Educateur* (Editions de l'Université d'Ottawa, 1958, pp. iv, 137, $2.00), le R.P. Gaston Carrière a raconté la vie du R.P. René Lamoureux (1890–1958) qui fonda l'Ecole normale de l'Université d'Ottawa et fut un des grands artisans du développement et du perfectionnement des écoles franco-ontariennes. Dans *La Bolduc* (Montréal: Editions de l'Homme, pp. 125, $1.00), Réal Benoit raconte d'une façon pittoresque mais sans aucune rigueur scientifique la vie d'une chanteuse populaire canadienne-

française qui, née en Gaspésie à la fin du siècle dernier, connut entre les deux guerres la célébrité. Dans *O Canada, mon pays, mes amours* (Paris: Editions de la Diaspora française, pp. 179) François Hertel, écrivain canadien qui vit à Paris, a réuni des essais souriants parfois même malicieux qui tentent d'expliquer à la France métropolitaine ce qu'est la France d'Amérique. *Dans 19 Pays . . . 24 Escales* (Montreal: Editions Beauchemin, pp. 176, $2.00), Dolorès Dagenais Goyer a raconté un voyage qu'elle fit autour du monde avec son époux aujourd'hui disparu. En revivant des souvenirs qui lui sont chers, elle a donné un agréable récit.

Dans sa collection "Classiques canadiens" (de 94 à 96 pp., $0.75), Fides a ajouté, en 1959, les recueils de textes choisis et commentés suivants: ceux d'un des premiers historiens français du Canada, Charlevoix, préparés par le R.P. Léon Pouliot; ceux d'un autre historien, cette fois du dix-neuvième siècle, J.-B.-A. Ferland, préparés par le R.P. Thomas-M. Charland; et ceux d'Arthur Buies, préparés par Léopold Lamontagne, auteur, en 1958, d'une biographie du célèbre pamphlétaire canadien-français. En 1959 a paru en un seul tome, le 38 et le 39e *Rapport de l'Archiviste de la province de Québec pour 1957–1958 et 1958–1959* (Québec: Imprimeur de Sa Majesté la Reine, pp. 453, viii). Cette publication continue d'être une source abondante de documents d'histoire du Canada. Signalons pus particulièrement dans le dernier Rapport la Correspondance de Julie Bruneau, épouse de L.-J. Papineau, intelligemment présentée et annotée par Fernand Ouellet.

L'Institut de géographie de l'Université Laval a offert au grand géographe français Raoul Blanchard *Mélanges géographiques canadiens* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 494, $7.50). Dans son avant-propos, le directeur de l'Institut, Louis-Edmond Hamelin, souligne que le recueil est un témoignage de gratitude à celui qui a édifié une monumentale géographie de la province de Québec et qui a été aussi un maître dans les universités laurentiennes. Les *Mélanges* contiennent trente-neuf études par des auteurs d'Europe et d'Amérique, mais l'ouvrage se veut essentiellement canadien. Quelques textes sont en anglais. "Les symboles des *Mélanges*," écrit Louis-Edmond Hamelin, "n'échapperont à personne. Avant tout destinés à la personnalité de notre maître, ils porteront aussi le témoignage de la fraternité intellectuelle entre la France, l'Amérique anglo-saxonne et le Canada français. Les M.C.R.B. apparaîtront ainsi dans le prolongement direct de l'itinéraire professoral de Monsieur Raoul Blanchard, Grenoble, Harvard et le Québec." Parmi les travaux qui dépassent la technique de la géo-

graphie, signalons l'étude sur "Raoul Blanchard" par Louis-Edmond Hamelin; "L'Europe en quête de l'Asie, 1492-1524" par Marcel Trudel; "Le Mythe de la vocation agricole du Québec" par Pierre Dagenais; "L'Habitat aux Iles de la Madeleine" par Noël Falaise; "Les Industries de transformation de la Nouvelle-France" par Jacques Girard; "Les Ports de la province de Québec" par Pierre Camu. *Le Canada et le système interaméricain* (Université d'Ottawa, pp. x, 285, $4.25) du professeur Marcel Roussin est tout d'abord une étude historique du panaméricanisme et des grandes conférences au cours desquelles il s'est développé. C'est aussi, comme l'indique le titre de l'ouvrage, une étude des relations du Canada avec les autres pays d'Amérique. L'auteur écrit en conclusion qu' "il devient à peu près impossible de comprendre soi-même et d'expliquer aux autres la réticence du Canada à participer pleinement au système interaméricain." L'abbé Norbert Lacoste a étudié *Les Caractéristiques sociales de la population du grand Montréal* (Faculté des Sciences sociales, économiques et politiques de l'Université de Montréal, pp. 267, carte, $5.00). Ce travail de sociologie urbaine fortement documenté regarde sous un nouvel éclairage la métropole du Canada qui, jusqu'ici, avait plutôt intéressé les historiens, les économistes, et les géographes. *La Voie Maritime du Saint-Laurent* (Montréal: Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 184, illus., $2.50), de l'honorable Lionel Chevrier, est plus qu'un livre technique. C'est une intéressante synthèse de ce qu'il faut connaître de l'histoire, des travaux, et de l'influence de la voie maritime par un homme qui a été mêlé intimement à l'entreprise.

Deux hommes politiques canadiens-français, Jean Lesage et Jean Drapeau, ont l'un et l'autre, en 1959, publié un ouvrage de doctrine. Sous le titre *Lesage s'engage* (Montréal: Editions politiques du Québec, pp. 127, $1.00), le chef du parti libéral dans la province de Québec a exposé son programme plus particulièrement dans le domaine de l'education. Il a aussi expliqué son "néo-libéralisme." Le livre est évidemment une œuvre de combat et contient par conséquent plusieurs pages d'attaques contre l'Union national et son ancien chef feu Maurice-L. Duplessis. *Jean Drapeau vous parle* (Montréal: Editions de la Cité, pp. 125, $1.00) est une œuvre moins polémique quoiqu'elle contienne ici et là quelques allusions aux adversaires de l'ancien maire de Montréal. On y trouve une intéressante étude sur le problème constitutionnel dans laquelle l'auteur se fait le défenseur de ce qu'il appelle le "fédéralisme véritable que la géographie, l'histoire et le réalisme des Pères de la Confédération ont trouvé le plus conforme à

la nature et au destin de notre immense pays et lui ont effectivement donné." Une autre partie du volume est consacrée au problème économique des Canadiens français. Jacques Hébert a publié, sous le titre de *Scandale à Bordeaux* (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 159, $1.00), un véritable pamphlet dans lequel il dénonce violemment la situation qui, selon lui, existe à la prison de Bordeaux et dans lequel il suggère plusieurs réformes.

Dans *Foi et littérature* (Beauchemin, pp. 107, $1.50) le R.P. Pierre Angers, s.j., professeur de littérature française à l'Université de Montréal, a réuni sept articles ou conférences qui s'inspirent de son sacerdoce aussi bien que de son enseignement. Deux chapitres, l'un sur "la critique littéraire et son objet" et l'autre sur "le problème des lectures et la foi," retiennent particulièrement l'attention, car ils constituent au Canada de langue française une honnête et utile mise au point sur les rapports de la critique et de la morale qui ont chacune leur objet propre. Le catholique peut ainsi communier avec toutes les grandes œuvres de l'humanité pourvu qu'il jouisse, selon les mots mêmes de l'auteur "d'une possession amoureuse de la foi" qui ne se confond pas avec un "fatras de pratiques contrariantes et fâcheuses."

Le R.P. Robert M. Gay a publié la thèse de doctorat en théologie qu'il a présentée à Rome et qu'il a intitulée *Vocation et discernement des esprits* (Fides, pp. 255, $2.50). Le travail est évidemment basé surtout sur des données théologiques, mais il tient compte aussi de la psychologie expérimentale. Il est complété par une abondante bibliographie sur le sujet.

Les travaux présentés au Congrès de la refrancisation tenu à Québec, en juin 1957, ont été publiée, en 1959, en six tomes. (Editions Ferland, pp. 65, 88, 108, 85, 106, 117). Les travaux sont nombreux et variés et constituent un bon panorama de la vie canadienne-française moderne. Les ouvrages donnant des corrections de langue se sont multipliés au Canada français. M. Gérard Dagenais y a ajouté, en 1959, deux brochures remplies de conseils perspicaces sous le titre de *Réflexions sur nos façons d'écrire et de parler* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 63, 125).

La trente-sixième session des Semaines sociales du Canada (section française) tenue à Québec en octobre 1959 avait pour thème *Mission et droits de la famille*. Le compte rendu des cours et conférence (Institut social populaire, pp. 266, $2.50) contient les allocutions de circonstances, huit cours et trois conférences qui constituent un intéressant dossier sur la famille canadienne-française moderne.

Deux ouvrages de médecine offrent plus qu'un intérêt technique. C'est

tout d'abord *Les Grandes Réalisations de la médecine préventive* (Québec: Editions Garneau, pp. xiv, 207, $2.50) du Dr Wilfrid Leblond. L'auteur a tracé les grandes lignes de l'histoire des progrès accomplis par l'homme pour se protéger contre la maladie. Il étudie la prolongation des jours de l'homme, la réduction de la mortalité infantile, la variole épidémique, l'assainissement des hôpitaux. Le Dr Leblond étudie aussi deux grandes manifestations de lutte contre la maladie lors de la construction du canal de Panama et lors de l'assèchement des marais pontins. Dans *Education sanitaire* (Paris: Masson & Cie, [Québec: Ministère de la Santé], pp. 253), le Dr Jules Gilbert dresse une véritable pédagogie de l'éducation sanitaire non seulement à l'école, mais aussi auprès du grand public par les moyens des techniques modernes comme la presse, la radio, et la télévision.

Dans le domaine du droit, trois ouvrages publiés en 1959 méritent d'être signalés parce qu'ils dépassent le simple intérêt technique. C'est tout d'abord le XVe tome du *Traité du droit civil du Québec* qui est en voie de publication chez Wilson & Lafleur de Montréal depuis 1942. Ce tome, le tome VIII bis (pp. 692, $15.00) est consacré aux articles 1079 à 1202 du Code civil, c'est-à-dire aux chapitres sur les diverses espèces d'obligations et sur l'extinction des obligations. L'auteur est Me Léon Faribault. Pour compléter ce nouveau traité de droit civil du Québec dont les divers tomes ont une valeur inégale, il ne reste donc à paraître que deux tomes, le tome IX dans lequel sera étudié la preuve et le tome XI qui traitera de la vente. Le professeur Louis Marceau, de la faculté de Droit de l'Université Laval, a publié *De l'admissibilité des contrats entre époux dans le droit privé de la province de Québec* (Wilson & Lafleur, pp. 238, $8.00), thèse qui lui a valu un doctorat de la faculté de droit de Paris. C'est un ouvrage moins lié à la pratique du droit que le R.P. Louis Lachance, O.P., professeur à l'Université de Montréal, a écrit sur *Le Droit et les droits de l'homme* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, pp. 238, 12 NF). L'auteur, qui est un juriste et un philosophe thomiste réputé, utilise le droit romain, le droit naturel, et le droit positif dans une puissante analyse qu'il dit lui-même plus philosophique qu'historique. Il conclut à la spiritualité du droit dont il rejette une conception strictement positiviste. "Nous osons espérer, écrit-il aux dernières lignes de son ouvrage, "qu'en tentant de le réhabiliter [le droit], nous aurons réussi à rappeler aux juristes les données philosophiques dont ils doivent s'inspirer s'ils veulent instituer un droit qui mérite d'être considéré comme la règle authentique des sociétés humaines."

PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES / *Watson Kirkconnell*

The year 1959 has been an *annus mirabilis* in its harvest of poetry. Some eleven works (four in Ukrainian, two in Polish, two in Magyar, two in Icelandic, and one in English translation from Icelandic) provide an unprecedented maximum of almost seventeen hundred pages of verse. The most imposing single work is the *Collected Poems* of the late Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson (1879–1955) of Winnipeg, published in two handsome quarter-leather volumes in Akureyri, under the editorship of Gísli Jónsson of that town. His 589 pages are divided into five main divisions: "Iceland and America," "Obituary Poems," "At Sundry Seasons," "There are So Many," and "On Good Days." Thorsteinn was born in Iceland, at Uppsalir in Svarfadardalur, and migrated to Canada in 1901. The first division of his *Collected Works* is largely given over to nostalgic tributes to the land of his birth. Parts II and V are devoted, like so much Icelandic verse, to poems for funerals and for golden weddings respectively. The most remarkable feature of Part III is its series of invincible tributes to spring and its fine specimens of Christmas poetry. Part IV is perhaps the most interesting section of all, with a great array of work that cannot be so neatly classified. Here, for example, is a notable series of sonnets (pp. 419–36) or a whimsically philosophical poem like "The Minister's Dog" (p. 322). By virtue of this collection, Thorsteinn is duly recorded as one of the half-dozen most important Icelandic-Canadian poets.

Also appearing in Akureyri is a volume of lyrics, some 83 in all, by Dr. Richard Beck, long associated in western Canada with the Icelandic National League, and already the author of several volumes of poetry and criticism. Special praise should be given to his ability to catch the mood of a day, or a night, in autumn or winter. His ingenuity of fancy is shown by his lyric "Spring in Mid-Winter," which begins:

> Yule's ways are Spring, deep Winter to unfetter
> And wake the seedling-soul beneath the frost,
> A radiant pen of gold to write a letter
> In runes of hope to hearts whose joy is lost.

Jakobina Sigurbjörnsdóttir Johnson was reared in the Argyle district of Manitoba and married into a family of poets. On her seventy-fifth birthday, in 1958, the Icelandic community in North America united to honour her, and in 1959 she went to Iceland as the guest of the nation. In *Northern Lights*, she has now published a fine anthology of her English

translations from three centuries of Icelandic verse, ranging from Stefán Olafsson (1610–88) down to poets now living. On the whole she has avoided the almost insuperable handicap of retaining the alliterative patterns of her originals. For the translator, their rigours can usually mean no more than dancing in chains.

With the work of two first-class poets, Ferenc Fáy of Toronto and Kálmán Bartha of Hamilton, Hungarian poetry has come back to the Canadian scene for the first time in nearly two decades. Both poets are highly educated refugees from Communist Hungary and both almost inevitably still have their emotional and imaginative roots in the land from which they came. Bartha is the more openly political of the two, with poems on "Justice for Hungary," "Curse of Trianon," "Trianon and Yalta," "A Storm Rose over My Country," and "Black Christmas." His thoughts also turn back nostalgically to his native land in "Evening on the Hortobagy," or "The Old Neighbourhood," or "The Tisza District." Fáy has reacted more sensitively to life in a new land. His approach may still be Magyar but he identifies himself much more fully in emotional involvement with the new country. There are several poems in which his little children, in a Canadian setting, engage his poetic ardour. Poverty forces him to sell his typewriter and he pens it a touching and affectionate farewell. He dedicates to the editor of "Hungarian Life" (Toronto) a thoughtful poem on "Exile's Ars poetica." Only in "Tempora mutantur" does he "speak out loud and clear" on the political follies of World War II.

Oddly enough, the two poets' orbits seem to have intersected briefly at Brantford, for each prints a little poem with a Brantford setting. They are worth quoting, in translation, in order to illustrate their marked differences in temperament:

THE INDIAN

In Brantford, for our eyes to scan,
There came a Grade-A Indian.
Upon his shoulders, long dark hair
In plaited strands hung heavy there;
His skin shone yellow in the light;
His two great eyes were dark as night;
He rode a horse in feathered glory,
Arrows and bow his shoulder draped,
So like his forebears, proud in story,
That Bill and I just stood and gaped.

KÁLMÁN BARTHA

TWILIGHT IN BRANTFORD

Peace brooded on the hill in evening haze.
A cloud made rosy by the sunset's rays
Formed ruby ear-rings by its glowing cheek,
And underneath this scene
In gloom oblique
Like a hat filled with birds' eggs by some wight,
The city slowly darkened into night.

FERENC FÁY

Michael Stechishin, a barrister in Wynyard, Saskatchewan, has placed all young Ukrainians in his debt by turning 74 fables, chiefly from Aesop, into spirited verse narratives in the Ukrainian language. Here are all of the old favourites—"The Ass and the Dog," "The Banquet of the Fox with the Crane," "The Hare and the Tortoise," "The Crow, the Fox, and the Cheese," "The Ox and the Frog," and scores of others. This fat book is a harvest of delight for little folk and for their elders as well. It is encouraging to have the tradition of Aesop, La Fontaine, and Krylov perpetuated on the Canadian prairies. There is a scholarly preface by Dr. George Mulyk-Lucyk.

Seven fables ("The Fly," "The Little Sparrow," "The Frogs," etc.) form part of a most diversified *Canadian Rhapsody* by the Rev. Stepan Semczuk, of Winnipeg. Here are also lyrics, satires, tabloid epics, verse translations (from Blake, Kipling, Shelley, Pope, Ogden Nash, Omar Khayyam, and others), and even a *pot-pourri* of prose sketches. Father Semczuk has enjoyed himself in these outpourings and his readers will enjoy them too.

The impression of emotional turbulence and powerful beauty created two years ago by Dr. Mykyta I. Mandryka in his *Golden Autumn* is now reinforced by a further substantial volume of lyrical poetry, *Happiness*. The death of his wife Hanna has unlocked the fountains of inspiration yet again, and the old springs have flowed in freshet, especially in the sections of the book entitled "Elegies," "Happiness," and "Beauty," where recollections of the past sanctify the present. In another section, "Mysteries," bereavement has deepened his sense of the place of religion in life.

In vivid political verse, in a chapbook entitled *The Unending Struggle*, a poet named Leonid Poltava calls up again the eighteenth-century struggle of the Ukrainian hetman Ivan Mazepa against the tyranny of Moscow.

The deeds are the deeds of 1709 but the palpable inspiration lies in the 1959 groundswell of nationalism among the suppressed Ukrainians.

Polish poets have been almost unknown in Canada but one has now emerged in the person of Stanislaw Michalski, of Montreal, born in Poland in 1908 and educated at the University of Warsaw. He spent World War II in a German prison camp and arrived in Canada by way of France and Costa Rica. His two sons are now both graduates of the University of Montreal and he himself is a teacher in the Indian School at Caughnawaga. The international horrors of our time early made him a pacifist, hostile to military régimes both red and white, and his stance is still that of an "angry young man," calling down upon his head the maledictions of those who do not understand his atom-hating motives. In 1958 he therefore founded in Montreal the Boris Pasternak Association of Persecuted Poets. His two volumes in this survey, *Verses of Disdain* and *Judicial Murder*, are written for the most part in blank verse but keep breaking off in frantic fragments of objurgation. He takes his pacifism so earnestly that his prosody cannot keep the peace. One of his most striking poems is "Satan's Prayer," in which he imagines the Devil, in the spirit of a latter-day Job, appealing to God for an explanation of a world in which the secrets of the atom can be used to murder the innocent citizens of Hiroshima. In an earlier poem, "The Poet's Prayer," the same dilemma torments him and he dreads the disintegration of all things, laws, and values in the atomic holocaust. This man lives in a nightmare and cannot stop screaming.

Nine volumes of fiction have appeared in 1959—one a Ukrainian translation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*, two of them English translations of Ukrainian-Canadian novels, and six volumes of original work in Magyar and Ukrainian. *Sons of the Soil*, by Illia Kiriak, is Laura Salverson's one-volume abridgement of Michael Luchkovich's monumental English translation of three large volumes in the original Ukrainian, written by an Alberta school-teacher and reviewed in this survey twenty years ago. The Ryerson Press and St. Andrew's College are to be thanked for making it at last available to English readers, even in this bobtailed form. Old Hrehory Workun, last of the original settlers in a Ukrainian district near Shandro, Alberta, lies near death on his bed and reviews in placid memory the pioneer years of hardship and achievement. By this simple narrative device, the epic story of the little community is set before us and commands our sympathy and admiration. An

equal mastery of English style is to be found in the translation of Theodosy Oshmachka's *Red Assassins*, reviewed here in 1957 in its original Ukrainian version as *The Rotunda of Murderers*. This is a blood-curdling tale of the Communist liquidation of the best elements in the population of the Ukraine in the early days of the Party's dictatorship over the proletariat. The device of feigned schizophrenia by which Ivan Brus escapes execution is alleged to have been the experience of the author himself in a Moscow prison.

Hotel Canada, written in Magyar by Stephen Nádasy, is a series of satirical sketches in letter form, written in Toronto by a refugee of the 1956 revolution. Nádasy begins with his departure from Hungary, where "the frontier is bad now," and Austria, where he and his family enjoy the dubious beauties of a refugee camp. A journey by ship from Liverpool to Halifax gives scope for the humours of seasickness but the fun really starts after he arrives in Toronto and begins to strike a trial balance of the "good" and the "bad" in his new environment. It is fortunate that he can meet with ironic laughter the difficulties that he, his wife, and his children encounter. Lajos Kenderessy's *Fight for the Inheritance* is also fiction by a Magyar refugee in Toronto. The opening lines paint a bleak picture of Ottawa: "For days the rain had been falling incessantly and wrapped the capital of Canada in a grey mist. An impetuous gust swept along the streets and squares and tore the leaves from the trees." In like dejection Andras Benedek stands by the window and realizes that his total wealth amounts to three dollars and sixty cents. The battle for survival is on. Bound in the same volume with this short novel are two little novellas, "The Big Loyalty" and "The Little Cripple."

The Ukrainian Echo Press, Toronto, has issued two full-length novels by Ukrainian authors outside of Canada. Yurij Tys's *Konotop* derives its name from a town in the Ukraine some two hundred miles northeast of Kiev. In 1659, when the action of the story takes place, this is a Polish fortress, attacked by the hetman Ivan Vyhovsky. The romance of three centuries ago has overtones for our own day. Olha Mak, author of *Against Conviction*, is more resolutely modern, having started her career in 1954 with a novel on the "Yezhovschina" epoch, the great NKVD purge in 1937 under Yezhov, infamous successor to the infamous Yagoda. In her latest of several novels, she turns to problems in the philosophy of religion and traces among her characters the interaction of such factors as tradition, morals, and motherhood.

Two little volumes of short stories complete the year's roster in fiction. Mr. Podworniak's *The Green Grove* is a Winnipeg man's contribution to evangelical edification through the art of the tale. Some of his characteristic titles are "Christ is Risen," "Silent Night," "A Prayer," "The Easter Bell," and "The Neighbours." Their nearest English analogues would be in the "Kailyard school" of Scotland. Utterly different in mood and theme are *The Desperate Men* of Oleksander Hay-Holowko, who has lived through years of horror, before escaping from the Soviet Ukraine and who published in Winnipeg in 1950 a lurid novel, *Duel with the Devil*, reviewed in this annual survey for that year. He is also a poet of some power. His latest short stories include settings in Berlin and London and such varied thrillers as "A Letter without a Beginning," "A Christmas Mystery," "The Avengers," and "The Gravediggers."

In the field of scholarship, the bulk of the work has been done by the Slavists and the most significant single volume is *Canadian Slavonic Papers*, III, edited by G. S. N. Luckyj. Dr. Luckyj's own contributions are an article on the youthful poetry of Volodymyr Sosyura, now a "bemedalled literary stalwart" of the Soviet Ukraine, and a searching analysis of "The Humanities in Soviet Higher Education," a pretentious series of articles by Communist scholars in the October 1958 issue of the *University of Toronto Quarterly*. He finds the symposium's generalizations "patently false" and its usefulness "severely limited." Perhaps the most striking contribution to the *Slavonic Papers* is an essay on Leo Tolstoy by Count Peter Kropotkin (1842–1921), written in 1910 and now published for the first time. The manuscript has been scrupulously edited by Professor D. Novak, of McMaster University. Its thesis is Tolstoy's life-long quest for truth and the profound effect upon him of certain personalities who entered into his experience. Another major contribution, by C. H. Bedford of the University of Toronto, traces the relation of Dmitry Sergeevich Merezhkovsky (1865–1951) to the Russian revolution of 1905 and shows his mystical delusions as to the intelligentisia's capacity for "religious sociality." Two illuminating political articles are Adam Bromke's study of the "Background of the Polish October Revolution" and Bohdan B. Budurowycz's treatment of "The Ukrainian Problem in International Politics, October 1938 to March 1939." Maya Jenkins, of the University of Toronto, reveals the profound effect in 1859 of the tragic drama *Bitter Fate* by Aleksey Feofilaktovich Pisemsky (1820-81), while

Peter Brock of the University of Alberta, turning to real life, traces the influence of Maria Wyslouchowa (1858–1905) in stimulating and enriching the Polish peasant movement in Galicia.

The various monograph series of the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, Winnipeg, have added to their imposing record of publication. K. Kysilewskyj has prepared a scholarly study of the life and philological work of Professor Ivan Pankevych (1887–1958) of the Charles University in Prague, associated earlier with the Ukrainian Free University. Dr. Pankevych was born in the village of Ceperow, in Eastern Galicia, educated at the universities of Lemberg and Vienna, and wrote a doctoral thesis on *The Pandects of Antioch*. His best known single work is probably his Czech-Russian dictionary. Professor Rudnyckyj, of the University of Manitoba, celebrates the centennial of the first edition of Shevchenko's poetry in the West (Leipzig, 1859), by publishing a critical text of that edition and an essay comparing Shevchenko with Robert Burns. Yar Slavutych has issued *Ivan Franko and Russia*. The Academy's bibliographical series now includes *Ukrainica Canadiana, 1958* by J. B. Rudnyckyj and D. Sokulsky and *The Library of the Ukrainian Fraternal Society and Ukrainica in Vancouver* by F. Bohdan. The Onomastica series has added *Ukrainian Family Names* by E. Borschak and *Mexico: The Name* by Gutierre Tibon. In the Slavistica series is Clarence A. Manning's lucid sketch of *English Tenses and Slavic Aspects*.

Philological publications under other auspices include Basil Steciuk's *Greek Lexical Fund in the Ukrainian Language* and J. B. Rudnyckyj's *The Name "Ukraine" in German* and *The Toponymy of the Carpatho-Ukraine*. There is an abundance of philological material, *in ovo*, in *Proceedings of the Linguistic Circle of Manitoba and North Dakota*, vol. I, no. 1, but lack of funds has restricted the publication of the twelve valuable papers to abstracts only. The Metropolitan Ilarion, in *Our Literary Language*, has written a very large volume on problems of literary style in Ukrainian; while Dr. Rudnyckyj, in *How to Speak in Literary Style*, has preached the same gospel more succinctly for the common man.

More strictly literary essays are *Typology in Mediaeval Latin Hymns* and *On the History of the Origin of a Folk-Tale* by Dr. Josef Szövérffy of the University of Alberta. Dr. Richard Beck, writing in Icelandic, has published appreciative essays on two Icelandic-Canadian poets: Guttormur J. Guttormsson and the late Sigurdur Julius Johannesson (1868–1956).

Dr. Constantine Bida, of the University of Ottawa, has analysed certain characteristics of William Shakespeare in preparing a brochure *On Poetic Ideas and Forms*.

With the "Spring Cycle" of Professor Stepan Kylymnyk's *Calendar Year in Ukrainian Folklore* appears the third in a series of twelve massive volumes of research, based on texts from all parts of the Ukraine. The author is especially interested in seeking in Ukrainian customs, rites, folk songs, dances, myths, and magic formulas some evidence of the people's ancient character. In this attempt to trace an organic development of folklore forms from the present back to the Ur-Slavic period, he is interested in all aspects of life and thought. The immense racial and cultural miscegenation in the area over the past two thousand years makes such an attempt complex and baffling, especially since the earliest dated folk song was published in A.D. 1571, but Professor Kylymnyk does not lack courage in making his backward extrapolations. The ultimate twelve-volume work will be encyclopaedic in its range and content.

Also formidable in its erudition is a massive two-volume work on *The Song of Chassiduth: The Role of the Chassidic Movement in Our Times*, written in Yiddish by N. Shemen of Toronto and published in Buenos Aires as volumes CXLI and CXLII in the collection "Polish Judaism," under the general editorship of Marc Turkow. This "Chassidic" or "Hasidic" movement sprang up in eighteenth-century Poland in association with the "Cabala" and with a holy wonder-worker, the Baal Shem Tov. It remains one of the most mystic, fervent, and anti-intellectual of all surviving forms of Judaism. Its poignant yet lively music has permeated all contemporary Jewish life and a school of Jewish existentialists has invaded its folklore; but it has steadfastly refused to come to terms with modern learning. Mr. Shemen begins his narrative with chapters on "The Chassidic Movement in Eastern Europe" and "Chassidism as a People's Movement" and traces the musicology of the tradition in its blending of basic elements with local influences of folk melody in various areas, making it everywhere a fundamental part of communal experience. The Hasidic community in all countries ought to find the learned treatise an illuminating guide to a branching maze of filial relationships.

Memoirs of various sorts are abundant this year. Thus Olha Woycenko, writing in Ukrainian, records in *From a Traveller's Notebook* her abundant impressions of a trip to Europe in the summer and autumn of 1958, when she visited France, Belgium, Holland, West Germany, Austria,

Switzerland, and England. Especially interesting are her visits to refugee Ukrainian artists, sculptors, musicians, authors, and scholars, particularly in Munich and Brussels, who are contributing richly to the culture of the countries that are sheltering them. In spite of her sympathetic cheerfulness, one senses something of the tragic waste and suffering in this twentieth-century *diaspora*. More concentrated in geography and theme is Páll S. Pálsson's *Reminiscences from a Trip to Iceland, 1954*. Mr. Pálsson has already, in four earlier books, proved himself to be a talented writer of Icelandic prose and verse and now has recourse to both in his moving account of his journey. Thus, as he arrives over Iceland by plane from Goose Bay and sees the morning sun gilding sea and land and gleaming on the glaciers, even his eloquent prose is cast aside in favour of an ode in honour of that ancestral landscape; and as he draws near to a farewell to the ancient island he again has recourse to poems of deep emotion (pp. 85, 91). With Dr. J. B. Rudnyckyj's *From My Canadian Diary* we gain some impressions of our own country through the eyes of a Slavonic scholar who came to Canada as a refugee professor in 1949 and continued to publish an annual array of books and articles in various philological fields. The book is not properly a diary but a series of sketches of various episodes in his Canadian experience—problems in the University of Manitoba Library, a cavalcade arranged by Mayor Juba of Winnipeg, an Ottawa convention of the Canadian Association of Slavists, a "Ukrainian House" in Elk Island Park, and thirty other glimpses of the Canada he has met. Mykola Hordiyenko's *Fighting in the Ranks of UPA-North* gives reminiscences of a grimmer sort. Few Anglo-Canadians realize that in 1943–4 there was a Ukrainian Insurgent Army fighting in eastern Europe for the Ukraine's independence against the dictatorships of both Hitler and Stalin and that even yet the last embers have scarcely been stamped out. Mr. Hordiyenko gives us his recollections of his own share in this struggle in the provinces of Volhynia and Polissya, especially in the "Tury" staff-group. It was a campaign without glory beyond "the unconquerable hope" of the patriot, but he notes with sombre satisfaction that their exploits once won vituperation on the front page of the *Berliner illustrierte Zeitung*. Yet another sort of reminiscence is found in Peter Klaassen's *With Us in Old Russia*. Here are a dozen nostalgic sketches of life in the old Mennonite German communities in southern Russia. The light of old people's memories shines on such episodes as "The Governor Comes," "The Parade of the Landlords," "The Rounds of the Establishment," or

"Close of the Wedding Preparations." At the end of the idyll, Mr. Klaassen quotes, without much comment, from an old Egyptian papyrus of about 2000 B.C. in which the onset of unspeakable calamity is foretold, comparable to the holocaust that overtook the Mennonite Eden.

Education has been a major concern of the Ukrainians but not of them alone. The Rev. J. Skwarok, O.S.B.M., of Edmonton, has published a scholarly work on *The Ukrainian Settlers in Canada and Their Schools*, covering the period 1891–1921. It surveys the early labours of the Basilian Fathers and Sisters Servants, the French-Canadian missionaries and others down to the time when bilingual schools were abolished, and glances ahead to our own day when Ukrainian is being recognized in the prairie provinces as a legitimate language for study in high schools and universities. A valuable appendix gives "A Brief Historical Survey of Ukrainian Literature in Canada." Authorized for the use of students in the high schools of Alberta is a bulky *Conversational Ukrainian*, prepared by Dr. Yar Slavutych of the United States Army Language School and published in Edmonton, with a preface by Professor Orest Starchuk of the University of Alberta. Dialogues, reading selections, and inflectional paradigms are copious and skilfully prepared. There is even a most useful conversation (p. 173) where the speaker seeks service and car repairs at a garage. Other textbooks are *Liturgics for Ukrainian Catholic Schools* (bilingual, Ukrainian and English), by Father Skwarok, and *The Swallow* a well illustrated children's reader in Lithuanian prose and verse, edited by A. Rinkunas. For a non-Lithuanian, this latter volume could be a useful introduction to both language and literature. Typical of the Ukrainian's interest in his ancestral poets is Dr. Wasyl Luciw's little book *Pedagogical Activities of Taras Shevchenko*. Count Victor Podoski, of Ottawa, dedicates to his Canadian-born daughter a thoughtful little volume entitled *Youth and Ourselves*, in which he preaches the value of a proper pride in one's Polish heritage of race and culture along with the fullest possible knowledge of other cultures and traditions. The loyalty of a second generation Pole in Canada ought to enrich his Canadianism with a deep knowledge of his ancestral past. In somewhat similar fashion a Netherlands minister, the Rev. Tenis C. Van Kooten, gives counsel to his countrymen on integration into the Canadian nation. He recognizes that the second generation will tend to be hypernationalistic Canadians and urges tact on the part of parents who wish still to preserve the best from a treasured past, especially in religious principles. Mr. Van Kooten

makes little mention of literature and fine arts and stresses rather values stemming from the Christian Gospel as worthy of preservation.

The year's one substantial volume of ecclesiastical history is the late Vasyl Lypkivs'kyj's *Rebirth of the Church in the Ukraine, 1917–1930.* Father Lypkivs'kyj was the first metropolitan of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church, 1921–7, but was arrested by the Communists in 1938 and died in captivity. The Rev. Dr. M. Solovij, of the Basilian Order, has added a supplement of one hundred pages on the later fate of the Autocephalous Church. In the interests of using a pliable remnant of the Russian Orthodox Church for propaganda purposes at home and abroad, the Soviet régime deemed it necessary to plough under the patriotic Ukrainian Autocephalous Church. An attempt to hold the Ukrainian record straight as against a Communist—Great Russian version of eighteenth-century events has also led Dr. Constantine Bida to write a scholarly treatise on *The Treaty of Hetman Ivan Mazepa with Charles XII,* in which the relationships of 1708–9 are set down without bias. Petro's Mirchuk's *At the Turn of History* comes down to the fateful years of 1917–21, when the freedom of the Ukraine was lost in the clash of conflicting armies and ambitions. This is Mr. Mirchuk's ninth volume in a long series of books published by the League for the Independence of the Ukraine. Dr. D. Krivickas, on behalf of the Federation of Lithuanian-Canadians, has written a brochure on the *Soviet-German Pact of 1939 and Lithuania,* stressing particularly the secret Nazi-Soviet protocol by which the Baltic States, eastern Poland, and eastern Rumania were tossed to the Communist wolf, even while he protested his brotherly friendship for his intended victims. Perhaps the strangest volume in the net of the year is a small history of Hungary, written in Erse by Dr. Josef Szövérffy, a Magyar on the staff of the University of Alberta. It is brought right up to date with pictures of Budapest apartment houses wrecked by Soviet tanks and artillery.

All the devotional books of the year come from the Ukrainian community. Here is Father Schudlo's 896-page bilingual *Missal* (English and Ukrainian), side by side with Father Trukh's 704-page *Prayer-Book for the Christian Family.* On a more modest scale we have Father Schudlo's *Spiritual Treasures of the Holy Scripture* and Father Trukh's warmly pious essay *The Divine Source.* The Basilian Fathers, Toronto, give us the quaint work *The Appearances of Mary to Children, from 1930 to 1958.*

The Federal Department of Citizenship and Immigration has been

bringing out an admirable *Handbook for Newcomers* in many languages. Modern Greek and Portuguese were added to the roster in 1959. From one of these groups of newcomers, in their communal activities, has come *The Sixth Lithuanian Day in Canada*, by Stasys J. Dalius—a significant glimpse of a whole European-Canadian community recording its loyalty to a new country while cherishing passionate love for the culture and traditions of a far-off, martyred homeland.

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